

HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT.

By Samuel Longfellow
and Samuel Johnson

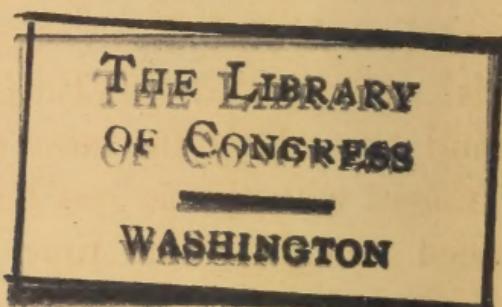


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THE present collection of Hymns for Public Worship is made upon the basis of the "Book of Hymns" by the same compilers, with considerable omissions and additions, and a new arrangement.

Gathered around the central idea of God as the Present Spirit and the Indwelling Life of all, these Hymns will be found to present Nature as His outward manifestation ; the human Spirit as His more intimate revealer, and its experiences as the steps of its growth in union with Him ; human Life as the doing and bearing His will ; and Human history as the process of His education of the race.

It is believed that this Book of Hymns will be found to embody the most earnest religious faith, united with the largest hope and the most advanced thought of the time.

S. LONGFELLOW,
S. JOHNSON.

BOSTON, January, 1864.

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I.

WORSHIP.

I. PUBLIC WORSHIP.

II. SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

I. PUBLIC WORSHIP.

INVOCATION.

1.

THE DAY-SPRING FROM ON HIGH.

P. M.

DAY-SPRING of Eternity !
Dawn on us this morning-tide ;
Light from Light's exhaustless sea !
Now no more Thy radiance hide ;
But dispel with glorious might
 All our night.

Let the morning dew of Love
On our sleeping conscience rain ;
Gentle comfort from above
Flow through life's long-parchéd plain ;
Water daily us, Thy flock,
 From the Rock.

Let the glow of love destroy
Cold obedience faintly given ;
Wake our hearts to strength and joy
With the flushing eastern heaven ;
Let us truly rise, ere yet
 Life be set.

I. PUBLIC WORSHIP.

INVOCATION.

1.

THE DAY-SPRING FROM ON HIGH.

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DAY-SPRING of Eternity !
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Let the glow of love destroy
Cold obedience faintly given ;
Wake our hearts to strength and joy
With the flushing eastern heaven ;
Let us truly rise, ere yet
 Life be set.

2.

INVOCATION.

L. M.

THOU Power and Peace ! in whom we find
All holiest strength, all purest love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove,—

Forever lend Thy sovereign aid,
And urge us on, and keep us Thine ;
Nor leave the hearts which Thou hast made
Fit temples of Thy grace divine.

Nor let us quench Thy saving light ;
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
O Holy Spirit, Comforter !

3.

INVOCATION.

7s M.

SOVEREIGN and transforming Grace !
We invoke Thy quickening power ;
Reign, the spirit of this place ;
Bless the purpose of this hour.

Holy and creative Light !
We invoke Thy kindling ray ;
Dawn upon our spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.

To the anxious soul impart
Hope all other hopes above ;
Stir the dull and hardened heart
With a longing and a love.

INVOCATION.

Give the struggling peace for strife,
Give the doubting light for gloom ;
Speed the living into life,
Warn the dying of their doom.

Work in all ; in all renew
Day by day the life divine ;
All our wills to Thee subdue,
All our hearts to Thee incline !

4.

CREATOR SPIRIT.

L. M.

O COME, Creator Spirit blest !
Within these souls of Thine to rest ;
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

Come, holy Spirit ! now descend ;
Most blessed gift which God can send ;
Thou Fire of Love, and Fount of Life !
Consume our sins, and calm our strife.

With patience firm and purpose high
The weakness of our flesh supply ;
Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love.

Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead ;
So shall we not, with Thee to guide,
Turn from the paths of life aside.

5.

CREATOR SPIRIT.

L. M.

O SOURCE of uncreated Light !
By whom the worlds were raised from night ;
Come, visit every waiting mind ;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind.

Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy matchless energy ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

Cleanse and refine our earthly parts,
Inflame and sanctify our hearts,
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul.

Thrice holy Fount ! Thrice holy Fire !
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Make us eternal truths receive,
Aid us to live as we believe.

Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And, lest our feet should go astray,
Protect and guide us on our way.

6.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

7s M.

COME, Thou holy Spirit ! come,
Shine from Thy celestial home
Into hearts that make Thee room !

INVOCATION.

Come, Thou Father of the poor !
Come, with treasures which endure,
Enter now our humble door.

Thou, of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
Come, a dear, abiding guest.

Thou, in toil our comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace of the weary feet !

Light most blessed, Light divine !
Fill these faithful hearts of Thine,
On our inmost being shine.

Upon dry hearts pour Thy rain ;
Wash away the sinful stain ;
Heal our wounds and still our pain.

Bend the stubborn heart and bold,
Melt the frozen, warm the cold,
Guide the wanderer to the fold !

7.

STRENGTH, LOVE, AND LIGHT.

6 & 4s M.

COME, Thou almighty Will !
Our fainting bosoms fill
With Thy great power :
Strength of our good intents,
Our tempted hour's defence,
Calm of faith's confidence,
Come, in this hour !

Come, Thou most tender Love !
Within our spirits move,
 Their sweetest guest :
Extinguish passion's fire,
Exalt each low desire,
To deeds of love inspire,
 Quickener and Rest !

Come, Light serene and still !
Our darkened spirits fill
 With Thy clear day :
Guide of the feeble sight,
Star of grief's darkest night,
Reveal the path of right,
 Show us Thy way !

8.

THE COMFORTER.

P. M.

HOLY Spirit, Infinite !
Shine upon our spirit's night
With Thy blessed inward light,
 Comforter Divine !

Like the dew, Thy peace distil ;
Guide, subdue, our wayward will ;
Things of God revealing still,
 Comforter Divine !

In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless yearnings plead
Our unutterable need,
 Comforter Divine !

INVOCATION.

Search with us the depths of God,
Bear us up the starry road
To the heights of Thine abode,
 Comforter Divine !

9.

THE DIVINE SPIRIT.

C. M.

SPIRIT divine ! attend our prayer,
 And make our hearts Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious power ;
 Come, holy Spirit, come !

Come as the light ; to waiting minds
 That long the truth to know,
Reveal the narrow path of right,
 The way of duty show.

Come as the fire ; enkindle now
 The sacrificial flame,
Till our whole souls an offering be,
 In love's redeeming name.

Come as the dew ; on hearts that pine
 Descend in this still hour,
Till every barren place shall own
 With joy Thy quickening power.

Come as the wind ; sweep clean away
 What dead within us lies,
And search and freshen all our souls
 With living energies.

10.

‘ GOD IS SPIRIT.’

10s M.

O God, O Spirit, Light of all that live !
Who dost on them that sit in darkness shine,
The darkness ever with the light doth strive,
Yet pour on us again Thy beams divine.

O Breath from out the Eternal Silence ! blow
Softly upon our spirits’ barren ground ;
The precious fulness of our God bestow,
That fruits of faith, love, reverence may abound.

O Fountain ! that dost unexhausted flow
To quench the thirst that seeks Thy waters clear,
O God, O Spirit, Life of life ! flow now
Into the quiet hearts which seek Thee here.

11.

THE FATHER OF SPIRITS.

10s M.

O FATHER-EYE, that hath so truly watched !
O Father-hand, that hath so gently led !
O Father-heart, that by our prayers is touched,
That loves us even when we are cold and dead !

O Father Spirit, who with gentlest breath
Dost calm and teach, dost comfort or reprove,
Who givest us all joy and hope and faith,
Through whom we live at peace with all in love !

Now shed Thy mighty influence abroad
On souls that would their Father’s image bear ;
Make us as holy temples of our God,
Where dwells forever calm, adoring prayer.

12.

‘THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT IS JOY AND PEACE.’

8 & 7s M.

HOLY Spirit, source of gladness !
 Come with all Thy radiance bright ;
 O'er our weariness and sadness
 Breathe Thy life, and shed Thy light !
 Send us Thine illumination,
 Banish all our fears at length ;
 Rest upon this congregation,
 Spirit of unfailing Strength !

Let that love, which knows no measure,
 Now in quickening showers descend,
 Bringing us the richest treasure
 Man can wish or God can send ;
 Hear our earnest supplication ;
 Every struggling heart release ;
 Rest upon this congregation,
 Spirit of untroubled Peace !

13.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

7s M.

LIGHT of life, seraphic Fire !
 Love divine, Thyself impart ;
 Every fainting soul inspire ;
 Enter every drooping heart :
 Every mournful spirit cheer ;
 Scatter all our doubt and gloom ;
 Father, in Thy grace appear,
 To Thy human temples come !

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in ;
Fill us with Thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin :
Nothing more can we require,
We can rest in nothing less ;
Be Thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy and all our peace.

14.

LOVE DIVINE.

8 & 7s M.

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Father ! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

Breathe, O, breathe Thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive ;
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave !

15.

‘ O SEND FORTH THY LIGHT.’

10s M.

O THOU whose power o'er moving worlds presides,

Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides !
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.

‘ T is Thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest ;
From Thee, great God ! we spring, to Thee we tend,
Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End !

16.

6 & 4s M.

COME, Thou almighty King !
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise !
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days !

Come, Thou eternal Word,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend !
Come and this people bless ;
Give to Thy truth success ;
Spirit of Holiness,
On us descend !

Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour !
Thou who almighty art,
Rule now in every heart,
Never from us depart,
Spirit of Power !

INVITATION AND INTRODUCTION.

17.

INVITATION.

S. M

COME to the house of prayer,
O ye afflicted, come !
The God of peace shall meet you there,
He makes that house His home.

Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt His love ;
Soon shall ye lift a holier song
In fairer courts above.

Ye young, before His throne,
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
Let not your hearts His praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

INVITATION.

Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all ;
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call ;

Up to Thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

18.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

P. M.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel !
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish ;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name
saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

19.

'CAST THY BURDEN UPON THE LORD.'

S. M.

How gentle God's commands !
How kind His precepts are !
Come, leave your burdens to the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

His bounty will provide ;
Ye shall securely dwell ;
The hand that bears creation up
Shall guard His children well.

O, why should anxious thought
Press down your weary mind ?
Come, seek your Heavenly Father's face,
And peace and gladness find.

His goodness stands for all
Unchanged from day to day ;
We 'll drop our burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

20.

GLAD WORSHIP.

11s M.

APPROACH not the altar with gloom in thy soul,
Nor let thy feet falter from terror's control ;
God loves not the sadness of fear and mistrust ;
O, serve Him with gladness, — the Loving and
Just !

His bounty is tender, His being is love ;
His smile fills with splendor the blue arch above ;
Confiding, believing, O, enter always
His courts with thanksgiving, His portals with
praise !

Come not to His temple with pride in thy mien,
But lowly and simple, in courage serene ;
Bring meekly before Him the faith of a child,
Bow down and adore Him with heart undefiled !

21.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

S. M.

It is the hour of prayer :
Draw near and bend the knee,
And fill the calm and holy air
With voice of melody !
O'erwearied with the heat
And burden of the day,
Now let us rest our wandering feet,
And gather here to pray.

The dark and deadly blight
That walks at noontide hour,
The midnight arrow's secret flight,
O'er us have had no power ;
But smiles from loving eyes
Have been around our way,
And lips on which a blessing lies
Have bidden us to pray.

O, blessed is the hour
That lifts our hearts on high ;
Like sunlight when the tempests lower,
Prayer to the soul is nigh ;
Though dark may be our lot,
Our eyes be dim with care,
These saddening thoughts shall trouble not
This holy hour of prayer.

22.

‘ WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM COME.’

8 & 7s M.

‘ COME who will,’ the voice from heaven,
Like a silver trumpet, calls ;
‘ Come who will,’ — the church hath given
Back the echo from its walls.

Come, to rivers ever flowing
From the high, eternal throne ;
Come, where God, his gifts bestowing,
Unto seeking hearts is known.

Heavenly music ! he who listens,
Longing for his spirit’s home,
While his eye with rapture glistens,
Yearning says, — I come, I come !

23.

‘ THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.’

L. M.

Lo ! God is here ; let us adore,
And humbly bow before His face ;
Let all within us feel His power,
Let all within us seek His peace.

Lo ! God is here ; Him day and night
United choirs of angels sing ;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven’s host their noblest praises bring.

Being of beings ! may our praise
These courts with grateful incense fill :
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear, and do, Thy sovereign will.

24.

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

L. M.

BE still ! be still ! for all around,
On either hand, is holy ground :
Within these walls, the Lord to-day
Will listen, while His people pray.

Thou, lost upon the waves of care,
Ready to sink with deep despair,
Here ask relief, with heart sincere,
And thou shalt find that God is here.

Thou who hast laid within the grave
Those whom thou hadst no power to save,
Believe their spirits now are near,
For angels wait while God is here.

Thou who hast dear ones far away,
In foreign lands, 'mid ocean's spray,
Pray for them now, and dry the tear,
And trust the God who listens here.

Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,
Deploring guilt that reigns within,
The God of peace is ever near ;
The contrite spirit meets Him here.

25.

THE SALUTATION OF PEACE.

8 & 7s M.

PEACE be to this congregation !
Peace to every heart therein !
Peace, the earnest of salvation,
Peace, the fruit of conquered sin ;

Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,
Peace, to worldly minds unknown,
Peace, that floweth, as a river,
From the eternal Source alone.

O Thou God of Peace ! be near us,
Fix within our hearts Thy home ;
With Thy bright appearing cheer us,
In Thy blessed freedom come.
Come, with all thy revelations,
Truth which we so long have sought ;
Come with thy deep consolations,
Peace of God which passeth thought !

26.

‘ IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH.’

L. M.

O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above !
Thy word we bless, Thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That Truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place ;
With power proclaimed, in peace received ;
Our spirit’s light, Thy spirit’s grace.

That Love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free ;
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with Thee.

Send down its angel to our side ;
Send in its calm upon the breast ;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

27.

‘THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.’

8 & 7s M.

God is in His holy temple :

Earthly thoughts be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble,
And before His presence bow.

He is with us now and ever,

When we call upon His name,
Aiding every good endeavor,
Guiding every upward aim.

God is in His holy temple ; —

In the pure and holy mind ;
In the reverent heart and simple ;

In the soul from sense refined :

Then let every low emotion

Banished far and silent be,
And our souls in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy Thee !

28.

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

L. M.

O FATHER ! with protecting care
Meet us in this our house of prayer ;
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Thy promised blessing here we claim.

But chiefest in the cleanséd breast,
Eternal ! let Thy spirit rest,
And make the secret soul to be
A temple pure and worthy Thee.

29.

‘ NOT IN TEMPLES MADE WITH HANDS.’

L. M.

O LORD ! where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

30.

THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

L. M.

OUR Father God ! not face to face
May mortal sense commune with Thee,
Nor lift the curtains of that place
Where dwells Thy secret Majesty :
Yet wheresoe'er our spirits bend
In reverent faith and humble prayer,
Thy promised blessing will descend,
And we shall find Thy spirit there.

Lord ! be the spot where now we meet
An open gateway into heaven ;
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
And feel our deepest sins forgiven.

INTRODUCTION.

Here may desponding care look up ;
And sorrow lay its burden down,
Or learn, of him, to drink the cup,
To bear the cross, and win the crown.

Here may the sick and wandering soul
To truth still blind, to sin a slave,
Find better than Bethesda's pool,
Or than Siloam's healing wave.
And may we learn, while here apart
From the world's passion and its strife,
That Thy true shrine 's a loving heart,
And Thy best praise a holy life !

31.

THE TEMPLE OF THE HEART.

7s M.

To the Truth that makes us free,
To the Light that leads to Thee,
We this hour would dedicate,
And Thy blessing, Lord, await.

Canst Thou be approached by men ?
Angels and archangels, when
God His brightness on them sheds,
Veil their faces, bow their heads.

Yet we know, O God, Thou art
Present in the lowly heart ;
There will He descend and reign,
Whom the heavens cannot contain.

In our hearts Thy temple rear ;
Show us, God, Thy glory there ;
Fill us with that light divine,
Which shall make all places Thine.

32.

‘LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, YE GATES !’

L. M.

O BLEST the souls, forever blest,
Where God as sovereign is confest !
O happy hearts, the blessed homes
To which the King in glory comes !

Fling wide thy portals, O my heart !
Be thou a temple set apart ;
So shall thy Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

Deliverer, come ! we open wide
Our hearts to Thee ; here, Lord, abide !
Let all Thy glorious presence feel ;
O King of souls ! Thyself reveal.

33.

THE SANCTUARY.

L. M.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar’s shade we fly ;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek Thy shelter here :
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray ;
Turn not, O Lord ! Thy guests away.

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain ;
Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not, O Lord ! Thy guests away.

34.

COMING HOME.

10s M.

O God ! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft, with careless feet, from Thee we rove ;
Yet now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning children, to a Father's home.

O, by that Power in which all fulness dwells,
O, by that Love which every love excels,
O, by that Grace which meets repented sin,
Open Thou wide Thine arms, and take us in !

35.

'I WILL ARISE AND GO UNTO MY FATHER.'

L. M.

To Thine eternal arms, O God !
Take us, Thine erring children, in ;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be ;
O leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without Thee !

We trusted hope and pride and strength :
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length, —
We come to Thee, O Lord ! again.

A guide to trembling steps yet be !
Give us of Thine eternal powers !
So shall our paths all lead to Thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

36.

SEEKING GOD.

7s M.

THIRSTING for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home,
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

Glorious hopes our spirit fill,
When we feel that Thou art near :
Father ! then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.

Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown ;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown.

Make us beautiful within
By Thy spirit's holy light :
Guard us when our faith burns dim,
Father of all love and might !

37.

DRAWING NEAR TO GOD.

C. M.

FROM every fear and doubt, O Lord,
In mercy set us free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Our hearts draw near to Thee !

In all our trials, struggles, joys,
Teach us Thy love to see,
Which by the discipline of life
Would draw us unto Thee.

INTRODUCTION.

Our lives, devoted to Thy will,
Our sacrifice shall be,
And then will death, whene'er it come,
But draw us nearer Thee.

38.

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

7s M.

IN this peaceful house of prayer
Stronger faith, O God ! we seek ;
Here we bring each earthly care,
Thou the strengthening message speak !

In our greatest trials we
Calm, through Thee, the way have trod ;
In the smallest, may we feel
Thou art still our Helper-God.

Of Thy presence and Thy love
We more steadfast feeling need,
Till the high and holy thought
Hallow every simplest deed.

In our work and in our homes
Christian men we fain would be ;
Learn how daily life affords
Noblest opportunity.

Heavenly Father, at Thy feet
We would lay our earth-born care ;
Help us in our need, for Thou
Knowest the weight that each must bear.

39.

‘SPEAK, LORD, THY SERVANT HEARETH.’

L. M.

WHILE now Thy throne of grace we seek,
O God! within our spirits speak;
For we will hear Thy voice to-day,
Nor turn our hardened hearts away.

Speak in Thy gentlest tones of love,
Till all our best affections move;
We long to hear no meaner call,
But feel that Thou art all in all.

To conscience speak Thy quickening word,
Till all its sense of sin is stirred;
For we would leave no stain of guile,
To cloud the radiance of Thy smile.

Speak, Father, to the anxious heart,
Till every fear and doubt depart:
For we can find no home or rest,
Till with Thy spirit’s whispers blest.

Speak to convince, forgive, console:
Childlike we yield to Thy control:
These hearts, too often closed before,
Would grieve Thy patient love no more.

40.

‘THY FACE, O GOD, WILL I SEEK.’

C. M.

SPEAK with us, Lord; Thyself reveal,
While here on earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of Thy love.

With Thee conversing, we forget
All toil and time and care ;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou art present there.

Here then, our God, be pleased to stay,
And bid our hearts rejoice ;
Our bounding hearts shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.

Thou callest us to seek Thy face ;
Thy face, O God, we seek,
Attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

41.

‘COME BOLDLY TO THE THRONE.’

C. M.

WE stand unto our God how near !
Nor priest, nor veil, between ;
Lord, full unto Thine own appear !
We cast away each screen.

Thy truth is waiting to be seized,
And Thou hast bidden us dare :
We look, we seek, — and Thou art pleased
To meet us everywhere.

The Spirit’s fulness we embrace ;
Away with man’s poor dole !
The sweetest visit of Thy grace
Asks but an open soul.

Full feels our solemn privacy,
The calm, celestial air ;
In humble joy we lay on Thee
The loving clasp of prayer.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

We mingle now our inmost fires,
A glowing spirit-throng ;
All free and strong of wing aspires
The passion of our song.

42.

‘WE LIFT UP OUR HEARTS UNTO THE LORD.’

C. M.

BEING of beings, God of love !
To Thee our hearts we raise ;
Thine all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing Thy praise.

Thine, wholly Thine, we long to be ;
Our sacrifice receive ;
Made, and preserved and saved by Thee,
To Thee ourselves we give.

As heavenward every wish aspires
For all Thy mercy’s store,
The sole return Thy love requires
Is that we ask for more.

For more we ask, we open now
Our hearts to embrace Thy will ;
Into our spirits, Spirit ! flow ;
With all Thy fulness fill !

43.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

C. M.

THOU Lord of life ! whose tender care
Hath led us on till now,
We in this quiet hour of prayer
Before Thy presence bow.

INTRODUCTION.

Thou, blessed God ! hast been our Guide,
Through life our Guard and Friend ;
O, still, on life's uncertain tide,
Preserve us to the end !

To Thee our grateful praise we bring,
For mercies day by day :
Lord, teach our hearts Thy love to sing,
Lord, teach us how to pray !

44.

AT THE FOUNTAIN.

C. M.

O God, unseen yet ever near !
Reveal Thy presence now,
While we, in love that hath no fear,
Before Thy glory bow.

Here may obedient spirits find
The blessings of Thy love, —
The streams that through the desert wind,
The manna from above.

Awhile beside the fount we stay
And eat this bread of Thine,
Then go, rejoicing, on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

45.

THE PERFECT SACRIFICE.

L. M.

THOU, Lord, art Light ; Thy native ray
No shade nor variation knows ;
To darkened souls Thy light display,
The glory of Thy face disclose.

Thou, Lord, art Love ; the fountain Thou,
Whence mercy unexhausted flows ;
On barren hearts, O, shed it now,
And make the desert bear the rose !

So shall our every power to Thee,
In love and holy service, rise ;
Yea, body, soul, and spirit be
Our ever-living sacrifice.

46.

SEEKING GOD'S PRESENCE.

8 & 7s M.

FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and fond desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eye ;
Mercy from above proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from on high.

Who may share this great salvation ? —
Every pure and humble mind ;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined :
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none ;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of His throne.

Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still Thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to Thy laws,

INTRODUCTION.

Lord ! with favor still attend us,
Bless us with Thy wondrous love ;
Thou, our Sun and Shield, defend us ;
All our hope is from above.

47.

DEVOTION.

7s M.

LORD, before Thy presence come,
Bow we down with reverence here ;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that Thou art near.

Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels ;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

At the portals of Thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares ;
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

48.

THE HEART'S OFFERING.

C. M.

THE offerings to Thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice,
Unless the heart be there.

Upon Thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude ;
No tribute but the vow sincere, —
The tribute of the good.

Our offerings will indeed be blest,
 If sanctified by Thee ;
 If Thy pure spirit touch the breast
 With its own purity.

O, may that spirit warm each heart
 To piety and love,
 And to life's lowly vale impart
 Some rays from heaven above.

49.

'HIM ONLY SHALT THOU WORSHIP.'

C. M.

O God, our strength ! to Thee the song
 With grateful hearts we raise ;
 To Thee, and Thee alone, belong
 Our worship, love, and praise.

In trouble's dark and stormy hour
 Thine ear hath heard our prayer,
 And graciously Thine arm of power
 Hath saved us from despair.

And Thou, O ever-gracious Lord !
 Dost keep Thy promise still,
 If, truly hearkening to Thy word,
 We seek to do Thy will.

Led by the light Thy grace imparts,
 Ne'er may we bow the knee
 To idols that our wayward hearts
 Set up instead of Thee ;

But to the living God alone
 Our highest homage pay ;
 Him in our grateful hearts enthrone,
 And filially obey.

50.

THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

C. M.

O FATHER! though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
No fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be Thine to-day.

We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at Thy shrine;
But each unworthy thought departs,
And leaves this temple Thine.

Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The sabbath of the soul.

51.

THE DAY OF PRAYER AND REST.

C. M.

EARTH'S busy sounds and ceaseless din
Wake not this morning air!
A holy calm should welcome in
This solemn hour of prayer.

Now peace, be still, unhallowed care,
And hushed within the breast!
A holy joy shall welcome there
This happy day of rest.

Each better thought the spirit knows,
This hour, the spirit fill !
And Thou, from whom its being flows,
O, teach it all Thy will !

Then shall the day indeed be blest,
And send its hallowing power,
Its sacred calm and inward rest,
Through many a busy hour.

52.

THE DAY OF PRAYER.

L. M.

WE bless Thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

Lord ! may Thy truth upon the heart
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.

May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at His sheltering throne.

53.

THE DAY OF REST.

10 & 6s M.

THOU givest Thy Rest, O Lord ; the din is stilled
Of man's unquiet care ;
A sacred calm, with Thy deep presence filled,
Breathes through the silent air.

INTRODUCTION.

O, leave us not, through long and darkened hours,
In night of woe and sin,
But pour Thy Day with all its radiant powers
Upon the world within.

Purge from our hearts the stains so deep and foul,
Of wrath and pride and care ;
Send Thine own holy calm upon the soul,
And bid it settle there.

Banish this craving self, that still has sought
Lord of the soul to be ;
Teach us to turn to fellow-men our thought ;
Teach us to turn to Thee !

Teach us to love Thy creatures great and small,
To live as in Thine eye ;
Thou who hast freely given Thy love to all ;
Thou who to all art nigh !

54.

SINCERE WORSHIP.

C. M.

O THOU, who hast Thy servants taught
That, not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness,
The life of God is shown ;

While in the house of prayer we meet,
And call Thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow Thee,
Obedient to Thy word !

When we our voices lift in praise,
Give Thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeignéd thanks,
And with the spirit sing.

And in the dangerous path of life
Uphold us as we go;
That with our lips and in our lives
Thy glory we may show.

55.

THE SEED OF THE WORD.

L. M.

O THOU, at whose divine command
Good seed is sown in every land,
Thy holy spirit now impart,
And for Thy word prepare each heart!

Not 'mid the thorns of worldly thought,
Nor soon by passing plunderers caught,
Nor lacking depth the root to feed,
May we receive Thy spirit's seed;

But may it, where Thy sowers toil,
Fall in a good and honest soil;
And springing up from firmest root,
Through patience, bear abundant fruit.

56.

‘WITH THE MULTITUDE THAT KEPT HOLY DAY.’

C. M.

THOUSANDS, O Lord of souls! to-day
Around Thine altars meet,
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at Thy feet.

And Thou, O God! art with them there,
And here with us Thou art;
O, consecrate a house of prayer
In each surrendered heart!

To faith reveal the things unseen,
To hope the joys untold,
May love, without a veil between,
Thy presence now behold.

57.

VESPER HYMN.

L. M.

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls ;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace ;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care !

O God, our Light ! to Thee we bow ;
Within all shadows standest Thou ;
Give deeper calm than night can bring ;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain ;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell !

58.

VESPER HYMN.

8 & 7s M.

Now, on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound ;
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story,
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To His care, who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving ;
At His touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo, eternal stars arise ;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

59.

AT EVEN-TIDE.

C. M.

O SHADOW in a sultry land !
We gather to Thy breast,
Whose love, enfolding us like night,
Brings quietude and rest ;
Glimpse of a fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed.

INTRODUCTION.

From all our wanderings we come,
From drifting to and fro,
From tossing on life's restless deep,
Amid its ebb and flow;
The grander sweep of tides serene
Our spirits yearn to know.

That which the garish day has lost
The twilight vigil brings;—
The breezes from celestial hills,
The draughts from deeper springs,
The sense of an immortal trust,
The touch of angel wings.

60.

EVENING PRAYER.

C. M.

As darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the Eternal Light.

Father in heaven, to Thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

We pray Thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from Thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray Thee, God of love!

We pray Thee for the little bark
Just launched upon life's sea ;
Are not the depths of parents' love,
O Father ! known to Thee ?

We bring to Thee our hopes and fears,
And at Thy footstool lay ;
And, Father, Thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

61.

EVENING PRAYER.

L. M.

SWEET is the fading light of eve,
And soft the sunbeam lingering there ;
Those sacred hours this low earth leave,
Wafted on wings of praise and prayer.

The time, how lovely and how still !
Peace shines and smiles on all below ;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow !

Season of rest ! the tranquil soul
Feels thy sweet calm, and melts in love ;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

Thou, God of mercy, swift to hear,
More swift than man to tell his need ;
Be Thou to us, this evening, near,
And to Thy fount our spirits lead !

62.

‘ THE HOUR OF THE EVENING SACRIFICE.’

C. M.

Now from the altar of our hearts
Let warmest thanks arise ;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

This day our God has been our sun,
Our keeper, and our guide,
His arm around our weakness thrown,
His angels at our side.

Moments and mercies multiplied
Have made up all the day ;
Moments came fast, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

New hours, new blessings, and new joys
Do a new song require ;
Till we can praise Thee as we should,
Accept our hearts’ desire !

63.

EVENING WORSHIP.

L. M.

How shall we praise Thee, Lord of light !
How shall we all Thy love declare !
The earth is veiled in shades of night,
But heaven is open to our prayer, —
That heaven, so bright with stars and suns,
That glorious heaven which has no bound,
Where the full tide of being runs,
And life and beauty glow around.

We would adore Thee, God sublime,
 Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,
 Are greater than the round of time,
 And wider than the bounds of space.
 Help us to praise Thee, Lord of light !
 Help us Thy boundless love declare ;
 And while we gather here to-night,
 Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

64.

EVENING WORSHIP.

L. M.

O HOLY Father ! 'mid the calm
 And stillness of this evening hour,
 We would lift up our solemn psalm,
 To praise Thy goodness, and Thy power :
 For over us, and over all,
 Thy tender mercies still extend,
 Nor vainly shall Thy children call
 On Thee, our Father and our Friend !

Kept by Thy goodness through the day,
 Thanksgiving to Thy name we pour ;
 Night o'er us, with its stars, — we pray
 Thy love, to guard us evermore !
 In grief, console ; in gladness, bless ;
 In darkness, guide ; in sickness, cheer ;
 Till, perfected in righteousness,
 Before Thy throne our souls appear !

SUPPLICATION.

65.

‘THE SPIRIT ITSELF PRAYETH FOR US.’

L. M.

OUR Father, God, who lovest all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend Thy children’s yearning call,
Instruct and move their hearts to pray.

We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
But Thou, who callest worlds from naught,
The power dost in our hearts inspire.

Come in Thy pleading spirit down
To us who for Thy coming stay ;
Of all Thy gifts we ask but one,
We ask the constant power to pray.

66.

‘TEACH US TO PRAY.’

P. M.

TEACH us to pray !
O Father, we look up to Thee,
And this our one request shall be,
Teach us to pray !

Teach us to pray !
A form of words will not suffice,
The heart must bring its sacrifice :
Teach us to pray !

Teach us to pray !
To whom shall we, Thy children, turn ?
Teach Thou the lesson we would learn ;
Teach us to pray !

Teach us to pray !
To Thee alone our hearts look up,
Prayer is our only door of hope,
Teach us to pray !

67.

‘AFTER THIS MANNER PRAY YE.’

S. M.

OUR Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now :
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To Thee all nations bow.

Thy kingdom come ; Thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

Our daily bread supply,
While by Thy word we live ;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

From dark temptation’s power
Our feeble hearts defend ;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine ;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are Thine.

68.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

L. M.

FATHER, adored in worlds above !
Thy glorious name be hallowed still ;
Thy kingdom come in truth and love ;
And earth, like heaven, obey Thy will.

Lord, make our daily wants Thy care ;
Forgive the sins which we forsake ;
In Thy compassion let us share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

Evils beset us every hour ;
Thy kind protection we implore ;
Thine is the kingdom, Thine the power,
The glory Thine forevermore.

69.

‘OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN.’

7s M.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord !
In the highest heaven adored,
Dwelling in the loving heart,
Surely Thou our Father art :
From Thy love our spirits came ;—
Father, hallowed be Thy name !

In our spirits may we feel
Filial love, Thy spirit's seal ;
Then, in all our want or wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
Still our prayer shall be the same ;—
Father, hallowed be Thy name !

Living near to Thee alway,
Thy command may we obey,
Gladly by Thy hand be led,
Seek from Thee our daily bread,
While our daily prayer we frame, —
Father, hallowed be Thy name !

70.

‘ HALLOWED BE THY NAME.’

C. M.

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our Eternal King ;
‘ Thrice holy, Lord ! ’ the angels cry ;
‘ Thrice holy,’ let us sing.

The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay, O my soul, to God ;
Lift with your hands a holy heart
To His sublime abode.

With sacred awe pronounce His name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;
A reverent heart shall please Him more
Than the best forms of speech.

Thou, holy God ! preserve my soul
From sinful passion free ;
And, pure in heart, may I behold
A God of purity !

71.

‘ THY KINGDOM COME.’

C. M.

THY kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man ;
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign !

The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin,
The joy that human thought transcends,
Now to our souls bring in :

The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove ;
The perfect powers of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

72.

THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IN HEAVEN.’

L. M.

SPIRIT of peace and love and power !
Fountain of life and light below !
Abroad Thy healing influence shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow.
Inspire our hearts with perfect love ;
In all the work of faith fulfil ;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth, to do Thy will.

Father, 't is Thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply ;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry.

To Thee we pray,—for all must live
By Thee, who know'st their every need,—
Pray for the world, that Thou wilt give
All human hearts Thy living bread.

In faith we wait and long and pray,
To see that time, by prophets told,
When nations, new-born into day,
Shall be ingathered to Thy fold.
We cannot doubt Thy gracious will,
Thou Mighty, Merciful, and Just!
And Thou wilt, in Thy time, fulfil
The word in which Thy servants trust.

73.

‘GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.’

L. M.

O God, Thou Giver of all good!
Thy children live by daily food;
And daily must the prayer be said,
‘Give us this day our daily bread! ’

The life of earth and seed is Thine;
Suns glow, rains fall, by power divine;
Thou art in all; not even the powers
By which we toil for bread are ours.

What large provision Thou hast made!
As large as is Thy children’s need:
How wide Thy bounteous love is spread!
Wide as the want of daily bread.

Since every day by Thee we live,
May grateful hearts Thy gifts receive;
And may the hands be pure from stain
With which our daily bread we gain.

74.

DAILY BREAD.

L. M.

THY name be hallowed evermore ;
O God ! Thy kingdom come with power ;
Thy will be done, and day by day
Give us our daily bread, we pray.

Lord ! evermore to us be given
The living bread which comes from heaven ;
Eternal life on us bestow ;
Thou art the Gift, the Giver Thou.

75.

‘ GIVE US OUR DAILY BREAD.’

7s M.

DAY by day the manna fell ;
O, to learn this lesson well !
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

Day by day, the promise reads ;
‘ Daily strength for daily needs ;
Cast foreboding fears away ;
Take the manna of to-day.’

Lord, our times are in Thy hand ;
All our sanguine hopes have planned,
To Thy wisdom we resign,
And would mould our wills to Thine.

Thou our daily task shalt give ;
Day by day to Thee we live ;
So shall added years fulfil
Not our own, our Father’s will.

O, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer ;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Glowing yet with gratitude !

76.

‘ FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES.’

7s M.

God of mercy ! God of love !
Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
Listen to Thy suppliant ones,
Thou, to whom all grace belongs !

Deep our shame for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent ;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent ; —

Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain.

These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own ;
Humbled at Thy feet we bow,
Seeking strength from Thee alone.

God of mercy ! God of love !
Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
O, restore Thy suppliant ones,
Thou to whom all grace belongs !

77.

‘ LEAVE US NOT IN TEMPTATION.’

7s M.

HEAVENLY Father! to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert when we stray
Let Thy counsels guide our way.

Leave us not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail ;
Leave us not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter’s power.

Guide us through perplexing snares ;
Care for us in all our cares ;
Let us neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near.

78.

‘ DELIVER US FROM EVIL.’

7s M.

LORD, deliver us, we pray,
From the evil round our way,
From the tyranny within,
Passion’s scourge, and chains of sin.

Save us, in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter’s power,
From the unsuspected wiles,
From the hollow treacherous smiles.

Save us, in adversity,
From despair and doubt of Thee ;
Keep us, in our troubled day,
Lest we fall from Thee away.

Let us still to Thee look up,
Thou, Thy children's strength and hope !
Lord, deliver and defend,
Love us, save us, to the end !

79.

A PRAYER.

C. M.

WHAT shall we ask of God in prayer ?
Whatever good we want ;
Whatever man may seek to share,
Or God in wisdom grant.

Father of all our mercies, — Thou
In whom we move and live !
Hear us in heaven, Thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive.

When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O, give the weary heart repose,
The wounded spirit heal !

When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in Thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope, and love ;
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

80.

PRAYER OF A LOWLY SPIRIT.

P. M.

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends ; O Father ! hear it ;
Borne on the trembling wings of awe and meek-
ness,
Forgive its weakness !

We see Thy hand ; it leads us, it supports us :
We hear Thy voice ; it counsels and it courts us :
And then we turn away ; and still Thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

O how long-suffering Lord ! but Thou delightest
To win with love the wandering ; Thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

Father and Saviour ! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness ; and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Then place them in Thine everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens ;
Where every flower, borne safely through death's
portal,
Becomes immortal.

81.

FOR DIVINE STRENGTH.

11 & 10s M.

FATHER, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling,
 Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling
 love ;
 For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
 Of Trust, and Strength, and Calmness from
 above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt
 and sorrow,
 And Thou hast made each step an onward
 one ;
 And we will ever trust each unknown morn-
 ing, —
 Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
 Abides, and when pain seems to have its
 will,
 Or we despair, — O, may that peace rise slowly,
 Stronger than agony, and we be still !

Now, Father, now, in Thy dear presence kneel-
 ing,
 Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love ;
 Now make us strong, we need Thy deep reveal-
 ing
 Of Trust, and Strength, and Calmness from
 above.

82.

‘WITH THEE IS THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.’

L. M.

O GOD! who know’st how frail we are,
How soon the thought of good departs ;
We pray that Thou wouldst feed the fount
Of holy yearning in our hearts.

Let not the choking cares of earth
The precious springs of life o’ergrow ;
But, ever guarded by Thy love,
Still purer may their waters flow.

To Thee, with sweeter hope and trust,
Be every day our spirits given ;
And may we, while we walk on earth,
Walk more as citizens of heaven.

83.

FOR HEAVENLY HEARTS.

L. M.

HEAVEN is a state of rest from sin ;
But all who hope to enter there
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

Clean hearts, O God, in us create !
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew !
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do Thy will as angels do.

84.

‘HE GIVETH POWER TO THE FAINT.’

11 & 10s M.

FATHER, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling,
 Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and
 shame,

Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
 That we may live to glorify Thy name;

That we may conquer base desire and passion,
 That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
 O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and
 fashion,

Walk humbly, gently, leaning on Thee still.

Let all Thy goodness by our minds be seen,
 Let all Thy mercy on our souls be sealed,
 Lord, if Thou wilt, Thy power can make us
 clean ;

O, speak the word ! Thy servants shall be
 healed.

85.

‘THAT YE MIGHT HAVE LIFE MORE ABUNDANTLY.’

7s M.

FATHER of our spirits ! hear
 Faith's effectual, fervent prayer ;
 Hear, and our petitions seal ;
 Let us now the answer feel.

Life of all that lives below !
 Let Thy spirit in us flow ;
 Let us all Thy life receive,
 From Thee, in Thee, ever live.

O, for fuller life we pine ;
 Let us more receive of Thine ;
 Still for more on Thee we call,
 Thou who fillest all in all !

Live we now in Thee ; be fed
 Daily with the living bread ;
 Into Thee our spirits grow ;
 Into us Thy spirit flow ;

While we feel the vital blood,
 While Thy full and quickening flood
 Through life's every channel rolls,
 Soul of all believing souls !

86.

LIVING TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

L. M.

O THOU, who hast at Thy command
 The hearts of all men in Thy hand !
 Our wayward, erring hearts incline
 To know no other will but Thine.

Our wishes, our desires, control ;
 Mould every purpose of the soul ;
 O'er all may we victorious be
 That stands between ourselves and Thee.

Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
 When we can look through them to Thee ;
 When each glad heart its tribute pays
 Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

And while we to Thy glory live,
May we to Thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls Thy willing servants home.

87.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

L. M.

O FATHER ! lift our souls above,
Till we find rest in Thy dear love ;
And still that peace divine impart
Which sanctifies the inmost heart,
And makes each morn and setting sun
But bring us nearer to Thy throne.

May we our daily duties meet,
Tread sin each day beneath our feet,
And win that strength which doth Thy will
And seeth Thee, and so is still :
And, fixed on Thy sustaining arm,
Find daily food and know no harm.

Help us with man in peace to live,
Our brother's wrong in love forgive,
And, day and night, the tempter flee
Through strength which comes alone from Thee !
Thus will our spirits find their rest,
In Thy deep peace forever blest.

88.

FOR GOD'S PRESENCE.

C. M.

FATHER in heaven, to whom our hearts
Would lift themselves in prayer,
Drive from our souls each earthly thought,
And show Thy presence there.

Each moment of our lives renews
The mercies of the Lord ;
Each moment is itself a gift
To bear us on to God.

Help us to break the galling chains
This world has round us thrown ;
Each passion of our hearts subdue,
Each cherished sin disown.

O Father ! kindle in our souls
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust,
In Thine almighty name.

89.

DOING ALL TO GOD.

C. M.

SHINE on our souls, Eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine ;
O, let Thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be Thine !

Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself could give,
If Thou Thy love restrain.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent,
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.

'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense at Thy throne ;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be Thine alone.

90.

FOR WISDOM.

C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
To Thee our souls we lift ;
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare
For Thy most needful gift.

We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow ;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below :

We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away ;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, or power,
Lest we should go astray :

We ask for wisdom ; Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live ;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before Thee give.

The young remember Thee in youth,
Before the evil days !
The old be guided by Thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways !

91.

FOR MANLINESS AND FREEDOM.

L. M.

SUPREME and universal Light !
Fountain of reason ! Judge of right !
Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below :

Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and Thy laws decree ;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from Thy breathing spirit came :

Our moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-poised and independent still
On this world's varying good or ill.

No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
O, may our steadfast bosoms bear
The stamp of heaven, — an upright heart,
Above the mean disguise of art !

May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim ;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

O Father ! grace and virtue grant ;
No more we wish, no more we want :
To know, to serve Thee, and to love,
Is peace below, — is bliss above.

92.

STRUGGLING UPWARD.

C. M.

FATHER divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all Thy tempted children give
The power to watch and pray.

Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O, let our souls on Thee be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer!

Thy spirit of untroubled peace
Give us in faith to claim,
To wrestle till we see Thy face
And know Thy hidden name.

Then let us, on the mountain-top,
Behold Thine unveiled face,
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

93.

FOR STRENGTH IN TRIAL.

7 & 6s M. p.

O ALMIGHTY God of love!
Thy holy arm display;
Send us succor from above,
Against the evil day;
Arm our weakness with Thy power;
Put Thy strength our hearts within;
Be our stronghold and our tower
Against the assaults of sin.

SUPPLICATION.

Could we of Thy strength take hold,
And always feel Thee near,
Confident, divinely bold,
Our souls would know no fear.
Nothing could their firmness shock ;
Though the gates of hell assail,
Were we built upon the rock
They never could prevail.

Thou wouldst, in the trying hour,
A sure protection be,
Guard us from temptation's power,
And fix our souls on Thee.
Lord, on Thee our trust is placed ;
Never thence may we remove ;
In the arms of love embraced,
Thine everlasting love.

94.

FOR DIVINE HELP.

C. M.

O, help us, Lord ! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give ;
Help us in thought, in word, in deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

O, help us, when our spirits bleed,
With doubt and anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O, help us, Lord, the more !

O, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe !
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O, help us, Father ! from on high ;
We know no help but Thee ;
O, help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be !

95.

FOR GUIDANCE.

7s M.

GUIDE us, Lord ! a pilgrim band,
Journeying toward the better land ;
Foes we know are to be met,
Snares the pilgrim's path beset ;
Clouds upon the valley rest,
Rough and dark the mountain's breast ;
And our home may not be gained,
Save through trials well sustained.

God of mercy ! on Thee, all
Humbly for Thy guidance call ;
Save us from the evil tongue,
From the heart that thinketh wrong,
From the sins, whate'er they be,
That divide the soul from Thee.
God of grace ! on Thee we rest ;
Bless us, and we shall be blest.

96.

FOR GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

C. M.

GOD of our fathers ! by whose hand
Their children still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.

SUPPLICATION.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O, spread Thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace !

To Thee, our Father and our God,
We our whole souls resign ;
And thankful own that all we are,
And all we have, is Thine.

97.

THE HEAVENLY GUIDE.

C. M.

WHEN thirst for power or for gold
Hath led our souls astray ;
When, blind, by blinder guides we 're told,
' Lo, here thou 'lt find the way ' ;

Look down, O Father ! from above ;
Set us from error free ;
Teach us to serve Thee here in love,
And find our home in Thee.

When faith Thy guidance humbly takes,
And seeks Thy will to do,
Clear light upon our pathway breaks,
The world to guide us through.

Thy spirit send, our souls to keep ;
Thy wisdom make our own ;
And, though our way lead through the deep,
We wander not alone.

98.

O FATHER ! HEAR.

P. M.

HEAR, Father, hear our prayer !
Thou who art pity where sorrow prevaleth,
Thou who art safety when mortal help faileth,
Strength to the feeble and hope to despair,

Hear, Father, hear our prayer !

Hear, Father, hear our prayer !
Wandering alone in the land of the stranger,
Be with all travellers in sickness or danger,
Guard Thou their path, guide their feet from
the snare :

Hear, Father, hear our prayer !

Hear Thou the poor that cry !
Feed Thou the hungry and lighten their sorrow,
Grant them the sunshine of hope for the morrow ;
They are Thy children, their trust is on high :

Hear Thou the poor that cry !

Dry Thou the mourner's tear !
Heal Thou the wounds of time-hallowed affection ;
Grant to the widow and orphan protection ;
Be, in their trouble, a friend ever near ;
Dry Thou the mourner's tear !

Hear, Father, hear our prayer !
Long hath Thy goodness our footsteps attended ;
Be with the pilgrim whose journey is ended :
When at Thy summons for death we prepare,
Hear, Father, hear our prayer !

99.

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

7s M.

HEAVENLY Father, God of Love !
Send Thy blessing from above :
Light and life to all impart ;
Shine on each believing heart.

Kindly comfort all who mourn ;
Into joy their sorrow turn ;
Joy which none can take away,
Joy that shall forever stay.

Glorious in Thy sons appear ;
Plant Thy heavenly kingdom here ;
All Thy kingdom from above,
All the blessedness of love.

Plant in us an humble mind,
Patient, pitiful and kind ;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of Thee.

Let us in our spirits prove
All the depths of lowly love ;
Let us in our lives express
All the heights of holiness.

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

100.

THE HUNDREDTH PSALM.

L. M.

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay, with hallowed mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise ;

Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed, —
We whom He chooses for His own,
The flock whom He vouchsafes to feed.

O, enter then His temple gate,
Into His courts devoutly press !
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His name with praises bless.

For He is God supremely good ;
His mercy is forever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

101.

‘ O, COME, LET US SING UNTO THE LORD.’

L. M.

O, COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King !
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation’s Rock we praise.

Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favors past ;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.

The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command ;
The strength of hills that threat the skies,
Subjected to His empire lies.

The rolling ocean's vast abyss,
By the same sovereign right, is His ;
'T is moved by His almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land.

O, let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there !
With reverent hearts devoutly all
Upon the Lord our Maker call.

102.

A PSALM OF PRAISE.

10 & 11s M.

O, WORSHIP the King, all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love ;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise !

His bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends on the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

O Loving and Just ! we, feeble and frail,
In Thee put our trust, nor find Thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender ! how firm to the end ;
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !

103.

A MORNING PSALM OF PRAISE.

10s M.

WE praise Thee, Lord, with earliest morning ray,
 We praise Thee with the glowing light of day :
 All things that live and move, by sea and land,
 Forever ready at Thy service stand.

Thy Christendom is singing night and day
 'Glory to Him, the mighty God, for aye,
 By whom, thro' whom, in whom, all beings are !'
 Grant us to echo on the song afar.

Thy name supreme, Thy kingdom, in us dwell,
 Thy will constrain and feed and guide us well ;
 Guard us, redeem us in the evil hour ;
 For Thine the glory, Lord, and Thine the power !

104.

AN EVENING PSALM OF PRAISE.

10s M.

O, COME and let us all, with one accord,
 Lift up our cheerful voice and praise the Lord !
 Let us this evening bless His holy Name ;
 Yea, let us laud and magnify the same.

For by His word the heaven and earth were made,
 The world's foundations also firmly laid ;
 All things were done at His divine command,
 Which shall throughout all ages surely stand.

Therefore let all in heaven and earth agree
 To sing His praise in perfect unity ;
 Yea, let His servants all, with one accord,
 In joyful hallelujahs praise the Lord.

105.

‘ BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD ! ’

7s M.

BLESSED be, for evermore,
That great Name which we adore !
Round the world His praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.

O’er all nations God alone,—
Higher than the heavens His throne,—
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty !

Yet to view the heavens He bends ;
Yea, to earth He condescends ;
Raising up the poor to stand
With the princes of the land.

He the broken spirit cheers ;
Turns to joy the mourner’s tears ;
Such the wonders of His ways ;—
Praise His name, forever praise !

106.

THRICE HOLY.

8 & 7s M.

‘ LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord ! ’
Heaven is still with anthems ringing ;
Earth takes up the angels’ cry,
‘ Holy, holy, holy,’ singing,
‘ Lord of hosts, the Lord most High ! ’

Ever thus in God's high praises,
 Brethren, let our tongues unite,
 Whilst our thoughts His greatness raises,
 And our love His gifts excite.
 With His seraph train before Him,
 With His holy church below,
 Thus unite we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow : —

‘ Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord ! ’
 Thus Thy glorious name confessing,
 We adopt the angels’ cry,
 ‘ Holy, holy, holy,’ — blessing
 Thee, the Lord our God most High.

107.

TE DEUM.

C. M.

O God ! we praise Thee, and confess
 That Thou the only Lord
 And everlasting Father art,
 By all the earth adored.

To Thee all angels cry aloud ;
 To Thee the powers on high,
 Both cherubim and seraphim,
 Continually do cry :

‘ O holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Whom heavenly hosts obey,
 The world is with the glory filled
 Of Thy majestic sway ! ’

The apostles' glorious company,
 And prophets crowned with light,
 With all the martyrs' noble host,
 Thy constant praise recite.

The holy church throughout the world,
 O Lord ! confesses Thee,
 That Thou the Eternal Father art,
 Of boundless majesty.

108.

‘ PRAISE YE THE LORD.’

8 & 7s M.

PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens adore Him !
 Praise Him, angels in the height ;
 Sun and moon rejoice before Him ;
 Praise Him, all ye stars of light !
 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken ;
 Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
 Laws, which never can be broken,
 For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;
 Never shall His promise fail ;
 God hath made His saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail :
 Praise the God of our salvation,
 Hosts on high, His power proclaim ;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Praise and magnify His name !

109.

GLAD HOMAGE.

P. M.

FATHER of spirits ! gathered now before Thee,
Songs of glad homage unto Thee we bring ;
Touched by Thy spirit, O, teach us to adore
Thee !

Let Thy light attend us,
Let Thy love befriend us,
Father of our spirits, Everlasting King !

Send forth Thy mandate, gather in the nations,
Through the wide universe Thy name be
known ;
Millions of voices shall join in adorations,
Every soul invited,
Every voice united,
Joining to adore Thee, Everlasting One !

110.

GLORY TO GOD.

7s M.

GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky !
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven !

Favored mortals, raise the song ;
Endless thanks to God belong ;
Hearts, o'erflowing with His praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.

Mark the wonders of His hand ;
 Power, no empire can withstand ;
 Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;
 Goodness, one eternal stream !

Gracious Being ! from Thy throne
 Send Thy promised blessings down ;
 Let Thy light, Thy truth, Thy peace,
 Bid our selfish passions cease.

111.

LOWLY PRAISE.

7s M.

LORD of every time and place,
 Hear the praises of our race,
 And, while hearing, let Thy grace
 Dews of sweet forgiveness pour ;
 While we know, benignant King,
 That the praises which we bring
 Are a feeble offering,
 Till Thy blessing makes it more.

More of truth, and more of might,
 More of love, and more of light,
 More of reason, and of right
 From Thy pardoning grace be given !
 This can make the humblest song
 Sweet, acceptable, and strong,
 As the strains the angels' throng
 Pour around the throne of heaven.

112.

PRAISE TO THE GOD OF NATURE.

P. M.

LAUDED be Thy name forever,
Thou, of life the Guard and Giver !
Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they Thou kindly keepest.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow, and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Lauded be Thy name forever !

God of evening's peaceful ray !
God of every dawning day,
Rising from the distant sea,
Breathing of eternity !
Thine the flaming sphere of light,
Thine the darkness of the night ; —
God of life, that fade shall never,
Glory to Thy name forever !

113.

PERPETUAL PRAISE.

L. M.

My God ! in morning's radiant hour
To Thee will I lift up my heart ;
The shades of night obey Thy power,
And at Thy sun's bright beams depart.

Father and Guardian ! to Thy shrine
The life Thou shieldest will I bring ;
All, great Creator ! all is Thine ;
The heart my noblest offering.

The morning light shall see my prayer,
The noonday calm shall know my praise ;
And evening's still and fragrant air
My grateful hymn to Thee shall raise.

So shall sweet thoughts and hopes sublime
My constant inspirations be ;
And every shifting scene of time
Reflect, my God, a light from Thee !

114.

HARMONY OF PRAISE.

7s M.

THOU who dwell'st enthroned above,
Thou in whom we live and move,
Thou who art most great, most high,
God from all eternity !

O, how sweet, how excellent,
'T is when tongues and hearts consent,
Grateful hearts and joyful tongues,
Hymning Thee in tuneful songs !

When the morning paints the skies,
When the stars of evening rise,
We Thy praises will record,
Sovereign Ruler, mighty Lord !

Decks the spring with flowers the field,
Harvest rich doth autumn yield,
Giver of all good below,
Lord, from Thee these blessings flow !

Sovereign Ruler, mighty Lord !
We Thy praises will record ;
Giver of these blessings, we
Pour our grateful song to Thee !

115.

‘ HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER.’

7s M.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He, by His commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light ;
And His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All His creatures He doth feed,
With full hand supplies their need ;
And His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He hath with a pitying eye
Looked upon our misery ;
And His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth ;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

116.

‘ PRAISE YE THE LORD.’

7s M.

HERALDS of creation ! cry, —
‘ Praise the Lord, the Lord most high ! ’
Heaven and earth ! obey the call ;
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

For He spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light ;
He commanded, — nature heard,
And stood fast upon His word.

Praise Him, all ye hosts above ;
Spirits perfected in love !
Sun and moon ! your voices raise ;
Sing, ye stars ! your Maker's praise.

Earth ! from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow ;
Lightning, vapor, wind, and storm,
Hail and snow ! His will perform.

Birds ! on wings of rapture soar,
Warble at His temple's door ;
Joyful sounds from herds and flocks,
Echo back, ye caves and rocks !

High above all height His throne ;
Excellent His name alone ;
Him let all His works confess !
Him let all His children bless !

117.

‘SPEAK OF ALL HIS WONDROUS WORKS.’

7s M.

O, GIVE thanks unto the Lord ;
All His wondrous deeds proclaim ;
Every tongue His praise record ;
Every heart adore His name !

Seek the Lord ; His grace implore ;
On His love your trust repose ;
Seek His presence evermore ;
There lay down your cares and woes.

Thou, O Lord ! art true and just ;
Thou wilt crown with pure success
All the waiting souls that trust
In Thy love and faithfulness.

118.

‘O, GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD ! ’

7s M.

O, GIVE thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade ;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food :
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours !

O, give thanks to nature’s King,
Who made every breathing thing !
His our warm and sentient frame ;
His the mind’s immortal flame ;
O, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind !

O, give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship,
And all creatures are His care ;
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed ;— but who can
Speak the Father’s love to man !

119.

THANKSGIVING.

7 & 6s M. p.

MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Praises to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace.
Join we then in sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join ;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be Thine !

Thee, the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise alway, day without night,
In songs that never cease.
And with them our hearts aspire,
On the wings of faith and love,
Vying with the heavenly choir,
Who chant Thy praise above.

Still they sing, with glory crowned,
Thanksgiving to Thy name ;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our hymn is still the same ;
' Glory be to God on high ! '
So the song of angels ran,
And our voices still reply,
' Good-will on earth to man ! '

120.

‘ FROM THE RISING OF THE SUN UNTO THE GOING
DOWN OF THE SAME.’

H. M.

ALL, from the sun’s uprise
Unto his setting rays,
Resound in jubilees
The great Creator’s praise !
Him serve alone ; in triumph bring
Your gifts, and sing before His throne !

Man drew from man his birth ;
But God his noble frame,
(Built of the ruddy earth,)
Filled with celestial flame.

His sons we are ; by Him are led,
Preserved and fed with tender care.

Then to His portals press
In your divine resorts ;
With thanks His power profess,
And praise Him in His courts.
How good ! how pure ! His mercies last ;
His promise past is ever sure.

121.

‘ PRAISE THE LORD, ALL YE NATIONS ! ’

7s M.

ALL ye nations, praise the Lord ;
All ye lands, your voices raise ;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise.

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

For His truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of His right hand,
Like His own eternity.

Praise Him, ye who know His love ;
Praise Him, from the depths beneath ;
Praise Him in the heights above ;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe !

122.

GLORY TO THE FATHER.

7s M.

FATHER ! glory be to Thee,
Source of all the good we see !
Glory, for the blessed light
Rising on the ancient night ;
Glory, for the hopes that come
Streaming through the silent tomb ;
Glory, for Thy spirit given,
Guiding us in peace to heaven !

123.

DOXOLOGY.

L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise !
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue !

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

124.

‘ THINE IS THE GLORY FOREVER.’

7 & 6s M.

To Thee, the Lord almighty,
Our noblest praise we give,
Who all things hast created,
And blessest all that live ;

Whose goodness, never-failing
Through countless ages gone,
Forever and forever
Shall still keep shining on.

125.

PRAISE FROM ALL NATIONS.

S. M.

THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word
Thy truth forever stands.

Far be Thine honor spread,
And long Thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

BENEDICTION.

126.

‘PEACE BE WITH YOU.’

8 & 7s M.

PART in peace ! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace ! such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best ;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

127.

THE BENEDICTION OF PEACE.

8 & 7s M.

FATHER, give Thy benediction ;
Give Thy peace, before we part ;
Still our minds with truth’s conviction,
Calm with trust each anxious heart :
Let Thy voice, with sweet commanding,
Bid our griefs and struggles end ;
Peace which passeth understanding
On our waiting spirits send.

128.

GO IN PEACE !

8 & 7s M.

Go in peace ! — serene dismissal
To the loving heart made known,
When it pours, in deep contrition,
Prayer before the eternal throne.

Go in peace ! — thy sins forgiven,
God hath healed thee, set thee free ;
Every spirit-fetter riven,
Go in peace, and liberty !

Father ! breathe this benediction
O'er our spirits while we pray ;
Let us part in full conviction
Thou hast blessed our souls to-day.

129.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

8 & 7s M.

PEACE of God, which knows no measure,
Heavenly sunlight of the soul,
Peace beyond all earthly treasure,
Come and all our hearts control !
Come, almighty to deliver !
Naught shall make us then afraid ;
We will trust in Thee forever,
Thou on whom our hope is stayed !

130.

THE SPIRIT'S PEACE.

C. M.

O THOU great Spirit ! who along
The waters first did move,
And straight, from warring chaos sprung
Light, harmony and love ;
Upon our waiting spirits brood,
Bid all their discord cease,
And breathe upon the troubled soul
Thy last, best gift of peace !

131.

BENEDICTION.

6 & 10s M.

THE peace which God bestows,
Which from His presence flows,
The peace the Father giveth to the son,
Be known in every mind,
The broken heart to bind,
And bless each traveller as he journeys on.

Ere daily strifes begin
The war without, within,
The God of love, in spirit and in power,
Now on each bended head
His deepest blessing shed,
And keep us all through every troubled hour !

132.

THE WORD OF GOD.

S. M.

God of the prophets' power !
God of the Gospel's sound !
Move glorious on, — send out Thy voice
To all the nations round.

With hearts and lips unfeigned,
We bless Thee for Thy word ;
We praise Thee for the joyful news
Which our glad ears have heard.

O, may we treasure well
The counsels that we hear,
Till righteousness and holy joy
In all our hearts appear.

Water the sacred seed,
And give it large increase ;
May neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Prevent the fruits of peace.

And though we sow in tears,
Our souls at last shall come,
And gather in our sheaves with joy,
At heaven's great harvest-home.

133.

THE SEED OF THE WORD.

C. M.

O God, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest ;
Whose word of truth, sent down from heaven,
Is planted in our breast ;

BENEDICTION.

Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air ;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care !

Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do Thou Thy grace supply ;
The hope, in earthly furrows sown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

134.

PARTING HYMN.

L. M.

THY presence, ever-living God !
Wide through all nature spreads abroad ;
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In every place Thy children keep.

While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and powers sustain ;
When parted, we rejoice to share
Thy smiles, Thy counsels, and Thy care.

To Thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore Thy heavenly grace ;
Still cause Thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as Thine.

135.

‘ WHOSE SERVICE IS PERFECT FREEDOM.’

C. M.

FATHER, Thy presence, ever near,
Help us to feel and know,
That we may find Thy kingdom here,
And walk with God below.

Help us to find, in Thy great love,
Our dearest hope and guide :
Who rests on wisdom from above
Can need no help beside.

Help us to trust that mighty hand
Which leads us on our way :
When perfect justice gives command,
'T is freedom to obey.

136.

GOD EVER NEAR.

L. M.

As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same,
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love His name.

When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way ;
He is ever with them all,
Those who go and those who stay.

From His holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine ;
Still in spirit they may meet,
And in sweet communion join.

137.

HYMN AT PARTING.

7s. M.

FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

BENEDICTION.

Father, hear our humble prayer !
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

In Thy strength may we be strong ;
Hallow every cross and pain ;
Give us, if Thou wilt, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

138.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

L. M.

ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace once more, O God ! we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

May the great truths we here have heard —
The lessons of Thy holy word —
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.

O, may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

139.

THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

7s M.

EVERLASTING arms of love
Are beneath, around, above ;
God it is who bears us on,
His the arm we lean upon.

He, our ever-present Guide,
Faithful is, whate'er betide ;
Gladly, then, we journey on,
With His arm to lean upon.

140.

CLOSING HYMN.

L. M.

In busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness.

And every moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its laden wing ;
And all our years, in every place,
Shall bless Thee for Thy boundless grace.

141.

‘THY KINGDOM COME.’

L. M.

FATHER, whose heavenly kingdom lies
In every meek, believing breast,
Reveal before Thy children's eyes
That kingdom's coming and its rest.

And while Thy people bend and pray
Towards Thy benignant throne of light,
Give answer in the dawning day
Of Freedom, Mercy, Truth and Right.

142.

OUR GUIDE AND STAY.

L. M.

FOR mercies past we praise Thee, Lord,
The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven,
Thy helping arm, Thy guiding word,
And answered prayers, and sins forgiven.

Whene'er we tread on danger's height,
Or walk temptation's slippery way,
Be still, to lead our steps aright,
Thy word our guide, Thine arm our stay !

Be ours Thy blessed presence still ;
United hearts, unchanging love ;
No thought that contradicts Thy will,
No wish that centres not above !

143.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

L. M.

THY bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and barren wilderness,
And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

And O, when through the wilds we roam
That part us from our heavenly home ;
When, lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow ;

Do Thou Thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul can live ;
And grant Thy children, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day !

144.

THE SHADOWING ROCK.

L. M.

THE path of life we walk to-day
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod ;
We need the shadowing rock as they,
We need, like them, the guides of God.

God send His angels, Cloud and Fire,
To lead us o'er the desert sand !
God give our hearts their long desire,
His shadow in a weary land !

145.

THE PILLAR AND CLOUD.

L. M.

O, PRESENT still, though still unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray !

And, O, when gathers on our path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

146.

CLOSING HYMN.

8 & 7s M.

HEAVENLY Shepherd, guide us, feed us,
Through our pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead us,
Where Thy flock rejoicing go.

Lord, Thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly bending, we implore ;
We have found Thee, and would never,
Never wander from Thee more.

147.

GOD LEADS US RIGHT.

L. M.

LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love ;
Our strength Thy grace, our rule Thy word,
Our end the glory of the Lord.

By Thine unerring spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray,
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way ;
As far from danger as from fear,
While Love, almighty Love, is near.

148.

THE PILGRIM'S PRAYER.

7s M.

LEAD us with Thy gentle sway, •
As a willing child is led ;
Speed us on our upward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who with prayers and helps divine
Seeks a consecrated shrine.

Lead us, Father, Thou dost know
All the way ; but, wanderers, we
Often miss our way below,
And stretch out our hands to Thee ;
Guide us, save us, and prepare
Our appointed mansion there !

149.

DISMISSAL.

C. M.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above ;
Let us each, Thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love :
Still support us
While in duty's path we move.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

BENEDICTION.

150.

SUNDAY EVENING.

7s M.

God, our Sun ! the day we own
Thine,— in holy pleasures flown ;
God, our Shield ! with confidence
Thee we make the night's defence.

Thee we bless for each high thought
By these hours of worship brought ;
Thee we trust for aid to lead
Holy thought to holy deed.

151.

SUNDAY EVENING.

8 & 7s M.

Lo, the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night ;
May the Sun which ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light !

While, Thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, grant Thine evening blessing,
Fold us safe beneath Thy wing !

II. SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

SEASONS OF THE DAY.

152.

CHILDREN OF THE DAY.

L. M.

Now with creation's morning song
Let us, as children of the day,
With wakened heart and purpose strong,
The works of darkness cast away.

O, may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil,—
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein,
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.

Grant us, O God! in love to Thee,
Clear eyes to measure things below,
Faith, the invisible to see,
And wisdom, Thee in all to know.

153.

MORNING HYMN.

L. M.

O, timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise ;
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Do hover round us as we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

Do Thou, O Lord ! in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

154.

MORNING WATCHES.

10s M.

FATHER, the watches of the night are o'er ;
To light and life the soul has risen once more ;
Blessed be Thou, who, through the helpless hours,
Hast kept in deepest peace her slumbering powers.

Father, the watches of the day are here ;
 More than from those of night we have to fear ;
 By rude cares troubled, by temptations pressed,
 Through the day-watches, Father, give us rest !

155.

‘WHEN I AWAKE I AM STILL WITH THEE.’

11 & 10s M.

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning
 breaketh,

When the bird waketh and the shadows flee ;
 Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
 Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
 The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
 Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
 In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As, in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean
 The image of the morning star doth rest,
 So, in this stillness, Thou beholdest only
 Thine image in the waters of my breast.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
 Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer ;
 Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
 But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
 When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee ;
 O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
 Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee !

156.

MORNING HYMN.

L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Awake ! lift up thyself, my heart ;
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to their Almighty King.

Lord ! I my vows to Thee renew ;
Scatter my sins like morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

157.

MORNING HYMN.

L. M.

IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night :
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God ! to Thee.

O, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
And spread Thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

158.

MORNING HYMN

7s M.

IN the morning I will pray
For God's blessing on the day ;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.

Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow, gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, O, shine !

Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in Thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep mine eyes, O God ! from tears ;
Every step Thy love attend,
And my soul from death defend.

159.

MORNING HYMN.

C. M.

Now that the sun is beaming bright,
 Implore we, bending low,
That He, the uncreated Light,
 May guide us as we go.

No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
 Nor thoughts that idly rove ;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
 And in our hearts be love.

And, while the hours in order flow,
 Securely keep, O God !
Our hearts, beleaguered by the foe
 That tempts our every road.

And grant that to Thine honor, Lord,
 Our daily toil may tend ;
That we begin it at Thy word,
 And in Thy favor end.

160.

MORNING HYMN.

S. M.

BEHOLD, night's shadows fade,
 And morn is in the skies !
To Him by whom all things were made
 Our aspirations rise.

To break this deathly trance
Help us, O God, our stay !
Give the freed spirit utterance,
Its languors charm away !

So sin shall cease to reign,
So safety shall be nigh ;
Rend, spirit blest, the heavy chains
Of death, in victory !

161.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

L. M.

TRUE Sun ! upon our souls arise,
Shining in beauty evermore,
And through each sense the quickening beam
Of the Eternal Spirit pour.

Confirm us in each good resolve,
And calm the passions that betray ;
Turn each misfortune to our good ;
Direct us in Thine own right way.

O, ever with the opening dawn
May saintly purity attend ;
Faith sanctify the mid-day hours,
Upon our souls no night descend !

O Giver of each perfect gift !
This day our daily bread supply ;
While from the Spirit's tranquil depths
We drink unfailing draughts of joy.

162.

NOON-TIDE.

L. M.

LORD of eternal truth and might !
Thou Ruler of the changing day !
Thy life shines in the morning light
And glows in noon's effulgent ray.

Quench Thou in us the flames of strife,
And bid the heats of passion cease ;
From fears and perils guard our life,
And keep our souls in perfect peace.

163.

NOONDAY HYMN.

L. M.

UP to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And He accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn His ear aside
From holy offerings at noon-tide :
Then here reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

Look up to heaven ! the obedient sun
Already half his course hath run ;
He cannot halt or go astray ;
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord, since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with Thy grace, through all life's day,
 Our upward and our downward way ;
 And glorify for us the west,
 When we shall sink into our rest.

164.

THE STILL HOUR.

L. M.

GENTLY the shades of night descend ;
 Thy temple, Lord, is calm and still ;
 A thousand lamps of ether blend,
 A thousand fires that temple fill.

Thou bidd'st the cares of earth depart ;
 Heaven's peace is wafted from above ;
 A sabbath stillness fills the heart,
 Devotion's calm and holy love.

And man, even from the dust, may rise,
 Borne on the pinions of Thy grace,
 Up to angelic mysteries,
 And find in Thee his resting-place.

165.

AT EVEN-TIDE.

L. M.

O'ER silent field and lonely lawn
 Her dusky mantle night hath drawn ;
 At twilight's holy, heartfelt hour,
 In man his better soul hath power.

The passions are at peace within,
 And stilled each stormy thought of sin ;
 The yielding bosom, overawed,
 Breathes love to man, and love to God.

166.

THE EVENING REST.

10s M.

O THOU, the primal fount of life and peace,
Who shedd'st Thy breathing quiet all around !
In me command that pain and conflict cease,
And tune to music every jarring sound.

Make Thou in me, O God ! through shame and
 pain,
A heart attuned to Thy celestial calm ;
Let not the spirit's pangs be roused in vain,
But heal the wounded breast with soothing
 balm.

So, firm in steadfast hope, in thought secure,
In full accord with all Thy works of joy,
May I be nerved to labors high and pure,
And Thou Thy child to do Thy work employ.

In one who walked on earth, a man of woe,
Was holier peace than even this hour inspires ;
From him to me let inward quiet flow,
And give the might my failing will requires.

So this great universe, — so he, and Thou,
The central source and wondrous bound of
 things,
May fill my heart with rest as deep as now
To land and sea and air Thy presence brings.

167.

THE REST OF THE WEARY.

12 & 11s M.

THE daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er ocean,
 The sun has gone down o'er the slumbering
 sea ;
 And now, in the hush of life's fitful commotion,
 We lift our tired spirits, blest Father ! to
 Thee.

O, when our feet stumble upon the dark moun-
 tains,

Or sink in the stormy and treacherous wave,
 Or seek in the desert in vain for the foun-
 tains,—

Be near, in the darkness, to help and to save !

And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow
 Shall toss our frail bark driving wild o'er
 night's deep,

Let Thy guarding wing be stretched over our
 pillow,

And shield us from evil, though death watch
 our sleep.

168.

‘ THOU MAKEST DARKNESS AND IT IS NIGHT. ’

10 & 4s M.

FATHER supreme ! Thou high and holy One !
 To Thee we bow ;
 Now, when the burden of the day is gone,
 Devoutly, now.

From age to age unchanging, still the same
All-good Thou art ;
Hallowed forever be Thy reverend name
In every heart !

When the glad morn upon the hills was spread,
Thy smile was there ;
Now, as the darkness gathers overhead,
We feel Thy care.

Night spreads her shade upon another day
Forever past ;
So o'er our faults, Thy love, we humbly pray,
A veil may cast.

Silence and calm, o'er hearts by earth distrest,
Now sweetly steal ;
So every fear that struggles in the breast
Shall faith conceal.

Thou, through the dark, wilt watch above our
sleep
With eye of love ;
And Thou wilt wake us, when the sunbeams
leap
The hills above.

O, may each heart its gratitude express
As life expands,
And find the triumph of its happiness
In Thy commands !

169.

‘THE DAY IS THINE, THE NIGHT ALSO.’

P. M.

FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining ;
Father in heaven ! the day is declining ;
Thine is the darkness, as Thine is the light ;
We trust Thee by day, and we trust Thee by
night.

From the fall of the shade till the morning bells
chime,

Shield us from danger and guard us from crime.

Father of mercy, O, hear Thou our prayer !

Father in heaven ! O, hear when we call,
Thou the Protector and Saviour of all !
Fainting and feeble, we trust in Thy might ;
In doubting and darkness, Thy love be our light !
Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night taper
burns,

And wake in Thine arms when the morning re-
turns.

Father of mercy, O hear Thou our prayer !

170.

‘EVEN THE NIGHT SHALL BE LIGHT ABOUT ME.’

L. M.

’Tis gone, that bright and orbed blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Sun of my soul, forever near !
It is not night, if Thou be here ;
O, may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except I all in Thee discern.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

171.

THE EVENING PRAYER.

7s M.

CHILD, amid the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently ;

Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy daily toil to leave ;
Pray ! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

Traveller in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;

Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see ;
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

172.

EVENING QUIET.

C. M.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore ;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's little day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

173.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

7s M.

SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness ; O, how still
Is the working of His will !

Mighty Spirit, here am I !
Work in me as silently ;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought ;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight ;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

174.

EVENING HYMN.

L. M.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings !
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, O Thou holy One !
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

O, may my soul on Thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
 Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
 To serve my God, when I awake.

May guardian angels, while I sleep,
 Around my bed their vigils keep ;
 Guard all the avenues of ill,
 And love angelical instil.

175.

‘I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART WAKETH.’

11s M.

BE near us, O Father ! through night’s silent
 hour ;
 Impart to our slumbers Thy calmness divine ;
 Drop rest on our lids like the dew on the flower,
 That even our still sleep may have something
 of Thine.

And grant Thou, when slumber our senses shall
 close,
 The heart may still watch, all unclouded and
 clear ;
 Guard, guard still Thy children ; and bless the
 repose
 That, stainless of sin, is untouched by a fear.

Then still to Thee, Father, our praises we pay ;
 To Thee we still offer love’s infinite store ;
 Send down Thy pure spirit, even now while we
 pray ;
 Be with us, and keep us, and bless, evermore !

176.

HYMN OF NIGHTFALL.

11s M.

CREATOR of all ! through whose all-seeing might
This ponderous globe to its hour is still true,
Thou gladd'st us each morn with the vision of
light,
And at eve on our lids pourest slumber like
dew.

The toils of the day are now brought to their
end,
And night is preparing her balm for our eyes ;
Our strength, Lord, encourage, our weakness
defend ;
Hear our prayers as they spring, and our hymns
as they rise.

We beseech of Thee now, when dim night over
all
Is enfolding her shroud and resuming her sway,
That Thy grace still may shine, 'mid the shadows
that fall,
As a star to our eyes, and a lamp to our way.

Though our bodies may sleep, let our souls be
awake,
Keep them free from the deadness that guilt
only knows ;
Be the dream of the night pure as day, for Thy
sake,
And the calm of Thy paradise on our repose.

From all stain of sin let our bosoms be free,
And still rest on our God, unpolluted and clear;
So the tempter shall flee; nor our slumbers endure
One pang of remorse or one shudder of fear.

177.

‘ O, BLEST CREATOR.’

L. M.

O, BLEST Creator of the light,
Who dost the dawn from darkness bring,
And, in the heavens’ most glorious height,
Dost bid the stars together sing!
Who, gently blending eve with morn
And morn with eve, dost make the day;
Thick flows the flood of darkness down;
O, hear us as we come to pray!

Keep Thou our souls from thought of crime;
Keep them from guilt’s remorseful strife;
Nor living for the things of time,
But living the eternal life.
Teach us to knock at heaven’s high door;
Teach us the prize of life to win;
Teach us all evil to abhor
And purify ourselves within.

178.

EVENING HYMN.

L. M.

O THOU true Life of all that live,
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day!

Thy light upon our evening pour,
So may our souls no sunset see ;
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

179.

EVENING THANK-OFFERING.

7s M.

THROUGH the changes of the day
Kept by Thy sustaining power,
Offering of thanks we pay,
Father, in this evening hour.
Praises to Thy name belong,
Source and Giver of all good,
While we lift our evening song
Fill our souls with gratitude.

From the dangers which have frowned,
From the snares in secret set,
We have, through Thy mercy, found
Safety and deliverance yet.
Spirit, who hast been our light,
And the guardian of our way,
Let Thy mercy and Thy might
Keep us to another day !

180.

THANKS FOR DAILY MERCIES.

7s M.

TENDER mercies, on my way
Falling softly like the dew,
Sent me freshly every day,
I will bless the Lord for you.

Though I have not all I would,
 Though to greater bliss I go,
 Every present gift of good
 To eternal Love I owe.

Source of all that comforts me,
 Well of joy for which I long,
 Let the song I sing to Thee
 Be an everlasting song.

181.

EVENING ASPIRATION.

P. M.

God that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light !
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night !
 May Thine angel guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night !

182.

BEFORE SLEEP.

8 & 7s M.

THROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us ;
 Wearied, we lie down to rest ;
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Let no foe our peace molest.
 Father ! Thou our guardian be ;
 Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Wandering in the land of strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers:
In Thy love we all repose.

Father! Thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

183.

EVEN-SONG.

7s. M.

LORD! a happy child of Thine,
Patient through the love of Thee,
In the light, the life divine,
Lives and walks at liberty.

Leaning on Thy tender care,
Thou hast led my soul aright:
Fervent was my morning prayer,
Joyful is my song to-night.

O my Father, Guardian true!
All my life is Thine to keep;
At Thy feet my work I do,
In Thine arms I fall asleep.

184.

‘IN THE NIGHT-SEASON.’

7s M.

WHILE the stars unnumbered roll
Round the ever-constant pole,
Far above these spangled skies
All my thoughts to God shall rise.

From on high He shall impart
Secret comfort to my heart ;
He, in these serenest hours,
Guide my spiritual powers.

He His spirit doth diffuse,
Sweeter far than midnight dews ;
Lifting all my thoughts above,
On the wings of faith and love.

What if death my sleep invade ; —
Should I be of death afraid ?
Whilst encircled by Thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

Visions brighter than the morn
Greet the deathless spirit born ;
See, the guardian angel nigh
Waits to waft my soul on high !

With Thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labor, rest ;
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with Thee !

185.

NIGHT-WATCHES.

L. M.

THROUGHOUT the hours of darkness dim,
Still let us watch and raise the hymn ;
And in deep midnight's awful calm,
Pour forth the soul in deepest psalm.

Amid the silence, else so drear,
Think the Almighty leans to hear ;
Well pleased to list, at such a time,
The wakeful heart, in praise sublime.

Still watch and pray and raise the hymn,
Throughout the hours of darkness dim !
God will not spurn the humblest guest,
But give us of His holy rest.

186.

HYMN IN THE NIGHT.

10 & 4s M.

IN the still silence of the voiceless night,
When from my wakeful eyes the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee ?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee
And lay it down.

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of this hour,
More blest than anything, my spirit lies
Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me,
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee ?

187.

‘I SLEPT, I WOKE; THE LORD SUSTAINED ME.’

L. M.

As every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Father, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counsellor and friend !
Teach me Thy statutes all divine,
And let Thy will be always mine !

When each day’s scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy, richly blest,
Guard me, my Father, while I rest ;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O, lead me onward to the skies !

SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

188.

HYMN OF SPRING.

C. M.

WHEN warmer suns and bluer skies
Proclaim the opening year,
What happy sounds of life arise,
What lovely scenes appear !

Earth with her thousand voices sings
Her song of gladsome praise ;
And every blade of grass that springs
God’s loving law obeys.

The early flowers bloom bright and fair,
Fair shines the morning sky ;
The birds make music in the air,
The brook goes singing by.

Like this spring morning sweet and clear,
That greets our gladdened eyes,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall bring new earth and skies.

189.

THE GOD OF SPRING.

7s M.

PRAISE and thanks and cheerful love
Rise from everything below,
To the mighty One above,
Who His wondrous love doth show :
Praise Him, each created thing !
God, your Maker ; God of spring !

Praise Him, trees so lately bare ;
Praise Him, fresh and new-born flowers ;
All ye creatures of the air ;
All ye soft-descending showers !
Praise, with each awakening thing,
God, your Maker ; God of spring !

Praise Him, man ! — thy fitful heart
Let this balmy season move
To employ its noblest part,
Gentlest mercy, sweetest love ;
Blessing, with each living thing,
God, your Father ; God of spring !

190.

SUMMER.

C. M.

THE earth, all light and loveliness,
 In summer's golden hours,
 Shines, in her bridal vesture clad,
 And crowned with festal flowers,
 So radiantly beautiful,
 So like to heaven above,
 We scarce can deem more fair that world
 Of perfect bliss and love.

Is this a shadow faint and dim
 Of that which is to come ?
 What shall the unveiled splendor be
 Of our celestial home,
 Where waves the glorious tree of life,
 Where streams of bliss gush free,
 And all is glowing in the light
 Of immortality !

191.

THE HYMN OF SUMMER.

C. M.

How glad the tone when summer's sun
 Wreathes the gay world with flowers,
 And trees bend down with golden fruit,
 And birds are in their bowers !

The morn sends silent music down
 Upon each earthly thing ;
 And always since creation's dawn
 The stars together sing.

Shall man remain in silence, then,
While all beneath the skies
The chorus joins ? no, let us sing,
And while our voices rise,

O, let our lives, great God, breathe forth
A constant melody ;
And every action be a tone
In that sweet hymn to Thee !

192.

HYMN OF AUTUMN.

L. M.

O LORD of seasons ! unto Thee
Our hymn with grateful heart we raise,
For all Thy gifts, so rich and free,
That crown these sweet autumnal days.

By Thy dear love the lap of Spring
Was heaped with many a blooming flower,
And smiling Summer joyed to bring
The sunshine and the gentle shower.

And Autumn pours her riches now
Of ripening grain and bursting shell ;
And golden sheaf and laden bough
The fulness of Thy bounty tell.

Beneath blue skies the fragrant breeze
O'er rustling fallen leaves doth blow ;
In gold and purple robed, the trees
The fulness of Thy beauty show.

193.

HYMN OF WINTER.

L. M.

'T IS Winter now ; the fallen snow
 Has left the heavens all coldly clear ;
 Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
 And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn ;
 His life within the keen air breathes,
 His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
 And clothes the boughs with glitt'ring wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
 And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
 Home closer draws her circle now,
 And warmer glows her light within.

O God ! who giv'st the winter's cold
 As well as summer's joyous rays,
 Us warmly in Thy love enfold,
 And keep us through life's wintry days !

194.

THE CIRCLING YEAR.

L. M.

ETERNAL Source of every joy !
 Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
 While in Thy temple we appear,
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

Seasons and months and weeks and days
 Demand successive songs of praise ;
 Still be the cheerful homage paid
 With opening light and evening shade.

195.

THE OPENING YEAR.

L. M.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand :
The opening year Thy mercy shows ;
Thy mercy crown it till it close !

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest :
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

196.

A NEW YEAR.

6s M.

Joy ! joy ! a year is born ;
A year to man is given,
For hope, and peace, and love,
For faith, and truth, and heaven.
Though earth be dark with care,
With death and sorrow rife,
Yet toil, and pain, and prayer,
Lead to our higher life.

Behold, the fields are white !
 No longer idly stand ;
 Go forth in love and might ;
 Man needs Thy helping hand.
 Thus may each day and year
 To prayer and toil be given,
 Till man to God draw near,
 And earth become like heaven.

197.

THE ENTERED YEAR.

7s M.

SUNLIGHT of the heavenly day,
 Mighty to revive and cheer,
 Bless our yet untrodden way,
 Lead us through the entered year.

Forward, though the path be hid,
 Though we pass the lurking foe,
 Though the sound of war forbid,
 Girt with gladness let us go.

Open Thou beneath our tread
 Springs the distance could not show ;
 From the holy fountain-head
 Let them rise where'er we go.

Teach us, as we pass along,
 In the shining of Thy face
 Many a sweet thanksgiving-song,
 Even in the dreary place.

Bold in Thy protecting care,
 Through the desert or the sea,
 Sure to prove Thee faithful there,
 On ! to reign in life with Thee.

198.

THE OPENING YEAR.

7s M.

BLESS, O Lord ! this opening year
To the souls assembling here :
Clothe Thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be Thine.

Where Thou hast Thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run ;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

Bless us all, both old and young ;
Call forth praise from every tongue :
Let our whole assembly prove
All Thy power and all Thy love !

199.

THE CHANGING YEAR.

10s M.

GOD of the changing year ! whose arm of power
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour, —
Here in Thy temple bow Thy children down,
To bless Thy mercy, and Thy might to own.

Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
And pour around the gladdening light of day ;
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
To cheer its hours of darkness ; — all are Thine.

If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
And mortal friends were faithless, Thou wast
true ;

Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
The wounded spirit, Thou wast present there.

O, lend Thine ear, and lift our voice to Thee ;
Where'er we dwell, still let Thy mercy be ;
From year to year, still nearer to Thy shrine
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly
Thine !

200.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

C. M.

O God ! to Thee our hearts would pay
Their gratitude sincere,
Whose love hath kept us, night and day,
Throughout another year.

Of every breath, and every power,
Thou wast the gracious Source ;
From Thee came every happy hour
Which smiled along its course.

And if sometimes across our path
A cloud its shadows threw,
Thou didst not waft it there in wrath,
But loving-kindness true.

For joy and grief alike we pay
Our thanks to Thee above ;
And only pray to grow each day
More worthy of Thy love.

201.

THE PASSING YEARS.

L. M.

ANOTHER year ! another year !
The unceasing rush of time sweeps on ;
Whelmed in its surges, disappear
Man's hopes and fears, forever gone !

Swift years ! but teach me how to bear,
To feel and act with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare, —
And speed your courses as ye will.

202.

'A THOUSAND YEARS AS ONE DAY.'

L. M.

GOD of our fathers ! in whose sight
The thousand years that sweep away
Man and the traces of his might
Are but the break and close of day ;

Grant us that love of truth sublime,
That love of goodness and of Thee,
Which makes Thy children in all time
To share Thine own eternity.

203.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

L. M.

GOD of eternity ! from Thee
Did infant time his being draw :
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by Thine unvaried law.

Silent and swift they glide away :
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from which it rose.

Great Source of wisdom ! teach our hearts
To know the price of every hour ;
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

THANKSGIVING.

204.

‘LET ALL THE PEOPLE PRAISE THEE.’

L. M.

FATHER of mercies ! God of peace !
Being whose bounties never cease !
While to the heavens, in grateful tones,
Ascend our mingled orisons,
Listen to these, the notes of praise,
Which we, a happy people, raise !

Our hamlets, sheltered by Thy care,
Abodes of peace and plenty are ;
Our tillage, by Thy blessing, yields
An hundred-fold from ripened fields :
And laden bough, and burthened vine,
Are tokens of Thy Love divine.

THANKSGIVING.

The cradled head of infancy
Doth owe its tranquil rest to Thee ;
Youth's eager step, man's firmer tread,
In years mature, by Thee are led ;
Secure may trembling age, O Lord !
Lean on its staff, Thy holy word.

Teach us these blessings to improve ;
Teach us to serve Thee, teach to love ;
Exalt our hearts, that we may see
The Giver of all good in Thee ;
And be Thy word our daily food,
Thy service, Lord, our highest good.

205.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

10 & 11s M.

HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts His mercies sing ;
The fruitful year His bounties shall proclaim,
And all its days be vocal with His name.
The Lord is good, His mercy never-ending,
His blessings in perpetual showers descending.

The earth, enlightened by His rays divine,
Brought forth the grass, the corn, and oil, and
wine ;
Crowned with His goodness, let the people
meet,
And lay their thankful offerings at his feet ;
With grateful love that hand Divine confessing,
Which on each heart bestoweth every blessing.

His mercy never ends ; the dawn, the shade,
Still see new beauties through new scenes dis-
played ;
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their fathers' God :
The soul of man, through its immense duration,
Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

Burst into praise, my soul ! all nature, join !
Angels and men, in harmony combine !
While human years are measured by the sun.
And while eternity its course shall run,
His goodness, in perpetual showers descending,
Exalt in songs and raptures never-ending !

206.

‘SEED-TIME AND HARVEST SHALL NOT CEASE.’

C. M.

FOUNTAIN of life, and God of love !
How rich Thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring’s sweet influence, Lord, was Thine,
Its mild refreshing showers ;
Thou gav’st the ripening suns to shine,
And summer’s golden hours.

THANKSGIVING.

Thy quickening life, forever near,
Matured the swelling grain ;—
The bounteous harvest crowns the year
And plenty fills the plain.

With thankful hearts we trace Thy way
Through all our smiling vales ;
Thou, by whose love, nor night nor day,
Seed-time nor harvest fails !

207.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

7s M.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days !
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ !
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow !

All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ;—
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores ;—
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Peace, prosperity, and health,
 Private bliss and public wealth,
 Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
 Pure religion's holier beams ; —
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

THE FAMILY.

208.

‘ PEACE BE UNTO THIS HOUSE.’

C. M.

LORD of the families below !
 To Thee our prayers we send ;
 Do Thou from danger and from woe
 This dwelling-place defend.

Here let Thy peace, O Father ! rest ;
 Here let Thy love abide ;
 Our every joy in Thee more blest,
 Our sorrow sanctified.

May our petitions when we meet,
 And every secret prayer,
 Come up before Thy mercy-seat,
 And find acceptance there.

Teach us, with hearts made one in love,
 To do Thy pure commands ;
 And give us, in Thy time, above,
 A house not made with hands.

209.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

7s. M.

LORD ! subdue our selfish will ;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By Thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.

Sweetly on our spirits move ;
Gently touch the trembling strings ;
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the King of kings !

210.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

7s M.

FATHER, in Thy presence now
Has been pledged the nuptial vow ;
Heart to heart, as hand in hand,
Linked in one Thy children stand.

God of love ! this union bless,
With earth's purest happiness ;
With those joys whose heavenly spring
Shall diviner raptures bring.

May these blended souls be found
Firm in duty's active round ;
Daily every burden share,
Nightly seek Thy shadowing care.

When against their trembling forms
Shoot the arrows of life's storms ;
Or when age or sickness waits
Herald at life's parting gates ; —

In the fulness of belief,
May they look beyond the grief ;
And together fearless tread
In the path where Thou shalt lead.

211.

THE MOTHER'S HYMN.

L. M.

LORD, who ordainest for mankind
Benignant toils and tender cares,
We thank Thee for the ties that bind
The mother to the child she bears.

We thank Thee for the hopes that rise
Within her heart as, day by day,
The dawning soul from those young eyes
Looks with a clearer, steadier ray,

And, grateful for the blessing given,
With that dear infant on her knee,
She trains the eye to look to heaven,
The voice to lisp a prayer to Thee.

All-gracious! grant to those who bear
A mother's charge, the strength and light
To guide the feet that own their care
In ways of Love and Truth and Right.

212.

DEDICATION OF A CHILD.

L. M.

THIS child we dedicate to Thee,
O God of grace and purity !
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let Thy love its life prolong.

FUNERAL.

O, may Thy spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep Thy law ;
May virtue, piety, and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth !

We, too, O God ! Thy children are ;
And if our feet have wandered far,
Recall us to our Father's home,
And keep us that no more we roam.

213.

BENEDICTION OF CHILDREN.

S. M.

To Thee, O God ! whose face
Their angels still behold,
We bring these children, that Thy grace
May keep, Thine arms enfold.

And as the blessing falls
Upon each youthful brow,
Thy holy spirit grant, O Lord !
To keep them pure as now.

F U N E R A L.

214.

FUNERAL HYMN.

P. M.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrows are unknown ;

From the burden of the flesh,
 And from care and fear, released ;
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

Sin no more can taint thy spirit,
 Nor can doubt thy faith assail ;
 Thy soul its welcome has received,
 Thy strength shall never fail ;
 And thou 'rt sure to meet the good,
 Whom on earth thou lovedst best ;
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

To the grave thy body bearing,
 Low we place it 'mid the dead ;
 And lay the turf above it now,
 And seal its narrow bed ;
 But thy spirit soars away,
 Free, among the faithful blest ;
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

215.

FUNERAL HYMN.

7s M.

CALMLY, calmly lay him down !
 He hath fought a noble fight ;
 He hath battled for the right ;
 He hath won the fadeless crown.

Memories, all too bright for tears,
 Crowd around us from the past ;
 He was faithful to the last, —
 Faithful through long, toilsome years.

FUNERAL.

All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness and truth,
These, the objects of his youth,
Unto age he still pursued.

Kind and gentle was his soul,
Yet it had a glorious might ;
Clouded minds it filled with light,
Wounded spirits it made whole.

Huts where poor men sat distressed,
Homes where death had darkly passed,
Beds where suffering breathed its last,
These he sought, and soothed and blessed.

Hoping, trusting, lay him down !
Many in the realms above
Look for him with eyes of love,
Wreathing his immortal crown.

216.

BESIDE THE GRAVE.

P. M.

LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine !
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine.

O Father ! in that hour
When earth all helping power
Shall disavow ;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down,
Sustain us Thou !

And now, beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
 Father divine !
Hear, hear our suppliant breath ;
Keep us, in life and death,
 Thine, only Thine !

217.

HIS END IS PEACE.

7s M.

BROTHER, though from yonder sky
Cometh neither voice nor cry,
Yet we know for thee to-day
Every pain hath passed away.

Not for thee shall tears be given,
Child of God, and heir of heaven ;
For He gave thee sweet release ;
Thine the good man's death of peace.

Well we know thy living faith
Had the power to conquer death ;
As a living rose may bloom
By the border of the tomb.

Brother, in that solemn trust,
We commit thy dust to dust ;
Not for thee shall tears be given,
Child of God and heir of heaven !

218.

‘HE IS NOT HERE, HE IS RISEN.’

7s M.

CLAY to clay, and dust to dust !
Let them mingle, — for they must !
Give to earth the earthly clod,
For the spirit 's fled to God.

Never more shall midnight's damp
Darken round this mortal lamp ;
Never more shall noonday's glance
Search this mortal countenance.

Look aloft ! The spirit 's risen ;
Death cannot the soul imprison ;
'T is in heaven that spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible.

Thither let us turn our view ;
Peace is there, and comfort too ;
There shall those we love be found,
Tracing life's eternal round.

219.

BURIAL OF THE YOUNG.

C. M.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now !
E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath !
Soul, to its home on high !
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the hours,
Since thy dear form is gone ;
But, O, a brighter home than ours,
In heaven, is now thine own !

220.

FUNERAL HYMN OF A CHILD.

7s M.

To the Father's love we trust
That which was enshrined in dust ;
While we give the earth to earth,
Finds the soul its heavenly birth.
Angels wait the angel child,
Gentle, young, and undefiled.

Said not oft those pleading eyes
That they longed for purer skies ?
Did not oft the falling tear
Speak of roughening billows here ?
Prayed we not that she might rest
On her Heavenly Father's breast ?

Give the spirit, then, to God,
And its vesture to the sod ;
Life, henceforth, shall have a ray
Kindled ne'er to pass away,
And a light from angel eyes
Draw us upward to the skies.

CHURCH AND MINISTRY.

221.

DEDICATION OF A CHAPEL.

L. M.

To Light, that shines in stars and souls ;
To Law, that rounds the world with calm ;
To Love, whose equal triumph rolls
Through martyr's prayer and angel's psalm,—
We wed these walls with unseen bands,
In holier shrines not built with hands.

May purer sacrament be here
Than ever dwelt in rite or creed,—
Hallowed the hour with vow sincere
To serve the time's all-pressing need,
And rear, its heaving seas above,
Strongholds of Freedom, folds of Love.

Here be the wanderer homeward led ;
Here living streams in fulness flow ;
And every hungering soul be fed,
That yearns the Eternal Will to know ;
Here conscience hurl her stern reply
To mammon's lust and slavery's lie.

Speak, Living God, Thy full command
Through prayer of faith and word of power,
That we with girded loins may stand
To do Thy work and wait Thine hour.
And sow, 'mid patient toils and tears
For harvests in serener years.

222.

‘PEACE BE WITHIN THY WALLS.’

C. M.

O THOU, whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee !

Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by Thy side.

May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way ;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

223.

DEDICATION.

L. M.

O FATHER ! take the new-built shrine ;
The house our hands have reared is Thine ;
Greet us with welcome when we come,
And make our Father’s house our home.

Blest with Thy spirit while we stay,
 May we Thy spirit bear away,
 That every heart a shrine may be,
 And every home a home for Thee.

224.

THE HOUSE OUR FATHERS BUILT TO GOD.

C. M.

WE love the venerable house
 Our fathers built to God ;
 In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
 Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy thoughts a light have shed
 From many a radiant face,
 And prayers of tender hope have spread
 A perfume through the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
 The mystery of life,
 And prayed the Eternal Spirit clear
 Their doubts and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around
 Came up the pensive train,
 And in the church a blessing found,
 Which filled their homes again.

For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
 That from the Godhead flow,
 Showed them the life of heaven above
 Springs from the life below.

They live with God, their homes are dust :
 But here their children pray,
 And, in this fleeting lifetime, trust
 To find the narrow way.

On him who by the altar stands,
 On him Thy blessing fall !
Speak through his lips Thy pure commands,
 Thou Heart, that lovest all !

225.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARY.

L. M.

O THOU, whose liberal sun and rain
Come not upon the earth in vain,
Now let Thy quickening word come down
The worship of this hour to crown !

O, hear this church renew its vow,
Its solemn consecration now,
To work, with heart and soul and might,
For Truth and Freedom, Love and Right ;—

To listen with a willing faith
To whatsoe'er the Spirit saith,
And year by year to be more true
To Him who maketh all things new !

226.

‘LOVE THE BROTHERHOOD.’

7s M.

FATHER ! we look up to Thee ;
Let us in Thy love agree ;
Thou, who art the God of peace,
Bid contention ever cease.

Make us of one heart and mind,
Self-forgetful, true and kind ;
Strong, yet meek in thought and word,
Like to Thee, our blessed Lord.

Let us for each other care,
 Each the other's burden bear ;
 Ready, when reviled, to bless ;
 Studious of the law of peace.

Father ! all our souls inspire,
 Fill us with love's sacred fire ;
 Guided by that blessed light,
 Order all our steps aright.

Free from anger, free from pride,
 Let us thus in Thee abide ;
 All the depths of love express, —
 All the heights of holiness.

227.

‘ THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.’

7s M.

FATHER, hear our humble claim ;
 We are met in Thy great name ;
 In the midst do Thou appear,
 Manifest Thy presence here.

Lord, our fellowship increase ;
 Knit us in the bond of peace ;
 Join our hearts, O Father ! join
 Each to each, and all to Thine.

Move and actuate and guide,
 Diverse gifts to each divide ;
 Placed according to Thy will,
 Let us each his work fulfil.

Build us in one spirit up,
 Called in one high calling's hope,
 One the spirit, one the aim,
 One the pure baptismal flame ;

One the faith, and one the Lord,
Whom, by heaven and earth adored,
We our God and Father call ;—
O'er all, through all, in us all.

228.

‘ STRIVING TOGETHER FOR THE FAITH.’

7s M.

PARTNERS of a glorious hope !
Lift your hearts and voices up ;
Nobly let us bear the strife,
Keep the holiness, of life ;

Still forget the things behind,
Follow God in heart and mind,
To the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

In our lives our faith be known,
Faith by holy actions shown ;
Faith that mountains can remove,
Faith that always works by love.

229.

THE CHURCH’S WORK.

C. M.

THOU, whose glad summer yields
Fit increase of the spring,
In faith we sow these living fields,
Bless Thou the harvesting !

Thy Church must lead aright
Life’s work, left all undone,
Till founded fast in love and light,
Earth home to heaven be won.

Grant, then, Thy servants, Lord,
Fresh strength from hour to hour ;
Through speech and deed the living word
Find utterance with power,

To keep the child's faith bright,
To strengthen manhood's truth,
And set the age-dimmed eye alight
With heaven's eternal youth !

That in the time's stern strife,
With saints we speed reform,
Unresting in the calm of life,
Unshrinking in its storm.

230.

ORDINATION HYMN.

C. M.

O God ! Thy children, gathered here,
Thy blessing now we wait ;
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple's gate.

A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still ;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
He comes, to do Thy will.

O Father ! keep his soul alive
To every hope of good ;
And may his life of love proclaim
Man's truest brotherhood !

O Father ! keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong ;
And in the ear of sin and self
May his rebuke be strong !

O, give him, in Thy holy work,
Patience to wait Thy time,
And, toiling still with man, to breathe
The soul's serener clime !

And grant him many hearts to lead
Into Thy perfect rest ;
Bless Thou him, Father, and his work :
Bless ! and they shall be blest !

231.

‘ HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS.’

L. M.

‘ How beautiful,’ said he of old,
The feet of him that bringeth peace,
And publisheth the sacred word
That bids earth’s weary conflict cease !

’T is his to feel that mystic breath,
That solemn impulse of the time,
By which the spirit of the Lord
Rolls on his purposes sublime.

’T is his each true and rightful cause
With dauntless purpose to embrace ;
And when the brave and noble strive
Be ever foremost in the race.

To rend each veil, to spurn each lie
By which God’s loveliness is marred ;
To break each bond and bolt and bar
By which His holy truth is barred ;

Yet, with a tender, patient care,
To lead the erring and the weak ;
And, in the language of the skies,
To bid the stammering tongue to speak.

232.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

L. M.

THOU Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
Hast brought us here, before Thy face ;
Our spirits wait for Thy command,
Our silent hearts implore Thy peace !

Those spirits lay their noblest powers,
As offerings, on Thy holy shrine ;
Thine was the strength that nourished ours ;
The soldiers of the Cross are Thine.

While watching on our arms, at night,
We saw Thine angels round us move ;
We heard Thy call, we felt Thy light,
And followed, trusting to Thy love.

And now with hymn and prayer we stand,
To give our strength to Thee, great God !
We would redeem Thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.

Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord !
Through rugged toil and wearying fight ;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in Thee our truest might.

Send down Thy constant aid, we pray ;
Be Thy pure angels with us still ;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay ;
Our only rest, to do Thy will.

233.

THE TEACHERS.

7s M.

MIGHTY One, before whose face
Wisdom had her glorious seat,
When the orbs that people space
Sprang to birth beneath Thy feet !

Source of Truth, whose rays alone
Light the mighty world of mind !
God of Love, who from Thy throne
Kindly watchest all mankind !

Shed on those who in Thy name
Teach the way of truth and right,
Shed that Love's undying flame,
Shed that Wisdom's guiding light.

234.

TEACHING OF CHILDREN.

L. M.

WHILE yet the youthful spirit bears
The image of its God within,
And uneffaced that beauty wears,
Which may too soon be stained by sin ;

Then is the time for faith and love
To take in charge their precious care,—
Teach the young heart to look above,
Teach the young lips to speak in prayer.

The world will come with care and crime,
And tempt too oft that heart astray ;
Still the seed sown in early time
Shall not be wholly cast away.

The infant prayer, the infant hymn,
Within the darkened soul will rise,
When age's weary eye is dim,
Or sorrow's shadow round us lies.

The infant hymn is heard again,
The infant prayer is breathed once more ;
Reclasping thus the broken chain,
We turn to all we loved before.

235.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

L. M.

O THOU, who sendest sun and rain
On wilderness and peopled plain !
Shed Thou Thy grace on heart and tongue,
And bless our teaching of the young.

We ask for no reward of praise,
No mere success in outward ways,
But may we, Lord, successful be
In leading these young souls to Thee.

Grant Thou our hands the seed to sow
Which to eternal life shall grow ;
Without Thine aid our toil must fail,
But with it, Lord, we shall prevail.

236.

WESTERN MISSIONS.

8 & 7s M.

WESTWARD, Lord, the world alluring,
Has Thy risen day-star beamed,
And, the sinking soul assuring,
O'er the world's wide ocean streamed.

Westward, still, the midnight breaking,
Westward, still, its light be poured !
Nations Thy possession making,
Utmost lands Thy dwelling, Lord !

Where the wilderness is lying,
And the trees of ages nod,
Westward, in the desert crying,
Make a highway for our God.
Westward, till the church be kneeling
In the forest aisles so dim,
And the wild-wood's arches pealing
With the people's holy hymn.

CHARITABLE MEETINGS.

237.

ACCEPTABLE OFFERINGS.

7s M.

LORD ! what offering shall we bring,
At Thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow :

Willing hands, to lead the blind,
Heal the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind ;
Charity, with liberal store.

Teach us, O Thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to Thee and all mankind.

238.

FOR A CHARITABLE OCCASION.

C. M.

FATHER of mercies, send Thy grace
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of Thy love.

O may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

O, be the law of love fulfilled
In every act and thought,
Each angry passion far removed,
Each selfish view forgot.

Be thou, my heart, dilated wide
With this kind, social grace,
And in one grasp of fervent love
All earth and heaven embrace.

239.

‘FEED MY LAMBS.’

P. M.

Ho ! ye that rest beneath the rock,
On pastures greenly growing,
Or roam at will, a favored flock,
By waters gently flowing ;

Hear ye upon the desert air
 A voice of woe come crying,
 Where, cold upon the barren moor,
 God's little lambs are dying !

See the great Shepherd bend and call
 From fields of light and glory,
 ' Go, feed my lambs, and bring them all
 From moor and mountain hoary !'
 Ye favored flock, the call obey,
 And from the desert dreary
 Lead those who faint along the way,
 Or wander, lost and weary.

240.

THE ANGEL IN THE PRISON.

11s M.

God's angels ! not only on high do they sing,
 And soar through our skies with invisible wing ;
 But here, on the earth, where in wretchedness lie
 Its sin-stricken children to struggle and die.

They come, in their mercy and power, to dispel
 The spectres of gloom from the prisoner's cell ;
 In love's name to say to the stricken one there,
 That God still will hear, and give answer to
 prayer.

And strong grows the heart of the outcast ;
 and soon
 In that dim prison come the pure light-gleams
 of noon ;
 The resolve and the faith of the sinner forgiven
 Send him back to the world with a heart seek-
 ing heaven.

God's angels! Love speed them o'er earth's wide domain!
New aids to impart, and new triumphs to gain;
Till the wrathful and wrong from our world shall retire,
And humanity's groans in her praises expire.

For the promise of truth — though the doubting deny —
Is, that love shall prevail in the earth as on high;
Its life-waters healing, wherever they flow,
With the angels above, or the angels below.

REFORM MEETINGS.

241.

FOR A MEETING OF REFORMERS.

7s M.

HOLY Father! in Thy name,
Caring naught for hate or shame,
Meeting boldly every storm,
We would seek the world's reform.

Bravely may we bear the cross,
Meekly suffer earthly loss,
Patient always in Thy sight,
May we struggle for the Right.

Heart to heart and hand to hand,
 One in purpose may we stand ;
 Thus, in holy union strong,
 May we vanquish every wrong.

Turn Thou back the swelling tide,
 Bid the raging storm subside,
 Guide us through the deepest night,
 Through the cloud reveal Thy light.

242.

THE REFORMER'S VOW.

S. M.

God of the earnest heart,
 The trust assured and still,
 Thou who our strength forever art, —
 We come to do Thy will !

Upon that painful road
 By saints serenely trod,
 Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
 Would we go forth, O God !

'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
 In human hearts to strive,
 That all may learn to love and bear,
 To conquer self, and live ;

To draw Thy blessing down,
 And bring the wronged redress,
 And give this glorious world its crown
 The spirit's Godlikeness.

No dreams from toil to charm,
 No trembling on the tongue, —
 Lord, in Thy rest may we be calm,
 Through Thy completeness, strong !

Thou hearest while we pray ;
 O deep within us write,
 With kindling power, our God, to-day,
 Thy word, — ‘ On earth be light ! ’

243.

WITH GOD, FOR THE TRUTH.

7s M.

O, WHILE Thou, our God, art nigh,
 Shall our souls disdain to fear ;
 Sin and suffering we defy,
 Thou omnipotently near.

Earth and hell their war may wage,
 Calm we mark their vain design,
 Smile to see them idly rage,
 Lord, against a truth of Thine.

244.

‘ WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT ? ’

L. M.

OUT of the dark the circling sphere
 Is rounding onward to the light ;
 We see not yet the full day here,
 But we do see the paling night ;

And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires,
 And Faith, that shines, a heavenly will,
 And Love, that courage re-inspires, —
 These stars have been above us still.

O sentinels ! whose tread we heard
 Through long hours when we could not see,
 Pause now ; exchange with cheer the word, —
 The unchanging watchword, Liberty !

Look backward, how much has been won ;
 Look round, how much is yet to win !
 The watches of the night are done ;
 The watches of the day begin.

O Thou, whose mighty patience holds
 The night and day alike in view,
 Thy will our dearest hopes enfolds,
 O keep us steadfast, patient, true !

245.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

11s & 10s M.

O EARTH ! thy Past is crowned and consecrated
 With its Reformers, speaking yet, though
 dead ;
 Who unto strife and toil and tears were fated,
 Who unto fiery martyrdoms were led.

O Earth ! the Present too is crowned with
 splendor
 By its Reformers battling in the strife ;
 Friends of humanity, stern, strong, and tender,
 Making the world more hopeful with their life.

O Earth ! thy Future shall be great and glorious
 With its Reformers, toiling in the van ;
 Till Truth and Love shall reign o'er all victorious,
 And earth be given to Freedom and to Man.

246.

ANTI-SLAVERY HYMN.

7s M.

MEN ! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave
Are ye truly free and brave ?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed ?

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leatherne hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt ?
No ! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free.

They are slaves, who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak ;
They are slaves, who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than, in silence, shrink
From the truth they needs must think ;
They are slaves, who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

247.

SLAVERY.

8, 7 & 4s M.

AGES, ages have departed,
 Since the first dark vessel bore
 Afric's children, broken-hearted,
 To this far-off western shore ;
 She, like Rachel,
 Weeping, for they were no more.

Millions, millions have been slaughtered
 In the fight and on the deep ;
 Millions, millions more have watered,
 With such tears as captives weep,
 Fields of labor
 Where their wasted bodies sleep.

Mercy, mercy, vainly pleading,
 Rends her garments, smites her breast,
 Till a voice from heaven proceeding
 Gladdens all the waiting west :
 ‘ Come, ye weary !
 Come, and I will give you rest ! ’

Tidings, tidings of salvation !
 Brothers, rise with one accord,
 Purge the plague-spot from our nation,
 Till, unto their rights restored,
 Slaves no longer,
 All are freemen in the Lord !

248.

FOR A PEACE MEETING.

6 & 4s M.

Not with the flashing steel,
Not with the cannon's peal,
 Or stir of drum ;
But in bonds of love,
Our white flag floats above ;
Her emblem is the dove ; —
 'T is thus we come.

What is that great intent
On which each heart is bent,
 Our hosts among ?
It is that hate may die,
That war's red curse may fly,
And war's high praise for aye
 No more be sung.

On, then, in God's great name !
Let each pure spirit's flame
 Burn bright and clear ;
Stand firmly in your lot,
Cry ye aloud, doubt not,
Be every fear forgot ;
 God leads us here !

So shall earth's distant lands,
In happy, holy bands,
 One brotherhood,
Together rise and sing,
Gifts to one altar bring,
And heaven's Eternal King
 Pronounce it good.

249.

FOR A TEMPERANCE MEETING.

L. M.

SLAVERY and death the cup contains ;
 Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl !
 Softer than silk are iron chains
 Compared with those that chafe the soul.

Hosannas, Lord, to Thee we sing,
 Whose power the giant fiend obeys ;
 What countless thousands tribute bring,
 For happier homes and brighter days !

Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
 Nor leave the broken heart unbound :
 The wife regains a husband freed !
 The orphan clasps a father found !

Spare, Lord, the thoughtless ; guide the blind ;
 Till man no more shall deem it just
 To live by forging chains to bind
 His weaker brother in the dust.

250.

‘STRONG DRINK HATH SLAIN ITS THOUSANDS.’

S. M.

MOURN for the thousands slain,
 The youthful and the strong !
 Mourn for the wine-cup’s fearful reign
 O’er the deluded throng !

Mourn for the ruined soul ;
 For reason’s life and light
 Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
 And turned to hopeless night !

THE NATION.

Mourn for the lost ; but call,
Call to the strong, the free !
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And guard their liberty !

Mourn for the lost ; but pray,
Pray to the Lord above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway
And show his saving love !

THE NATION.

251.

OUR COUNTRY.

6 & 4s M.

GOD bless our native land !
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night !
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save,
By Thy great might !

For her our prayers shall be,
Our fathers' God, to Thee,
On Thee we wait !
Be her walls Holiness ;
Her rulers, Righteousness ;
Her officers be Peace ;
God save the State !

Lord of all truth and right,
 In whom alone is might,
 On Thee we call !
 Give us prosperity ;
 Give us true liberty ;
 May all the oppressed go free ;
 God save us all !

252.

REMEMBRANCE OF OUR FATHERS.

L. M.

IN pleasant lands have fallen the lines
 That bound our goodly heritage,
 And safe beneath our sheltering vines
 Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.

What thanks, O God ! to Thee are due,
 That Thou didst plant our fathers here,
 And watch and guard them as they grew,
 A vineyard to the Planter dear.

The toils they bore our ease have wrought ;
 They sowed in tears, — in joy we reap ;
 The birthright they so dearly bought
 We 'll guard, till we with them shall sleep.

Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
 In weal and woe, through all the past,
 Their grateful sons, O God ! shall own,
 While here their name and race shall last.

253.

THE DAY OF FREEDOM.

L. M.

O THOU, whose presence went before
 Our fathers in their weary way,
 As with Thy chosen moved of yore
 The fire by night, the cloud by day !

When from each temple of the free,
 A nation's song ascends to heaven,
 Most holy Father, unto Thee
 Now let our humble prayer be given.

Sweet peace be here ; and hope and love
 Be round us as a mantle thrown,
 As unto Thee, supreme above,
 The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

And grant, O Father ! that the time
 Of earth's deliverance may be near,
 When every land, and tongue, and clime,
 The message of Thy love shall hear ; —

When, smitten as with fire from heaven,
 The bondman's chain shall sink in dust,
 And to his fettered soul be given
 The glorious freedom of the just.

254.

‘THE FAST WHICH I HAVE CHOSEN.’

S. M.

‘Is this a fast for me ?’
 Thus saith the Lord our God ;
 ‘A day for man to vex his soul,
 And feel affliction's rod ?

‘No ; is not this alone
 The sacred fast I choose, —
 Oppression’s yoke to burst in twain,
 The bands of guilt unloose ?

‘To nakedness and want
 Your food and raiment deal :
 Not from your brothers coldly hide,
 But all their sufferings heal ?

‘Then, like the morning ray,
 Shall spring your health and light ;
 Before you, righteousness shall shine,
 Around, my glory bright !’

255.

PRAYER OF A STRICKEN PEOPLE.

7 & 6s M.

O THOU, whose power stupendous
 Upholds the earth and sky !
 Thy grace preserving send us, —
 To Thee, O Lord ! we cry.

From wilds of fearful error,
 Wherein we darkly stray,
 Oppressed with doubt and terror,
 For saving aid we pray.

O God of mercy, hear us !
 Our pain, our sorrow, see ;
 Thy healing pity spare us,
 And bring us home to Thee !

256.

IN TIME OF WAR.

10 & 6s M.

LORD, once our faith in man no fear could move ;
 Now save it from despair !
 The trial comes ; strengthen the might of love :
 Father, Thou hearest prayer !

Thou hearest ; and we hear, above this din,
 Thy blessed word sound clear :
 ' I purge this land from slavery and sin ;
 The reign of heaven draws near. '

O, never falter, ye who strive to bring
 In men the heavenly birth ;
 For still the angel hosts unfaltering sing,
 ' Peace to the weary earth ! '

O, never falter ! peace must come by pain ;
 Heaven is not found, but won ;
 Hold the dark angel till he moulds again
 The peace he hath undone.

We know not, Lord, what storms and trials
 strong
 Must work our world's new birth ;
 But we will toil, with this for working-song, —
 ' Peace to the weary earth ! '

Peace to the weary, struggling, sin-sick earth !
 Peace to the heart of man !
 Storm shall bring calm ; that high reward is
 worth
 All we must bear, or can.

257.

ARMY HYMN.

L. M.

O LORD of Hosts ! Almighty King !
 Behold the sacrifice we bring :
 To every arm Thy strength impart,
 Thy spirit shed through every heart !

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
 The holy faith that warmed our sires ;
 Thy hand hath made our nation free ;
 To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillared flame to show
 The midnight snare, the silent foe ;
 And when the battle thunders loud
 Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all nations ! Sovereign Lord !
 In Thy dread name we draw the sword ;
 We lift the starry flag on high
 That fills with light our stormy sky.

No more its flaming emblems wave
 To bar from hope the trembling slave ;
 No more its radiant glories shine
 To blast with woe a child of Thine.

From Treason's rent, from murder's stain,
 Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall reign ;
 Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
 Join our loud anthem, Praise to Thee !

258.

PRAYER DURING WAR.

C. M.

FATHER of mercies, Heavenly Friend !

We seek Thy gracious throne ;
To Thee our faltering prayers ascend,
Our fainting hearts are known.

From blasts that chill, from suns that smite,

From every plague that harms ;
In camp and march, in siege and fight,
Protect our men at arms !

Though from our darkened lives they take

What makes our life most dear,
We yield them for their country's sake,
With no relenting tear.

Our blood their flowing veins will shed,

Their wounds our breasts will share ;
O, save us from the woes we dread,
O, grant us strength to bear !

Let each unhallowed cause that brings

The stern destroyer cease,
The flaming angel fold his wings,
And seraphs whisper Peace !

Thine are the sceptre and the sword,

Stretch forth Thy mighty hand :
Reign Thou, our kingless nation's Lord ;
Rule Thou our throneless land !

259.

EMANCIPATION.

L. M.

O HOLY Father ! just and true
 Are all Thy works and words and ways,
 And unto Thee alone are due
 Thanksgiving and eternal praise.

For Thou hast heard, O God of Right !
 The sighing of the hapless slave ;
 And stretched for him the arm of might,
 Not shortened that it could not save.

The laborer sits beneath his vine ;
 The shackled soul and hand are free ;
 Thanksgiving ! for the work is Thine.
 Praise ! for the blessing is of Thee.

260.

THE DAY OF FREEDOM.

C. M.

DAUGHTER of nations ! from the dust
 Exalt thy fallen head ;
 Again in thy Redeemer trust,
 He calls thee from the dead.

Awake, awake ! put on thy strength,
 Thy beautiful array ;
 The day of freedom dawns at length,
 The Lord's appointed day.

Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
 And send thy heralds forth ;
 Say to the South, ' Give up thy charge,
 And keep not back, O North ! '

They come, they come ;—thine exiled bands,
 Where'er they rest or roam,
 Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
 And hasten to their home.

261.

DAUGHTER OF ZION.

P. M.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness !
 Awake ! for thy foes shall oppress thee no
 more ;
 Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of glad-
 ness,
 Arise ! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued
 them,
 And scattered their legions, was mightier
 far ;
 They fled like the chaff from the scourge that
 pursued them ;
 Vain were their steeds and their chariots of
 war.

Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved
 thee
 Extolled with the harp and the timbrel
 should be ;
 Shout ! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved
 thee ;
 Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

262.

‘ THOU WILT ORDAIN PEACE FOR US.’

P. M.

God, the Omnipotent ! mighty Avenger !
Watching invisible, judging unheard !
Save Thou our land in the hour of her danger,
Give to us peace in Thy time, O Lord !

Thunders and lightnings Thy judgment have
sounded ;

Letters of flame have recorded Thy word,
‘ Only in Righteousness true peace is founded ’ :
Give us that peace in Thy time, O Lord !

So shall the people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him who saved them from peril and
sword ;

Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean, —
‘ Peace to the nation, and praise to the Lord ! ’

263.

HYMN OF PEACE.

C. M.

THE dwellings of the free resound
With songs of victory,
And countless hearts, the land around,
For Peace are blessing Thee.

By Thee we raised the conquering sign
That led the victor-band ;
Thine was the Power, the Peace is Thine,
We see in all Thy hand.

Still let that conquering banner wave
 O'er souls Thou hast made free,
 And fold the hearts which through the grave
 Have heavenward passed to Thee.

They fought for Freedom, true and brave ;
 We will for Freedom strive :
 Their lives they for their country gave ;
 Our lives to her we give.

In joyful songs Thy name we bless,
 Who makest wars to cease ;
 O, grant our land through Righteousness
 A never-broken Peace !

MISCELLANEOUS.

264.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

C. M.

Now gird your patient loins again,
 Your wasting torches trim !
 The chief of all the sons of men,
 Shall we not welcome him ?
 Fill all your courts with sacred songs,
 And from the temple wall
 Wave garlands o'er the joyful throngs
 That crowd his festival !

And still more freshly in the mind
 Store up the hopes sublime
 Which then were born for all mankind,
 So blessed was the time ;

And, underneath these hallowed eaves,
A saviour will be born
In every heart that him receives,
On his triumphal morn.

265.

PENTECOST.

6 & 10s M.

COME, deck our feast to-day
With flowers and wreaths of May,
And bring an offering holy, pure and sweet ;
The Spirit of all grace
Makes earth His dwelling-place ;
Prepare your hearts your Lord with joy to
meet !

O golden rain from heaven !
Thy precious drops be given
Upon the Church's waiting, thirsty field ;
And let thy waters flow,
Where'er the sowers sow
The seed of Truth, that living fruit it yield.

Come, O thou trackless wind !
Breathe quickening o'er our mind ;
Let not the flesh to rule the soul aspire ;
O sunshine of pure Love !
Thy sweet glow let us prove,
And fill our hearts with thy soft quenchless fire.

O Spirit ! stir our will
Its high aims to fulfil ;
Be with us always when we go and come :
Deep in our spirits dwell,
And make their inmost cell
Thy temple pure, Thine ever-holy home.

266.

FOR AN AGRICULTURAL FESTIVAL.

L. M.

O MAKER of the fruits and flowers !
We thank Thee for Thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
In nature's garden work with Thine.

And thanks that from our daily need
The joy of simple faith is born,
That he who smites the summer weed
May trust Thee for the autumn corn.

For he who blesses most is blest,
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave, as his bequest,
An added beauty to the earth.

And soon or late, to all that sow,
The time of harvest shall be given ;
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at last in heaven.

267.

‘THE DEEP THAT COUCHETH BENEATH.’

L. M.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep ;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord ! hast power to save.

I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall ;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.

For still I know that safe with Thee
The spirit of Thy child would be ;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

268.

A HYMN TO BE SUNG AT SEA.

L. M.

LORD of the wide-extended main !
Whose power the winds and seas controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose spirit leads believing souls ;

Throughout the deep Thy footsteps shine ;
We own Thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in Thine immensity.

Thy wisdom here we learn to adore,
Thine everlasting truth we prove,
The wondrous heights of boundless power,
The unfathomable depths of love.

Infinite God ! Thy greatness spanned
These heavens, and meted out the skies ;
Lo ! in the hollow of Thy hand
The measured waters sink and rise.

And here Thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear :
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.

269.

IN A STORM.

L. M.

GLORY to Thee, whose powerful word
 Bids the tempestuous wind arise ;
 Glory to Thee, the sovereign Lord
 Of air and earth, and seas and skies

Let air and earth and skies obey,
 And seas Thine awful will perform ;
 From them we learn to own Thy sway,
 And shout to meet the gathering storm.

What though the floods lift up their voice ;
 Thou hearest, Lord, our silent cry ;
 They cannot damp Thy children's joys,
 Or shake the soul, while God is nigh.

Roar on, ye waves ! our souls defy
 Your roaring to disturb their rest ;
 In vain to impair the calm ye try, —
 The calm in a believer's breast.

270.

GOD WITH US ON THE DEEP.

S. M.

HEAVE, mighty ocean, heave !
 And blow, thou boisterous wind !
 Onward we swiftly glide, and leave
 Our home and friends behind.

Away, away we steer,
 Upon the ocean's breast ;
 And dim the distant heights appear,
 Like clouds along the west.

There is a loneliness
Upon the mighty deep ;
And hurried thoughts upon us press,
As onward still we sweep.

But there is hope and joy,
Wherever we may be ;
Danger nor death can e'er destroy
Our trust, O God ! in Thee.

Then, wherefore should we grieve,
Or what have we to fear ?
Though home and friends and life we leave,
Our God is ever near.

Sweep, mighty ocean, sweep !
Ye winds blow foul or fair !
Our God is with us on the deep,
Our home is everywhere.

271.

THE WANDERER'S HYMN.

L. M.

O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide,
My Lord, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent !

All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls inspired with sacred love ;
In heaven, on earth, or on the sea,
Where'er they dwell, they dwell with Thee.

To me remains nor place nor time ;
 My country is in every clime ;
 I can be calm and free from care
 On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
 The soul finds happiness in none ;
 But with a God to guide our way,
 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where Thou art not,
 That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
 But regions none remote I call,
 Secure of finding God in all.

272.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

C. M.

FATHER of all ! in every age,
 In every clime adored,
 By saint, by savage, or by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou great First Cause ! least understood,
 Who all my sense confined,
 To know but this, — that Thou art good,
 And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill ;
 And binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will ;

What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This teach me, more than hell, to shun,
 That more than heaven pursue.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

This day be bread and peace my lot,
All else beneath the sun
Thou knowest if best bestowed or not,
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

II.

GOD AND HIS MANIFESTATIONS.

- I. IN HIMSELF.
- II. IN NATURE.
- III. IN THE HUMAN SOUL.
- IV. IN THE HUMAN LIFE.
- V. IN HUMANITY.

I. GOD IN HIMSELF.

HIS BEING.

273.

‘ONE GOD AND FATHER OF ALL.’

10s M.

O THOU Eternal One ! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
Unchanged through time’s all-devastating flight,
Thou only God ! there is no God beside.

Being above all beings, Mighty One,
Whom none can comprehend and none explore,
Who fill’st existence with Thyself alone,
Being whom we call God, and know no more !

Thy laws the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath ;
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life with death.

FATHER ! the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too ;
Yes ; in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.

O thought ineffable ! O vision blest !
 Though poor be our conceptions all, of Thee,
 Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast
 And waft its homage to the Deity.

274.

‘ ABOVE ALL, THROUGH ALL.’

L. M.

UNCHANGEABLE, all-perfect Lord !
 Essential life’s unbounded Sea !
 What lives and moves, lives by Thy word ;
 It lives, and moves, and is, from Thee.
 Whate’er in earth or sea or sky
 Or shuns or meets the wandering thought,
 Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
 By Thee was to existence brought.

High is Thy power above all height ;
 Whate’er Thy will decrees is done ;
 Thy wisdom, holiness, and might
 Can by no finite mind be known.
 What our dim eyes could never see
 Is plain and naked in Thy sight ;
 What thickest darkness veils, to Thee
 Shines clearly as the noonday light.

Thine, Lord, is holiness alone ;
 Justice and Truth before Thee stand ;
 Yet, nearer to Thy sacred throne,
 Love ever dwells at Thy right hand.
 And to Thy love and ceaseless care,
 FATHER ! this light, this breath, we owe ;
 And all we have, and all we are,
 From Thee, great Source of Life ! doth flow.

275.

THE ONE GOD.

L. M.

ETERNAL God! Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown !
All things are subject to Thy laws ;
All things depend on Thee alone.

Worship to Thee alone belongs,
Worship to Thee alone we give ;
Thine be our hearts, and Thine our songs,
And to Thy glory may we live.

O, spread Thy truth through every land,
In every heart Thy love be known ;
Subdue the world to Thy command,
And, as Thou art, reign God alone !

276.

THE MYSTERY OF GOD.

L. M.

No human eyes Thy face may see ;
No human thought Thy form may know ;
But all creation dwells in Thee,
And Thy great life through all doth flow !

And yet, O strange and wondrous thought !
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek Thy present aid may dare.

And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream,
To see and know the Eternal Mind,

Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside,
 Who cannot solve Thy life divine,
 But would give up all reason's pride
 To know their hearts approved by Thine.

So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
 And Thought grow weak, and Knowledge flee,
 Yet Faith shall teach us courage still,
 And Love shall guide us on to Thee.

277.

‘WHO BY SEARCHING CAN FIND OUT GOD?’

11 & 10s M.

I CANNOT find Thee ! Still on restless pinion
 My spirit beats the void where Thou dost dwell ;
 I wander lost through all Thy vast dominion,
 And shrink beneath Thy Light ineffable.

I cannot find Thee ! Even when most adoring
 Before Thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer ;
 Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought
 upsoaring,
 From furthest quest comes back ; Thou art not
 there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
 And folded far within the inmost heart,
 And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
 Thy splendor shineth ; there, O God ! Thou art.

I cannot lose Thee ! Still in Thee abiding
 The End is clear, how wide soe'er I roam ;
 The Law that holds the worlds my steps is
 guiding,
 And I must rest at last in Thee, my home.

278.

‘ HIS GREATNESS IS UNSEARCHABLE.’

C. M.

GREAT God, on whose sustaining power
Unnumbered worlds depend ;
Great Spirit, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend !

In light unsearchable enthroned,
Whom angels dimly see,
In heights of glory still concealed,
In depths of mystery !

With wondering reverence we adore,
With awe before Thee bend,
Whom none, but by Thine inward light
And spirit, apprehend.

HIS ETERNITY AND SOVEREIGNTY.

279.

‘ FROM EVERLASTING TO EVERLASTING.’

C. M.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy children dwell secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come !
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

280.

‘ WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLENESS.’

L. M.

ALL-powerful, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain !
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is Thy reign !

Fountain of being ! Source of good !
Immutable Thou dost remain ;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of Thy reign.

Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator’s will ;
But Thou forever art the same ;
I AM is Thy memorial still.

281.

ALMIGHTY AND UNCHANGEABLE.

L. M.

WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, who o’er all nature reigns,
The world’s foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely 'stablished is Thy throne,
Which shall nor change nor period see ;
For Thou, O Lord ! and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord ! lift up their voice
And toss their troubled waves on high ;
But Thou above canst still the noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

O Father ! make Thy servants pure,
And calm our souls that proudly swell ;
For all Thy laws are fixed and sure,
And peace becomes Thy temple well.

282.

‘THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH.’

L. M.

THE Lord is King : lift up thy voice,
O earth ! and all ye heavens, rejoice !
From world to world the joy shall ring :
The Lord omnipotent is King.

The Lord is King : who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care ?
Holy and true are all His ways :
Let every creature speak His praise.

The Lord is King : exalt your strains,
Ye saints ! your God, your Father reigns ;
One Lord, one empire, all secures :
He reigns, — and life and death are yours.

O, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing, —
The Lord omnipotent is King.

283.

‘THE LORD ON HIGH IS MIGHTIER.’

7s M.

EARTH rejoice ; the Lord is King !
Sons of men, His praises sing !
Sing ye, in triumphant strains,
‘God, our God, eternal reigns !’

Strong in Him, we you defy,
Doers of iniquity !
All your hosts to battle bring ; —
Shouts in us a stronger King.

Though the sons of night blaspheme,
More there are with us than them :
God with us, we cannot fear ;
Fear they, for the Lord is here !

Lo, to faith’s illumined sight
All the mountain flames with light :
Foes are nigh, but God is nigher,
Circling us with hosts of fire.

HIS OMNIPRESENCE AND OMNISCIENCE.

284.

THE OMNIPRESENT GOD.

L. M.

FATHER and Friend ! Thy light, Thy love,
Beaming through all Thy works we see ;
Thy glory fills the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

Great Spirit ! we Thy presence feel,
While Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
To human eyes invisible,
Reignest, the Lord of Life and Light.

Thy children shall not faint or fear,
Sustained by this inspiring thought, —
Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where *Thou* art not.

285.

‘ GOD ABOVE ALL AND IN YOU ALL.’

C. M.

BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high :
Yet dear the awful thought to me
That thou, my God, art nigh.

We hear Thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air ;
The waves obey Thy dread control ;
Yet still Thou art not there :
Where shall I find Him, O my soul !
Who yet is everywhere ?

O, not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast ;
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does His spirit rest.
O, come, Thou Presence Infinite,
And make thy children blest !

286.

OMNIPRESENCE.

C. M.

THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord ;
Yet He in humble hearts will deign
To dwell, and be adored.

Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.

His presence is diffused abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near His throne.

287.

THE LORD OF LIFE.

L. M.

LORD of all being ! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star :
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !

Sun of our life ! Thy wakening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
Star of our hope ! Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn ;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow's arch Thy mercy's sign :
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love ;
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

288.

‘ THOU HAST BESET ME BEHIND AND BEFORE.’

L. M.

WITHIN Thy circling arms we lie,
O God ! in Thy infinity :
Our souls in quiet shall abide,
Beset with love on every side.

Within Thy circling power we stand ;
On every side we see Thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
We are surrounded still with God.

How sure His law, how great His might !
His holiness, how infinite !
How reverend is His majesty !
His wisdom, O, how deep and high !

O, may these thoughts possess our breast,
Where'er we rove, where'er we rest ;
Nor let our lower passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there !

289.

ALL THINGS PRESENT TO GOD.

7s M.

MIGHTY God ! the first, the last !
What are ages in Thy sight
But as yesterday when past,
Or a watch within the night ?

All that being ever knew,
Down, far down, ere time had birth,
Stands as clear within Thy view,
As the present things of earth.

All that being e'er shall know
On, still on, through farthest years,
All eternity can show,
Bright before Thee now appears.

In Thine all-embracing sight,
Every change its purpose meets,
Every cloud floats into light,
Every woe its glory greets.

Whatsoe'er our lot may be,
Calmly in this thought we'll rest, —
Could we see as Thou dost see,
We should choose it as the best.

290.

‘ THOU KNOWEST ALL MY WAYS.’

C. M.

To Thee, my God, my days are known ;
My soul enjoys the thought ;
My actions are before Thy face,
Nor are my faults forgot.

HIS HOLINESS AND JUSTICE.

Each secret breath devotion pours
Is vocal to Thine ear,
And all my walks of daily life
Before Thine eye appear.

The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve ;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.

Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by Thy rays ;
And dark affliction's midnight hour
A present God surveys.

Full in Thy view through life I pass,
And in Thy view I die,
And when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.

HIS HOLINESS AND JUSTICE.

291.

THE HIGH AND HOLY ONE.

L. M.

HOLY as Thou, O God ! is none ;
Thy holiness is all Thine own ;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours,—a drop derived from Thee.

And when Thy purity we share,
Thy glory we alone declare,
And, humbled in Thy presence, own
Holy and pure is God alone.

Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all the heavenly hosts adored,
Let all on earth bow down to Thee
And own Thy peerless Purity.

292.

THE JUST GOD.

L. M.

THE Lord is just ; this is His throne :
The world His righteousness shall own ;
Yea, all the world with awe shall see
He reigns and rules in equity.

His perfect law the world surrounds,
And sets to every wrong its bounds ;
Through ways oft hid from human sight,
Makes sure the triumph of the right.

Ye troubled spirits seek His face,
And rest upon His righteousness ;
Let sacred courage fill your hearts,
The strength the righteous God imparts.

Let none who suffer wrong despair,
The God of justice hears their prayer ;
Let none dare break His statutes pure,
God's justice, though it wait, is sure.

Just is our God, forever just ;
Upon this rock I fix my trust ;
This faith shall every fear remove,
His justice is His perfect love.

293.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD.

L. M.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Forever sure are Thy commands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

294.

GOD'S LAW AND LOVE.

L. M.

O God, in whom we live and move !
Thy Love is Law, Thy Law is Love ;
Thy present spirit waits to fill
The soul which comes to do Thy will.

Unto Thy children's spirits teach
Thy Love, beyond the power of speech ;
And make them know, with joyful awe,
The encircling presence of Thy Law.

That Law doth give to Truth and Right,
Howe'er despised, a conquering might,
And makes each fondly-worshipped lie
And boasting wrong, to cower and die.

Its patient working doth fulfil
Man's hope, and God's all-perfect will,
Nor suffers one true word or thought,
Or deed of love, to come to naught.

GOD IN HIMSELF.

Such faith, O God ! our spirits fill,
That we may work in patience still ;
Who works for justice works with Thee,
Who works in love, Thy child shall be.

HIS LOVE.

295.

GOD IS LOVE.

7s M.

EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance, —
All around, below, above,
Hath this record : God is Love.

All the tender hopes that start
From the fountain of the heart ;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies ; —
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering : God is Love.

296.

GOD IS TRUTH AND LOVE.

8 & 7s M.

God is love ; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we move ;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays, and ages move ;
But His mercy waneth never ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Even the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove ;
From the gloom His brightness streameth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Everywhere His glory shineth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

297.

GOD IS LOVE AND LOVE ALONE.

8 & 7s M.

LORD and Father, great and holy !
Fearing naught, we come to Thee ;
Fearing naught, though weak and lowly,
For Thy love has made us free.
By the blue sky bending o'er us,
By the green earth's flowery zone,
Teach us, Lord, the angel chorus,
'Thou art Love and Love alone.'

Though the worlds in flame should perish,
Suns and stars in ruin fall,
Trust in Thee our hearts should cherish,
Thou to us be all in all.
And though Heavens Thy Name are praising,
Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone,
Than the strain our hearts are raising,—
'Thou art Love and Love alone.'

298.

LOVE SUPREME IN GOD.

L. M.

O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
 The Fount of being's wondrous sea !
 Thy depth would every heart appall,
 That saw not Love supreme in Thee.

We shrink before Thy vast abyss,
 Where worlds on worlds eternal brood ;
 We know Thee truly but in this,
 That Thou bestowest all our good.

And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
 O, grant us still in Thee to dwell,
 And through the ceaseless web to trace
 Thy presence working all things well !

Nor let Thou life's delightful play
 Thy truth's transcendent vision hide ;
 Nor strength, and gladness lead astray
 From Thee, our nature's only guide.

Bestow on every joyous thrill
 Thy deeper tone of reverent awe ;
 Make pure Thy children's erring will,
 And teach their hearts to love Thy law !

299.

'THE MANIFOLD GRACE OF GOD.'

C. M.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
 A shoreless, soundless sea,
 Wherein at last our souls must fall,
 O Love of God most free !

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,—
O Love of God most wise !

And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,—
O Love of God most strong !

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,—
O Love of God most kind !

But not alone Thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win ;
We know Thee by a dearer name,—
O Love of God within !

And filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God ! to Thee.

300.

‘THE EARTH IS FULL OF THE GOODNESS OF GOD.’

C. M.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
That goodness we adore ;
A spring whose blessings never fail ;
A sea without a shore !

Sun, moon, and stars Thy love declare,
 In every golden ray ;
 Love draws the curtains of the night,
 And love brings back the day.

Thy bounty every season crowns,
 With all the bliss it yields ;
 With joyful clusters loads the vines,
 With strengthening grain, the fields.

But chiefly Thy compassion, Lord,
 In loving hearts is seen ;
 There, like a sun, Thy mercy shines,
 Without a cloud between.

301.

THE BENEFICENCE OF GOD.

L. M.

GOD of the universe, whose hand
 Hath sown with suns the fields of space,
 Round which, obeying Thy command,
 Unnumbered worlds fulfil their race !

How vast the region where Thy will
 Existence, form, and order gives,
 Pleased the wide cup with joy to fill,
 For all that grows, and feels, and lives.

Lord ! while we thank Thee, let us learn
 Beneficence to all below :
 They praise Thee best whose bosoms burn
 Thy gifts on others to bestow.

302.

EVERY GOOD GIFT FROM THE FATHER.

L. M.

FATHER, to Thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below ;
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes !

Giver of sunshine and of rain !
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain !
Fountain of light, that, rayed afar,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star !

Who send'st Thy storms and frosts to bind
The plagues that rise to waste mankind ;
Then breathest, o'er the naked scene,
Spring gales, and life, and tender green.

Yet deem we not that thus alone,
Thy mercy and Thy love are shown ;
For we have learned, with higher praise,
And holier names, to speak Thy ways.

In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay !
Sole trust when life shall pass away !
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb !

303.

HE SENDETH SUN AND RAIN.

L. M.

FATHER of lights ! we sing Thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day ;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams Thy power and love display.

Fountain of good ! from Thee proceed
The copious drops of genial rain,
Which o'er the hill and through the mead
Revive the grass and swell the grain.

O, may not our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of Thy care ;
But what Thy liberal hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer !

So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are Thine,
And Thou, O God ! enjoyed in all.

304.

THE SOURCE OF GOOD.

C. P. M.

GREAT Source of unexhausted good,
Who giv'st us health, and friends, and food,
And peace, and calm content !
Like fragrant incense, to the skies,
Let songs of grateful praise arise,
For all Thy blessings lent.

Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy providence attends our way,
To guard us and to guide ;
Thy grace directs our wandering will,
And warns us, lest seducing ill
Allure our souls aside.

Thy smiles, with a reviving light,
Cheer the long darksome hours of night,
And gild the thickest gloom ;

Thy watchful love, around our bed,
Doth softly like a curtain spread,
And guard the peaceful room.

To Thee our lives, our all, we owe,
Our peace and sweetest joys below,
And brightest hopes above ;
Then let our lives, and all that 's ours,
Our souls, and all our active powers,
Be sacred to Thy love.

305.

'I WILL SING OF THY POWER AND THY MERCY.'

C. M.

OUR Father, God ! Thy gracious power
On every hand we see ;
O, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to Thee !

If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love, our path surround.

Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of heaven we see ;
And all the blessings we receive
Proceed, O God ! from Thee.

GOD IN HIMSELF.

In all the varying scenes of time,
On Thee our hopes depend ;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father, and our Friend !

306.

THE CONSTANCY OF GOD'S LOVE.

C. M.

FAITHFUL, O Lord ! Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move ;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

Throughout the universe it reigns
Unalterably sure ;
And, while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

HIS PROVIDENCE.

307.

' HIS TENDER MERCIES ARE OVER ALL.'

L. M.

OUR God is good ; in every place
His love is known, His help is found ;
His mighty arm and tender grace
Bring good from ills that hem us round.

He who doth earth and heaven control,
Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,
Whose presence fills the mighty Whole,
In each true heart is close at hand.

Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,
Who stand bewildered with their woe,
He gently to His bosom takes
And bids them all His fulness know.

What though thou tread'st with bleeding feet
A thorny path of grief and gloom ;
Thy God will make that way most meet
To lead thee heavenward, lead thee home.

308.

THE FATHER'S CARE.

C. M.

My God, my Father ! — blissful name !
O, may I call Thee mine ?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine ?

This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye ?

Whate'er Thy holy will denies
I calmly would resign ;
For Thou art good, and just, and wise ;
O, bend my will to Thine !

Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains
O, give me strength to bear!
Let me but know my Father reigns,
I'll trust His tender care.

309.

THE HEAVENLY FATHER.

8 & 7s M.

Yes, for me, for me He careth,
With a Father's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me He beareth
Every burden, every fear.

Yes, in me abroad He sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And, to cover me, He spreadeth
His love-brooding wing of might.

Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth,
I in Him, and He in me;
And my longing soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

310.

GOD A PRESENT HELP.

C. M.

God is our refuge and our strength;
When trouble's hour is near,
A very present help is He;
Therefore we will not fear.

Although the pillars of the earth
Shall clean removéd be,
The very mountains carried forth,
And cast into the sea ;

Although the waters rage and swell,
So that the earth shall shake ;
Yea, and the solid mountain roots
Shall with the tempest quake ;

There is a river that makes glad
The city of our God ;
The tabernacle's holy place
Of the Most High's abode.

The Lord is in the midst of her,
Removed she shall not be ;
Because the Lord our God Himself
Shall help her speedily.

The Lord our strength and refuge is ;
When trouble's hour is near,
A very present help is He ;
Therefore we will not fear.

311.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

P. M.

GOD is our Refuge and Defence,
Our shield His dread Omnipotence :
Earth may beneath us shrink,
The ancient mountains hoar
Down in the deep tide sink ; —
Let the wild deluge roar !
God is our Refuge and Defence !

God is our Refuge and our Shield ;
What then can make us fear or yield ?
 Wars at His bidding cease,
 He breaks the sword and spear,
 He reigns in truth and peace ;
 Let every heart revere
Our God, our Strength, our Help and Shield !

312.

‘ THE LORD IS THY KEEPER.’

7 & 6s M.

SEE the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
 Omnipotently near ;
Lo, He holds thee by the hand
 And banishes thy fear ;
Shadows with His wings thy head,
Guards from all impending harms ;
Round thee and beneath are spread
 The everlasting arms.

God shall bless thy going out,
 Shall bless thy coming in,
Kindly compass thee about
 And save thee from thy sin.
He is still thy sure defence,
Thou His constant care shall prove ;
Kept by watchful Providence
 And ever-waking Love.

313.

THE MYSTERIES OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His vast designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are fraught with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

314.

FAITH IN GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

L. M.

LORD, we adore Thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to pierce with mortal sense.

Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight ;
Faith guides us in the wilderness
Through all the terrors of the night.

Dear Father, in the way we 've trod,
Our eyes Thy leading hand can view ;
Still will we lean upon our God,
His arm shall bear us safely through.

315.

GOD'S HAND IN ALL.

L. M.

THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God ! conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On Thine eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.

Be this my care ! — to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be ;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God ! on Thee.

II. GOD IN NATURE.

316.

‘THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD.’

C. M.

FATHER, how wide Thy glory shines,
How high Thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power,
Their motions speak Thy will ;
And, on the wings of every hour,
We read Thy patience still.

O, may I bear some humble part
In the immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

317.

THE EARTH FULL OF GOD.

C. M.

GOD, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres ;
Yet in His providence and grace
To every eye appears.

He bows the heavens ; the mountains stand,
 A highway for our God :
 He walks amidst the desert-land ;
 'T is Eden where He trod.

The forests in His strength rejoice ;
 Hark ! on the evening breeze,
 As once of old, the Lord God's voice
 Is heard among the trees.

In every stream His bounty flows,
 Diffusing joy and wealth ;
 In every breeze His spirit blows, —
 The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
 Upon the lap of earth,
 That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
 And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
 Where sin and death abound,
 How beautiful beyond compare
 Will Paradise be found !

318.

GOD'S PRESENCE IN NATURE.

L. M.

THOU art, O God ! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee :
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath Thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

319.

L. M.

THERE 's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity.

There 's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,
And meekly wait the moment when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.

The heavens, the earth, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of Thy wondrous name.

320.

THE ALMIGHTY LOVE.

L. M.

IN darker days, and nights of storm,
Men knew Thee but to fear Thy form,
And in the reddest lightnings saw
Thine arm avenge insulted law.

In brighter days we read Thy love
In flowers beneath, in stars above ;
And, in the track of every storm,
Behold Thy beauty's rainbow form.

Even in the reddest lightning's path
We see no vestiges of wrath,
But always Wisdom, — perfect Love,
From flowers below to stars above.

See, from on high sweet influence rains
On palace, cottage, mountains, plains ;
No hour of wrath shall mortals fear,
For the Almighty Love is here.

321.

NATURE'S WORSHIP.

C. M.

THE ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 't were a living thing ;
The homage of its waves is given,
In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand
As bends the human knee ;
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea.

The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer ;
They kneel above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.

The forest-tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit passed
On nature as on men.

The sky is as a temple's arch ;
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit march
Of messengers at prayer.

322.

‘CONSIDER THE LILIES.’

7s M.

Lo, the lilies of the field !
How their leaves instruction yield !
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven !
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles trust and piety :—
Mortals, banish doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.

One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our earthly destiny ;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps His children lest they fall :
Pass we, then, in love and praise,
Trusting Him through all our days,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow, —
God provideth for the morrow.

323.

THE HYMN OF NATURE.

C. M.

THE heavenly spheres to Thee, O God !
 Attune their evening hymn ;
 All-wise, all-holy, Thou art praised
 In song of seraphim.
 Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds,
 Unite to worship Thee,
 While Thy majestic greatness fills
 Space, time, eternity.

Nature, a temple worthy Thee,
 Beams with Thy light and love ;
 Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
 Whose stars rejoice above ;
 Whose altars are the mountain-cliffs
 That rise along the shore ;
 Whose anthems, the sublime accord
 Of storm and ocean-roar.

Her song of gratitude is sung
 By Spring's awakening hours ;
 Her Summer offers at Thy shrine
 Its earliest, loveliest flowers ;
 Her Autumn brings its golden fruits,
 In glorious luxury given ;
 While Winter's silver heights reflect
 Thy brightness back to heaven.

324.

‘THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD.’

L. M.

Not only doth the voiceful day
Thy loving-kindness, Lord, proclaim,
But night with its sublime array
Of worlds, doth magnify Thy name.
Yea, while adoring seraphim
Before Thee bend the willing knee,
From every star a choral hymn
Goes up unceasingly to Thee.

Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night Thy voice makes known ;
Through all the earth where thought may reach,
Is heard the glad and solemn tone ;
And worlds, beyond the farthest star
Whose light hath reached a human eye,
Catch the high anthem from afar,
That rolls along immensity.

325.

THE TWO SCRIPTURES.

C. M.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts ;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and loving hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
 Is like the Father's love ;
 Wherewith encompassed, great and small
 In peace and order move.

The dew of heaven is like His grace ;
 It steals in silence down ;
 But where it lights, the favored place
 By richest fruits is known.

Two worlds are ours ; 't is only sin
 Forbids us to descry
 The mystic heaven and earth within,
 Plain as the earth and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give me a heart to find out Thee,
 And read Thee everywhere !

326.

THE WORD IN NATURE.

10s M.

IN holy books we read how God hath spoken
 To holy men in many different ways ;
 But hath the present worked no sign nor token ?
 Is God quite silent in these latter days ?

The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
 If He that spake it were not speaking still,
 If all the light and all the shade around
 Were aught but issues of Almighty Will.

So then, believe that every bird that sings,
 And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
 And every thought the happy summer brings,
 To the pure spirit is a word of God.

327.

THE VOICE OF GOD IN NATURE.

7s M.

IN each breeze that wanders free,
In each flower that gems the sod,
Living souls may hear and see
Freshly uttered words from God.

Had we but a searching mind
Seeking good where'er it springs,
We should then true wisdom find
Hidden in familiar things.

God is present and doth shine
Through each scene beneath the sky,
Kindling with a light divine
Every form that meets the eye.

If the mind would Nature see
Let her cherish Virtue more ;
Goodness bears the golden key
That unlocks her temple door.

328.

‘THE VOICE OF GOD IN THE GARDEN.’

L. M.

HATH not thy heart within thee burned
At evening’s calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power ?

Hast Thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth the eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity ?

It was the voice of God that spake
 In silence to Thy silent heart ;
 And bade each worthier thought awake,
 And every dream of earth depart.

Voice of our God, O, yet be near !
 In low, sweet accents, whisper peace ;
 Direct us on our pathway here,
 Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease !

329.

THE TWO TEMPLES.

L. M.

WHEN up to nightly skies we gaze,
 Where stars pursue their endless ways,
 We think we see, from earth's low clod,
 The wide and shining home of God.

But could we rise to moon or sun,
 Or path where planets duly run,
 Still heaven would spread above us far,
 And earth, remote, would seem a star.

This earth, with all its dust and tears,
 Is His, no less than yonder spheres ;
 And rain-drops weak, and grains of sand,
 Are stamped by His immediate hand.

But more than this, Thou God benign,
 Whose rays on us unclouded shine ;
 Thy breath sustains yon fiery dome,
 But man is most Thy favored home.

We view those halls of painted air,
 And own Thy presence makes them fair ;
 But dearer still to Thee, O Lord !
 Is he whose thoughts with Thine accord.

330.

‘ GOD, THROUGH ALL AND IN YOU ALL.’

L. M.

GOD of the earth, the sky, the sea !
Maker of all above, below !
Creation lives and moves in Thee,
Thy present life through all doth flow.

Thee in the lonely woods we meet,
On the bare hills or cultured plains,
In every flower beneath our feet,
And even the still rock’s mossy stains.

Thy love is in the sunshine’s glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air ;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
There is Thy power ; Thy law is there.

We feel Thy calm at evening’s hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night ;
And, when the morning breaks in power,
We hear Thy word, Let there be light !

But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man’s spirit we behold ;
Thine image and Thyself are there, —
The Indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

III. GOD IN THE HUMAN SOUL.

THE SPIRIT IN MAN.

331.

‘IN THE IMAGE OF GOD.’

10s M.

O, what is man, great Maker of mankind !
That Thou to him such great respect dost bear,
That Thou adorn’st him with so bright a mind,
Mak’st him a king, and even an angel’s peer !

O, what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire !
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost Thou within this dying flesh inspire !

Thou leav’st Thy print in other works of Thine,
But Thy whole image Thou in man hast writ ;
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except, like Thee, he should be infinite.

Nor hast Thou given these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body’s life depend :
The soul, though made in time, survives for aye ;
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

332.

THE SOUL, GOD'S TEMPLE.

L. M.

IN every human mind we see
A temple made for Deity,
And righteous thoughts and acts declare
His holy spirit's presence there.

The Living God whom Moses saw,
Whose mind revealed the ancient law,
Within the reason and the will
Makes known His truth and goodness still.

In every age the hallowed light
Of revelation gilds the night ;
Our creeds, like meteors, rise and fall ;
Faith, Hope, and Love survive them all.

333.

‘BY HIS SPIRIT WHICH DWELLETH IN US.’

7s M.

SPIRIT of the Living God,
Shed in human hearts abroad !
Sent from Him we know Thou art,
We have found Thee in our heart.

Thou the Father dost declare,
Tell'st us we His children are ;
Ours His nature and His name,
Thou art ours, with Him the same.

Spirit of the Lord most High !
Thou art in our spirits nigh,
Thou dost lift our hearts in prayer,
Thou dost speak the answer there.

334.

‘ PARTAKERS OF THE DIVINE NATURE.’

7s M.

THOU, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting Thy sons below,
Hear us, who Thy nature share ;
Hear us, who Thy children are !

Mystically one with Thee,
Image of the Deity,
Thee let all our nature own,
Joined to God, in spirit one.

Still, O God ! since Thine we are,
Still to us Thy will declare ;
Thy revealing spirit give,
Let us hear Thy word and live.

335.

THE INSPIRING GOD.

11 & 10s M.

INFINITE Spirit, who art round us ever,
In whom we float as motes in summer sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever
Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high !

Unseen, yet not unfelt ; if any thought,
Has raised our minds from earth in pure desire,
Or glorious act, or noble purpose brought,
It is Thy breath, O God ! which fans the fire.

CALLS OF THE SPIRIT.

336.

THE SPIRIT OF GOD MOVED UPON THE WATERS.'

L. M.

LIKE morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in their furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light ;

Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit, dark and lost before ;
And freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there.

Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire,
But when he swept its chords along,
E'en angels stooped to hear the song.

So sleeps the soul, till Thou, O Lord !
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord ;
Then, waked by Thee, its breath shall rise
In music worthy of the skies.

337.

THE CALL.

C. M.

O, not alone with outward sign
Of fear, or voice from heaven,
The message of a truth divine,
The call of God, is given ;

Awakening in the human heart
Love for the True and Right,
Zeal for the spirit's better part,
Strength for the moral fight.

Though heralded by naught of fear,
Or outward sign, or show ;
Though only to the inward ear
It whisper soft and low ;
Though dropping as the sunbeams fall,
Unseen, yet from above,
Holy and gentle, heed the call, —
The Father's call of Love.

338.

‘ THE SPIRIT SAITH, COME ! ’

S. M.

THE Spirit in our hearts
Is ever whispering, Come !
And still the Church of God proclaims
To all His children, Come !

Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come !
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To God, the fountain, come !

Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life !
The Spirit bids him come.

The Spirit, who invites,
Declares, ‘ I quickly come ! ’
Lord, even so ! I wait Thine hour ;
O holy Spirit, come !

339.

‘IT IS GOD WHO WORKETH IN YOU.’

7s M.

HUMAN soul, to whom are given
Holy hungerings after heaven,
Faithful to the end endure ;
Make thy heavenly calling sure.

God, to keep thee safe from harms,
Spreads His everlasting arms,
Feeds with secret strength divine,
Waits to whisper, Thou art mine.

Gently will he lead the weak ;
Bruised reeds he ne’er will break ;
He will bless thee with His peace,
Fill with all His righteousness.

340.

COME HOME !

7s M.

SOUL ! celestial in thy birth,
Dwelling yet in lowest earth,
Panting, shrinking to be free,
Hear God’s spirit whisper thee.

Thus it saith, in accents mild :
‘ Weary wanderer, wayward child,
From thy Father’s earnest love
Still forever wilt thou rove ?

‘ Turn to hope, and peace, and light,
Freed from sin, and earth, and night ;
I have called, entreated thee,
In my mercies gentle, free.

‘ Human soul, in love divine
I have sought to make thee mine ;
Still for thee good angels yearn ;
Human soul, return, return ! ’

341.

BORN OF THE SPIRIT.

S. M.

THOU must be born again !
But not the birth of clay ;
The immortal seed must thence obtain
Deliverance into day.

Thou, in thy inmost mind,
Must own God’s sweet control ;
And His regenerating wind
Must quicken all thy soul.

Thou art of heavenly race,
No brother to the clod ;
O feel, within, His truth and grace,
A conscious child of God !

The mortal’s birth is past ;
The immortal’s birth must be ;
Seek well and thou shalt find at last
That blest nativity.

342.

8, 7 & 4s M.

BROTHERS, will you slight the message
Sent in mercy from above ?
Every sentence, O how tender,
Every line how full of love !
Heavenly accents
Full of strength and peace and love !

Tempted souls, they bring you succor ;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears ;
And with deepest consolation
Chase away the falling tears ;
Tender heralds,
Blest is he their word who hears !

Holy angels, hovering round us !
Waiting spirits ! speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay,
That our spirits
Glad the message will obey.

343.

‘ HE THAT HATH EARS LET HIM HEAR.’

C. M.

FAIR are the feet that bring the news
Of gladness unto me ;
How many messengers God hath,
If we had eyes to see !

Thine angels speak ; but still we must
The hearing ear bestow :
They smite the rock ; but our own lips
Must stoop to drink the flow.

Lo, all things are Thine angels, Lord,
That bring my God to me :
O for the ear to hear their word !
O for the eye to see !

WANDERING AND RETURN.

344.

THE PRODIGAL.

7s M.

BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war ?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come !

Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave ?
Squandered life's most golden hours ?
Turn thee, brother, God can save !

Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul ?
Discontent upon thy brow ?
Turn thee, God will make thee whole !

He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear ;
Seek Him, for He may be found ;
Call upon Him ; He is near.

345.

‘FATHER, I HAVE SINNED.’

7s M.

Love for all ! and can it be ?
Can I hope it is for me ?
I, who strayed so long ago,
Strayed so far, and fell so low !

I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild ;
I, who left my Father’s home
In forbidden ways to roam !

I, who spurned His loving hold,
I, who would not be controlled ;
I, who would not hear His call,
I, the wilful prodigal !

I, who wasted and misspent
Every talent He had lent ;
I, who sinned again, again,
Giving every passion rein !

To my Father can I go ? —
At His feet myself I ’ll throw,
In His house there yet may be
Place, a servant’s place, for me.

See, my Father waiting stands ;
See, He reaches out His hands ;
God is love ! I know, I see
There is love for me — even me !

346.

THE PENITENT SON.

C. M.

O, RICHLY, Father, have I been
 Blest evermore by Thee !
 And morning, noon, and night Thou hast
 Preserved me tenderly.

And yet the love which Thou shouldst claim
 To idols I have given ;
 Too oft have bound to earth the hopes
 That know no home but heaven.

Unworthy to be called Thy son,
 I come with shame to Thee,
 Father ! — O, more than Father, Thou
 Hast always been to me !

Help me to break the heavy chains
 The world has round me thrown,
 And know the glorious liberty
 Of an obedient son.

That I may henceforth heed whate'er
 Thy voice within me saith,
 Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
 A principle of faith, —

Faith that, like armor to my soul,
 Shall keep all evil out,
 More mighty than an angel host,
 Encamping round about.

347.

THE PENITENT.

7 & 6s M. p.

O MY God, my Father! hear,
And help me to believe ;
Weak and weary I draw near,
Thy child, O God! receive.
I so oft have gone astray ;
To the perfect Guide I flee ;
Thou wilt turn me not away,
Thy love is pledged to me.

I no other claim can bring
But that I need Thine aid ;
Simply to Thy love I cling,
On that my hope is stayed.
Thou canst save me, and Thou wilt ;
From my bondage set me free,
Cleanse me from sin's power and guilt ;
Thy strength is pledged to me !

348.

THE BROKEN SHIELD.

10s M.

O, SEND me not away ! for I would drink,
Even I, the weakest, at the fount of life ;
Chide not my steps, that venture near the brink,
Weary and fainting from the deadly strife.

Went I not forth undaunted and alone,
Strong in the majesty of human might ?
Lo ! I return, all wounded and forlorn,
My dream of glory lost in shades of night.

Was I not girded for the battle-field?
Bore I not helm of pride and glittering sword?
Behold the fragments of my broken shield,
And lend to me Thy heavenly armor, Lord!

349.

‘I WILL GO UNTO MY FATHER.’

L. M. p.

JUST as I am,—without one plea
But that Thy love is seeking me,
And that Thou bid’st me come to Thee,—
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose love can cleanse each spot,—
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am,—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,—
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am;—Thou wilt receive
Wilt welcome, pardon, heal, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,—
O loving God! I come.

350.

‘O GOD, THOU LOVER OF SOULS.’

7s M.

O THOU Lover of my soul!
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Father ! hide,
Till the storms of life be past :
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none,
Helpless hangs my soul on Thee,
Leave, O, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O God ! art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind ;
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity !

351.

REFUGE IN GOD.

7 & 6s M. p.

To the haven of Thy breast,
O God of love ! I fly ;
Be my refuge and my rest,
For O, the storm is high !
Save me from the furious blast,
Covert from the tempest be ;
Hide me, Father, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

Welcome as the water-spring
To dry and barren place,
O, descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet, refreshing grace !
O'er a parched and weary land
As a rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Father, with Thy hand,
And screen my naked head.

In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succor been,
In mine hour of helplessness
Restraining me from sin.
O, how swiftly didst Thou move,
Sav'dst me in the trying hour !
Still protect me with Thy love,
And shield me with Thy power.

INWARD STRUGGLE.

352.

MY GOD, REMEMBER ME.

C. M.

O, FROM these visions dark and drear,
Kind Father, set me free !
I struggle yet with darkness here,—
My God, remember me !

Refresh my drooping soul with grace
And quickening energy ;
Still running, toiling in the race,—
My God, remember me !

Some cheering ray of hope impart,
Sweet influence from Thee ;
And raise this feeble, drooping heart, —
My God, remember me !

For the inheritance in light,
On trembling wings I flee ;
With sins, and doubts, and fears, I fight, —
My God, remember me !

353.

IN TEMPTATION.

7s M.

HASTEN, Lord, to my release ;
Haste to help me, O my God !
Foes like armed bands increase ; —
Turn them back the way they trod.

Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail ;
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise, till flesh and spirit fail.

Thou mine only helper art,
My redeemer from the grave ;
Strength of my desiring heart,
Father ! Helper ! haste to save !

354.

THE HOUR OF WEAKNESS.

L. M.

LORD ! I have foes without, within,
The world, the flesh, indwelling sin,
Life's daily ills, temptation's power,
The tempted spirit's weaker hour.

Yet, in the gloom of silent thought,
I call to mind what God hath wrought, —
Thy wonders in the days of old,
Thy mercies great and manifold.

O, then to Thee I stretch my hands,
Like failing streams through desert sands ;
I thirst for Thee, as harvest plains,
Parched by the summer, thirst for rains !

Teach me Thy will, subdue my own ;
Thou art my God, and Thou alone ;
Release my soul from trouble, Lord !
Quicken and keep me by Thy word.

355.

‘ SEARCH ME, O GOD, AND KNOW MY HEART.’

L. M.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart ; it pants for Thee ;
O, burst these bonds, and set it free !

If in the darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way ;
No foes, no violence, I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o’erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
O God ! Thy timely aid impart
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day ;
 Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm and joy and peace.

356.

‘ CLEANSE THOU ME FROM SECRET FAULTS.’

7s M.

HOLIEST ! whose present might
 Never man invoked in vain,
 Be about me day and night,
 Vain and evil thoughts restrain ;
 Lay Thy hand upon my soul,
 Lord of my unguarded hours ;
 All my secret foes control,
 Bridle earth’s and nature’s powers.

Loose me from the chains of sense,
 Set me from their bondage free,
 Draw with stronger influence
 My unfettered soul to Thee.
 Lord, in me Thyself reveal,
 Master me with glad surprise,
 Let me Thee forever feel,
 Daily in Thine image rise.

357.

IN DOUBT.

7s M.

WHY, Thou never setting Light,
 Is Thy brightness veiled from me ?
 Why does this unwonted night
 Cloud Thy best benignity ?

I am lost without Thy ray ;
Guide my wandering footsteps, Lord !
Light my dark and erring way
To the noontide of Thy word.

358.

IN SPIRITUAL DEADNESS.

L. M.

O THOU, who all things dost control,
Chase this dead slumber from my soul !
With reverent joy, with loving awe,
Give me to keep Thy perfect law.

O, let a beam of Thy pure light
Pierce through, dispel the shades of night,
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
And holy conquering zeal inspire !

This deadly slumber when I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal,
Then, Lord, descend with quickening power,
And wake me, that I sleep no more !

359.

MY HEAVEN IN THEE.

10s M.

FATHER divine, this deadening power control,
Which to the senses binds the immortal soul ;
O, break this bondage, Lord ! I would be free,
And in my soul would find my heaven, in Thee.

My heaven in Thee ! O God, no other heaven
 To the immortal soul can e'er be given ;
 O, let Thy kingdom now within me come,
 And as above, so here, Thy will be done !

My heaven in Thee, O Father, let me find —
 My heaven in Thee, within a heart resigned ;
 No more, of heaven and bliss, my soul, despair,
 For where my God is found, my heaven is there.

360.

‘ WATCH AND PRAY, LEST YE ENTER INTO
 TEMPTATION.’

S. M.

FATHER, this slumber shake
 From off my heavy soul !
 Say to me now, — Awake ! awake !
 And I will make thee whole.

Touch with Thy strengthening hand ;
 Arouse me in this hour ;
 And make me fully understand
 The thunder of Thy power.

Give me on Thee to call ;
 Always to watch and pray,
 Lest I into temptation fall,
 And cast my shield away.

For each assault prepared
 And watchful may I be ;
 Forever standing on my guard,
 And looking unto Thee.

361.

FOR HELP IN WEAKNESS.

S. M.

THOU seest my feebleness ;
Father ! be Thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower !

Give me to trust in Thee ;
Be Thou my sure abode ;
My helm and sword and buckler be,
My Saviour and my God !

Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep ;
But strength in Thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

My soul to Thee alone,
For always I commend ;
Thou lovest me, Father, as Thine own,
And lovest me to the end.

362.

SEEKING STRENGTH FROM GOD.

C. M.

O FATHER ! compass me about
With love, for I am weak ;
Forgive, forgive my faithless doubt ;
Thy strength, O God ! I seek.

I know Thy thoughts are peace to me ;
Safe am I in Thy hand,
Could I but firmly rest on Thee ;
For sure Thy word doth stand.

Though mountains crumble into dust,
Thy covenant standeth fast ;
Who follows Thee in holy trust
Shall reach the goal at last.

He comes, He comes, the Strong to save,
He comes, nor tarries more ;
His light is breaking o'er the wave,
The clouds and storms are o'er !

363.

LEAD THOU ME ON !

P. M.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
Lead Thou me on !
Keep Thou my feet : I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead Thou me on !
I loved day's dazzling light, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years !

So long Thy power hath blessed me, surely still
'T will lead me on
Through dreary doubt, through pain and sor-
row, till

The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

364.

THROUGH THE DESERT.

8, 7, & 4s M.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through a weary land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.

Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the living fountain
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Guide me all my journey through.

Strong Deliverer
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

365.

RENUNCIATION.

11 & 10s M.

ALMIGHTY Father ! Thou hast many a blessing
In store for every erring child of Thine ;
For this I pray, — Let me, Thy grace possessing,
Seek to be guided by Thy will divine.

SEEKING REST.

Not for earth's treasures, for her joys the dearest,
Would I my supplications raise to Thee ;
Not for the hopes that to my heart are nearest,
But only that I give that heart to Thee.

I pray that Thou wouldst guide and guard me
ever ;
Cleanse, by Thy power, from every stain of
sin ;
I will Thy blessing ask on each endeavor,
And thus Thy promised peace my soul shall
win.

SEEKING REST.

366.

‘ MY SOUL IS WEARY.’

L. M. p.

TO-DAY, beneath Thy chastening eye,
I crave alone for peace and rest ;
Submissive in Thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the universe,
A miracle our life and death ;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And, like a weary child, would come
O Father ! unto Thee.

Though oft, like letters traced in sand,
My weak resolves have passed away ;
In mercy lend Thy helping hand,
Unto my prayer to-day !

367.

‘ RETURN UNTO THY REST, O MY SOUL.’

L. M.

RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares ;
From lonely woes that wring the breast,
The world’s allurements, toils, and snares.

Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought ;
From sickness unto death made whole ;
Safe through a thousand perils brought.

Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife ;
Sin’s works, and ways, and wages, spurn,
Lay hold upon eternal life.

368.

THE SOUL LONGING FOR HOME.

C. M.

O FATHER ! fix this wavering will,
That wanders far and wide,
And teach me that true peace is found
In staying at Thy side.

O Father ! fix this restless heart
That still abroad will roam ;
I long to rest my weary feet,
I long to find my home.

369.

‘ REST IN THE LORD.’

S. M.

O, WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole :

The world can never give
The rest for which we sigh ;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

In Thee we end our quest ;
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, — the rest
Of immortality.

370.

‘ THERE REMAINETH A REST.’

C. M.

LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all Thy people known ;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone.

A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above ;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

O that I now that rest might know,
Believe, and enter in !
Now, Father, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

Remove all hardness from my heart,
All unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of Thy love.

371.

HOME IN GOD.

L. M.

THOU, Great Creator, art possessed,
And Thou alone, of perfect rest ;
But we must toil and toil again,
With wearied strength and frequent pain.

And yet our hearts that love Thee well,
Still long with Thee in peace to dwell ;
Nor dost Thou cease, where'er we roam,
To bid us rest in Thee, our home.

372.

THE REST OF THE WEARY.

L. M.

ETERNAL Source of light divine !
Fountain of unexhausted love !
O, let Thy glories on me shine,
From earth beneath, from heaven above !

Thou art the weary wanderer's rest ;
Give me Thine easy yoke to bear ;
With steadfast patience arm my breast.
With spotless love and lowly fear.

Be Thou, O Rock of Ages ! nigh,
 So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
 And grief and fear and care shall fly,
 As clouds before the midday sun.

Speak to my warring passions, Peace !
 Speak to my troubled heart, Be still !
 Thy power my strength and fortress is,
 For all things serve Thy holy will.

373.

SEEKING GOD.

L. M.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows ;
 I see from far Thy beauteous light,
 Only I sigh for Thy repose.
 My heart is pained ; nor can it be
 At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove ;
 And fain I would ; but though my will
 Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove ;
 Yet hindrances strew all the way ;
 I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'T is mercy all, that Thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in Thee ;
 Yet, while I seek, but find Thee not,
 No peace my wandering soul shall see.
 O, when shall all my wanderings end,
 And all my steps to Thee-ward tend !

Is there a thing beneath the sun,
 That strives with Thee my heart to share ?
 Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there !
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in Thee.

374.

SEEKING REST.

L. M.

O THOU, in whom the weary find
 Alone their permanent repose ;
 Send light into my doubting mind,
 Relieve my fears, assuage my woes !
 O, let my soul on Thee be cast,
 Till sin's fierce tyranny be past !

Far, far from Thee, O God ! removed,
 Long have I wandered to and fro ;
 O'er earth in endless circles roved,
 Nor found whereon to rest below ;
 Back unto Thee, at last, I fly :
 Save ! for the waters still are high.

Selfish pursuits and pleasure's maze,
 The things of earth, for Thee I leave ;
 Put forth Thy hand, Thy hand of grace,
 Into the ark of love receive ;
 Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
 And still it, Father, on Thy breast.

Fill with inviolable peace ;
 'Stablish in faith my restless heart ;
 In Thee let all my wanderings cease,
 From Thee may I no more depart ;
 Never again from Thee remove,
 Loved with an everlasting love !

SPIRITUAL DESIRES.

375.

'AS THE HART PANTETH FOR THE WATER-BROOKS.'

C. M.

As pants the hart for cooling streams
 When heated in the chase,
 So longs my soul for Thee, O God !
 And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsting soul doth pine ;
 O, when shall I behold Thy face,
 Thou Majesty Divine !

O, when Thy presence, Lord of Life,
 Has once dispelled this storm,
 To Thee I 'll midnight anthems sing
 And all my vows perform.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Trust God, who will employ
 His aid for thee, and change these sighs
 To thankful hymns of joy.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

376.

‘SO PANTETH MY SOUL FOR THEE, O GOD.’

7s M.

As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for Thee,
Pants the living God to see ;
When, O, when, without a fear,
Lord, shall I to Thee draw near ?

Why art thou cast down, my soul ?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole ;
Why art thou disquieted ?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And His countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

377.

ASPIRATION.

S. M.

COME to me, thoughts of heaven !
My fainting spirit bear
On your bright wings, by morning given,
Up to celestial air ;
Away, far, far away,
From thoughts by passion given,
Fold me in pure, still, cloudless day,
O blessed thoughts of heaven !

Come in my tempted hour,
Sweet thoughts ! and yet again
O'er sinful wish and memory, shower
Your soft effacing rain ;
Waft me where gales divine
With dark clouds ne'er have striven ;
Where living founts forever shine ;
O blessed thoughts of heaven !

378.

‘CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART.’

C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that always feels how good,
Thou, Lord, hast been to me !

O for an humble, trustful heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who dwells within ;—

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
Conformed, O Lord, to Thine !

379.

‘COMFORT ME ON EVERY SIDE.’

L. M.

O, DRAW me, Father, after Thee !
So shall I run and never tire ;
With gracious words still comfort me ;
Be Thou my hope, my sole desire ;

GOD IN THE HUMAN SOUL.

Free me from every weight ; nor fear
Nor sin can come, if Thou art near.

From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable Thou hast me viewed ;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued ;
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.

In suffering be Thy love my peace ;
In weakness be Thy love my power ;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
O Father ! in my latest hour,
In death as life, be Thou my guide,
And draw me closer to Thy side.

380.

FOR PERFECT HOLINESS.

C. M.

FATHER, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad ;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

I hold Thee with a trembling hand ;
I will not let Thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand
And all Thy goodness know.

When shall I see the welcome hour
When God shall reign in me, —
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty ?

O that in me the sacred fire
 Might now begin to glow,
 Burn up the dross of base desire
 And make the mountains flow !

Refining Fire ! go through my heart,
 Illuminate my soul,
 Diffuse Thy life through every part
 And sanctify the whole.

381.

FOR WATCHFULNESS.

L. M.

GREAT God, my Father and my Friend,
 On whom I cast my constant care,
 On whom for all things I depend,
 To Thee I raise my humble prayer.

Endue me with a holy fear ;
 The frailty of my will reveal :
 Sin and its snares are always near ;
 Thee may I always nearer feel.

O that to Thee my constant mind
 May with a steady flame aspire ;
 Pride in its earliest motions find,
 And check the rise of wrong desire !

O that my watchful soul may fly
 The first-perceived approach of sin,
 Look up to Thee when danger 's nigh,
 And feel Thy thought control within !

382.

FOR A WATCHFUL CONSCIENCE.

C. M.

I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A sensibility to sin,
A pain to find it near.

I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire ;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

From Thee that I no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.

Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God ! my conscience make ;
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

383.

SPIRITUAL NEEDS.

L. M.

I WANT the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind,
Of power to conquer every sin ;
Of love to God and all mankind ;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

O that the Comforter would come !
 Nor visit as a transient guest,
 But fix in me his constant home,
 And keep possession of my breast ;
 And make my soul his loved abode,
 The temple of indwelling God !

384.

SPIRITUAL WANTS.

S. M.

My God, my strength, my hope,
 On Thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
 Give me on Thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do ;
 On Thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill ;
 A soul inured to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss,
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
 The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
 A quick-discerning eye,
 That looks to Thee when sin is near,
 And bids the tempter fly ;
 A spirit still prepared,
 And armed with jealous care,
 Forever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.

I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name ;
This blessing above all,
Always to pray I want :
Out of the deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.

I rest upon Thy word ;
The promise is for me ;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee ;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

385.

FAITH, LOVE, AND PATIENCE.

L. M.

NONE loves me, Father, with Thy love,
None else can meet such needs as mine ;
O, grant me, as Thou shalt approve,
All that befits a child of Thine !
From every doubt and fear release,
And give me confidence and peace.

Give me a faith shall never fail,
One that shall always work by love ;
And then, whatever foes assail,
They shall but higher courage move
More boldly for the truth to strive,
And more by faith in Thee to live :

A heart, that, when my days are glad,
May never from Thy way decline,
And when the sky of life grows sad,
May still submit its will to Thine,—
A heart that loves to trust in Thee,
A patient heart, create in me !

386.

PRAYER FOR FAITH.

C. M.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe ;—

A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without ;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt !

Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I 'll taste, even here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

387.

PRAYER FOR FAITH.

C. M.

THAT might of faith, O Lord ! bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain ;
Which will not let the angel go
Until the prayer it gain.

On me the faith divine bestow
Which doth the mountain move ;
And all my spotless life shall show
The omnipotence of love.

And, Father, when I doubt that I
Can live, and sin no more ;
Then if on Thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.

388.

THE TRUTH WHICH MAKETH FREE.

S. M.

O TRUE One ! give me truth ;
And let it quench in me
The thirst of this long-craving heart,
And set my spirit free.

Truth which contains true rest,
Which is the grave of doubt,
Which ends uncertainty and gloom,
And casts all falsehood out :

Calm faith which grasps the word
Of Him who cannot lie ;
Which hears alone the voice divine,
Though crowds be standing by.

O truth of God ! destroy
The cloud, the chain, the war ;
Dawn to this stormy midnight be ;
My bright and morning star.

389.

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

L. M.

FATHER, supply my every need ;
Sustain the life Thyself hast given ;
O, grant the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from heaven !

The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase,
Nor ever let me hunger more !

390.

FOR A HOLY HEART.

S. M.

GREAT Source of life and light !
Thy heavenly grace impart,
And by Thy holy spirit write
Thy law upon my heart ;
My soul would cleave to Thee ;
Let naught my purpose move ;
O, let my faith more steadfast be,
And more intense my love !

Long as my trials last,
Long as the cross I bear,
O, let my soul on Thee be cast
In confidence and prayer !
Conduct me to the shore
Of everlasting peace,
Where storm and tempest rise no more,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

391.

‘I WILL WRITE IT IN THEIR HEARTS.’

S. M.

THAT blessed law of Thine,
Father, to me impart ;—
The Spirit’s law of life divine,
O, write it in my heart !

Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne’er remove,—
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to Thee.

392.

FOR SELF-RENUNCIATION.

L. M.

FATHER of might, my bonds I feel,
And long for perfect liberty ;
I would deny my selfish will,
And, Father, give up all to Thee !

O, with Thy strength my weakness fill !
That strength shall every foe subdue ;
The doubts that tempt, the sins that kill,
The wishes to the cross untrue.

A sinless mind in me reveal,
Thy spirit’s fulness, Lord, impart !
Till all my spotless life shall tell
The abundance of a loving heart.

So shall I own Thy perfect sway,
And, sitting humbly at Thy feet,
Thy law with all my heart obey,
And all my soul to Thee submit.

393.

FOR SPIRITUAL LIFE.

S. M.

O, come and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within !
And bring Thy glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

The inward, deep disease,
Spirit of health, remove !
Spirit of perfect holiness !
Spirit of perfect love !

Hasten the joyful day
Which shall all sin consume ;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become !

394.

A LIFE HIDDEN IN GOD.

7s M.

LET my life be hid in Thee,
Life of life, and Light of light !
Love's illimitable Sea !
Depth of peace, of power the Height !

Let my life be hid in Thee,
When my foes are gathering round ;
Covered with Thy panoply,
Safe within Thy holy ground.

Let my life be hid in Thee,
From vexation and annoy ;
Calm in Thy tranquillity,
All my mourning turned to joy.

Let my life be hid in Thee ;
When my strength and health shall fail,
Let Thine immortality
In my dying hour prevail.

Let my life be hid in Thee ;
In the world, and yet above ;
Hid in Thine eternity,
In the ocean of Thy love.

395.

HIDDEN IN GOD.

7s M.

O THOU Lord of heaven above !
Earth beneath is all Thine own ;
In the depths of heavenly love
Let my human heart be sown.

None shall take it thence away ;
It is sown for Thy delight :
Thou wilt shine on it by day,
Thou wilt shield it in the night.

Where the silent waters flow,
It shall multiply its root ;
It shall blossom, it shall grow,
It shall bear immortal fruit.

Sown in weakness, raised in power,
Sown in suffering, raised in peace,
It shall brave the blighting hour,
In the year of drought increase.

Never hurt by sun or storm,
Blest its every stage shall be, —
Dying in its mortal form,
Living evermore in Thee.

396.

FOR INWARD PEACE.

C. M.

O for a heart of calm repose
Amid the world's loud roar,
A life that like a river flows
Along a peaceful shore !

Come, Holy Spirit, still my heart
With gentleness divine ;
Indwelling peace Thou canst impart,
O, make that blessing mine !

Above these scenes of storm and strife
There spreads a region fair ;
Give me to live that higher life,
And breathe that heavenly air !

Come, Holy Spirit, breathe that peace !
That victory make me win !
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
And find a heaven within.

397.

THE INNER CALM.

C. M.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow ;
Be like the night-dews' cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet ;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street ;

Calm in my hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain ;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain ;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore the shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy name ;

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain ;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

398.

FOR RESIGNATION UNDER PAIN.

7s M.

LET my soul beneath her load
Faint not through the o'er-wearied flesh ;
Let me hourly drink afresh
Love and peace from Thee, my God !

Let the body's pain and smart
 Hinder not my flight to Thee,
 Nor the calm Thou givest me ;
 Keep Thou up the sinking heart.

Help me never to complain,
 Make me to Thy will resigned,
 With a quiet, humble mind,
 Cheerful on the bed of pain.

Suffering is the work now sent ;
 Nothing can I do but lie
 Suffering as the hours go by ;
 All my powers to this are bent.

Suffering be my gain : I bow
 To my Heavenly Father's will,
 And receive it hushed and still ;
 Suffering is my worship now.

399.

FOR CALM TRUST.

C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at Thy throne, let this,
 My humble prayer, arise : —

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of Thy grace impart,
 And make me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
 My life and death attend ;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And bless my journey's end.

400.

‘ THY WILL BE DONE.’

L. M. p.

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life’s rough way,
O, teach me from my heart to say,
‘ Thy will, my God, be done !’

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
‘ Thy will, my God, be done !’

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne’er was mine,—
I only yield Thee what is Thine ;
‘ Thy will, my God, be done !’

If but my fainting heart be blest,
With Thy sweet spirit for its guest,
O God ! to Thee I leave the rest ;
‘ Thy will, my God, be done !’

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
Whate’er now makes it hard to say,
‘ Thy will, my God, be done !’

401.

FOR SELF-RENUNCIATION.

C. P. M.

O LORD ! how happy should I be,
If I could leave my cares to Thee,
If I from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

SPIRITUAL DESIRES.

For, when I kneel and cast my care
Upon my God in humble prayer,

With strengthened soul I rise ;
Sure that our Father, who is nigh
To hear the ravens when they cry,
Will hear His children's cries.

O, may these trustless hearts of ours
The lesson learn from birds and flowers,
And learn from self to cease,
Leave all things to our Father's will,
And, on His mercy leaning still,
Find in each trial, peace !

402.

FOR UNION WITH GOD.

L. M.

O LOVE ! how cheering is Thy ray ;
All pain before Thy presence flies ;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise :
O Father ! nothing may I see,
And naught desire or seek, but Thee.

Unwearied may I this pursue,
Undaunted to this prize aspire ;
Each hour within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire ;
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

O that I as a little child
May follow Thee, and never rest,
Till sweetly Thou hast breathed a mild
And lowly mind into my breast !
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become at one with Thee.

Still let Thy love point out my way ;
How wondrous things that love hath wrought !
Still lead me, lest I go astray ;
Direct my word, inspire my thought ;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that Love is near.

403.

FOR A CHILDLIKE SPIRIT.

7s M.

QUIET, Lord, my foward heart ;
Make me loving, meek, and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art ;
Make me as a little child ;
From distrust and envy free ;
Pleased with all that pleaseth Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave ;
'T is enough that Thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows beneath his father's eyes
He is never left alone ;
So would I with Thee abide,
Thou my Father, Guard, and Guide !

404.

FOR CONSECRATION.

C. M.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me ;
The changes that must surely come
I do not fear to see ;
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smile,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
A work of lowly love to do,
For Him on whom I wait.

405.

LOWLY SERVICE.

C. M.

I ASK Thee for the daily strength
 To none that ask denied ;
A mind to blend with outward life
 While keeping at Thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
 If Thou be glorified.

Briers beset my every path,
 Which call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
 An earnest need for prayer ;
But lowly hearts that lean on Thee
 Are happy anywhere.

In service which Thy will appoints
 There are no bonds for me ;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
 That makes Thy children free, —
A life of self-renouncing love
 Is a life of liberty.

406.

‘ QUICKEN ME, O LORD ! ’

C. M.

COME, mighty Spirit, penetrate
 This heart and soul of mine ;
And my whole being with Thy grace
 Pervade, O Life divine !

As the clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll ;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul.

As, from the clouds, drops down in love
The precious summer rain,
So, from Thyself, pour down the flood
That freshens all again.

Thus life within our lifeless hearts
Shall make its glad abode ;
And we shall shine in beauteous light,
Filled with the light of God.

407.

PRAYER FOR INSPIRATION.

7s M.

HOLY Spirit, Truth divine !
Dawn upon this soul of mine ;
Word of God, and Inward Light !
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine !
Glow within this heart of mine ;
Kindle every high desire ;
Perish self in Thy pure fire !

Holy Spirit, Power divine !
Fill and nerve this will of mine ;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine !
King within my conscience reign ;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine !
Still this restless heart of mine ;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine !
Gladden Thou this heart of mine ;
In the desert ways I sing
' Spring, O Well ! forever spring.'

408.

'IN THY PRESENCE IS FULNESS OF JOY.'

7s M.

SWEETEST Joy the soul can know,
Fairest Light was ever shed,
Who alike in joy and woe,
Leavest none unvisited !

Spirit of the Highest God,
Who upholdest everything,
Thou from whom my life has flowed !
To my life Thy gladness bring.

For the noblest gift Thou art,
That a soul e'er sought or won ;
Have I wished Thee to my heart,
Then my wishing all is done.

Bathe my soul, Thou Well of Grace,
Cleanse me in Thy purity ;
Every stain and spot efface,
Make me what Thou lov'st to see.

409.

‘MY SOUL WAITETH FOR THE LORD.’

L. M.

At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, Sweet Spirit, come !
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails and speed my way !

Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below ;
But I can only spread my sail, —
Thou, Thou, must breathe the auspicious gale.

410.

‘VISIT ME WITH THY SALVATION.’

P. M.

Wilt Thou not visit me ?
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew ;
Each blade of grass I see,
From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture
drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me ?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone ;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

Come ! for I need Thy love,
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain ;
Come, like Thy holy dove,
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.

Yes ; Thou wilt visit me ;
Nor plant nor tree Thine eye delights so well
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with Thine in peace to dwell.

411.

ASPIRATION OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

7 & 6s M. p.

RISE, my soul, and stretch Thy wings,
Thy better portion trace !
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place !
Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above !

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source ;
So the spirit, born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face ;
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

412.

NEARER TO THEE !

P. M.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;

Still all my song shall be, —
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !

Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone ;
 Yet in my dreams I 'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee, —
 Nearer to Thee !

There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven ;
 All that Thou sendest me,
 In mercy given ;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee, —
 Nearer to Thee !

Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I 'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee, —
 Nearer to Thee !

Or if, on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly ;
 Still all my song shall be, —
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !

413.

‘ O THAT I HAD WINGS ! ’

C. M.

THE bird let loose in Eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne’er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam ;

But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, Lord, from every snare
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through faith’s serener air,
To urge my course to Thee :

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs ;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings !

414.

‘ THEY SHALL MOUNT UPWARD WITH WINGS.

C. M.

BE Thou, O God ! by night, by day,
My guide, my guard from sin,
My life, my trust, my light divine,
To keep me pure within ;

Pure as the air, when day’s first light
A cloudless sky illumes,
And active as the lark that soars
Till heaven shines round its plumes.

So may my soul upon the wings
Of faith unwearied rise,
Till at the gate of heaven it sings,
'Midst light from Paradise.

415.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

S. M.

FOREVER with the Lord !
So, Father, let it be ;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'T is immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Thee I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high !
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear !

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

And then I feel, that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

Forever with the Lord !
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that blessed word
Even here to me fulfil.

Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail ;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand ;
Help, and I must prevail.

CONSECRATION AND RESOLUTION.

416.

‘IT IS GOD WHO WORKETH IN YOU.’

L. M.

THOU strong and loving God in man,
Who free’st us from the bonds of sin,
’Tis Thou the living spark dost fan
That sets my heart on fire within.

In Thee I find a nobler birth,
A glory o’er the world I see,
And Paradise springs up on earth
And blooms for those who live in Thee.

Thou openest Thy heaven in men,
The soul’s true home, Thy kingdom, Lord ;
And I can trust and hope again,
And feel myself akin to God.

417.

‘RENEWED IN HIS IMAGE.’

C. M.

I PRAISE and bless Thee, O my God,
My Father kind and true !
For all the old things passed away,
For all Thou hast made new.

CONSECRATION AND RESOLUTION.

And yet how much must be destroyed,
How much renewed must be,
Ere I can fully stand complete
In likeness, Lord, to Thee !

O God ! work out Thy heavenly plan ;
Within my soul unfold
The stature of the perfect man,
And Thine own image mould.

418.

‘ NOT DISOBEDIENT TO THE HEAVENLY VISION.’

C. M.

ANGEL of God ! whate’er betide,
Thy summons I obey ;
Spirit ! I take Thee for my Guide,
And walk in Thee, my way.

Me to Thyself, O God ! conform,
And arm me with Thy power ;
Then, burst the cloud, descend the storm,
Or come the fiery hour ; —

Secure from danger and from dread,
Not earth my soul shall move,
Since over me Thy hand hath spread
The banner of Thy love.

419.

LIVING WATERS.

S. M.

THE fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears ;
The further it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply ;
The morning sees them amply filled,
At evening they are dry.

The cisterns I forsake,
O Fount of life ! for Thee ;
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink eternity.

420.

RESOLUTION.

L. M.

My soul no more shall strive in vain,
Slave to the world, and slave to sin
A nobler toil I will sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

I will resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord ;
Nor from His precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

O, be His service all my joy !
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

O, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave His sacred ways !
Great God ! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy praise.

421.

SELF-DEDICATION.

L. M.

O LORD ! Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee.

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee.

Thy glorious life pervadeth space ;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place ;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.

Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath Thy sheltering wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee.

422.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

C. P. M.

O God ! to Thee, who first hast given
To mortal frame the spark of heaven,

I consecrate my powers ;
Thine is my hoped eternity,
And Thine my earthly life shall be,
Through years, and days, and hours.

Here at Thy shrine I bow, resigned
Each struggling passion of my mind,
With all its hopes and fears ;
To bend each thought to Thy control
Be the one wish that fills my soul,
Through all my future years.

423.

THE DECISION.

7s M.

O MY Father ! never more
From Thy ways that I depart,
Now my failing will restore,
Fix the purpose of my heart.

Ere another step I take
In my wilful, wandering way,
Still I have a choice to make,
O, decide my will to-day !

Patient love is waiting still
In my Father's heart for me ;
Love, to bend my froward will,
Love, to make me really free.

Far from Him what can I gain ?
Want, and shame, and bondage vile ;
Better far to bear the pain
Of His yoke a little while.

Father, fast the moments flee,
O, decide my will to-day !
Bind my heart to follow Thee,
Ere the song has died away.

424.

THE LOST FOUND.

S. M.

I WAS a wandering sheep;
I did not love the fold,
I did not love the Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child ;
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child ;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
He found me nigh to death,
An hungered, faint, and lone ;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled ;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam,
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

425.

‘ A SERVANT OF THE LORD.’

C. M.

O, not to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred :
But give me a diviner name ;
Call me Thy servant, Lord !

No longer would my soul be known
As uncontrolled and free ;
O, not mine own ! O, not mine own !
Lord, I belong to Thee.

Thy servant — me Thy servant choose,
Naught of Thy claim abate !
The glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.

In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
This is the name for me ;
And be the same dear title given
Through all eternity.

426.

OBEDIENT SERVICE.

L. M.

ALL-GRACIOUS Lord ! I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates and obey.

What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end ?
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend ?

Thy work, O God ! mine age shall bless
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
Thy love hath animating power.

427.

THE CHILD OF GOD.

C. M.

Dost Thou, the High and Heavenly One,
Call me a child of Thine ?
O, may the spirit of a son
Declare my heart divine !

Not by the terrors of a slave
God's sons perform His will,
But with the noblest powers they have
His sweet commands fulfil.

They find access at every hour
To Him within the veil ;
His presence is their quickening power,
Their strength which cannot fail.

O happy souls ! O glorious part !
O overflowing grace !
To dwell so near the Father's heart,
And see His loving face !

428.

THE LIBERTY OF THE SONS OF GOD.

C. M.

THOU biddest, Lord, Thy sons be bold ;
Lord, Thou hast set us free ;
The dear adoption fast we hold,
The glorious liberty.

Man's statutes do not wake our fear ;
Man frowns, — yet smile we still ;
For us the unfailing Spirit's cheer,
For us the Eternal will.

Thine own we are, Almighty One !
Thine own would ever be :
Endless Thy dear dominion,
Our glorious liberty !

429.

‘ FOLLOWERS OF GOD AS DEAR CHILDREN.’

L. M.

WE follow, Lord, where Thou dost lead,
And, quickened, would ascend to Thee,
Redeemed from sin, set free indeed
Into Thy glorious liberty.

We cast behind fear, sin, and death ;
With Thee we seek the things above ;
Our inmost souls Thy spirit breathe,
Of power, of calmness, and of love.

The power, 'mid worldliness and sin,
To do, in all, our Father's will ;
With Thee, the victory to win,
And bid each tempting voice be still.

The calmness perfect faith inspires,
Which waiteth patiently and long ;
The love which faileth not, nor tires,
Triumphant over every wrong.

Thus through Thy quickening spirit, Lord,
 Thy perfect life in us reveal,
 And help us, as we live to God,
 Still more and more with man to feel.

430.

THE NOBLER LIFE.

C. M.

ALAS the outer emptiness !
 What life has it to give !
 O, shall it God's own fire oppress ?
 Soul, wilt thou slightly live ?

Some joy of thine own seeking win ;
 To thine own strength repair ;
 Breathe, breathe the awful life within ;
 Feel all the glory there.

Thyself amid the silence clear,
 The world far off and dim,
 Thy vision free, thy God so near,
 Thyself alone with Him !

The silence thronged, how gloriously,
 With business how divine !
 God's glory passing into thee,
 All heaven becoming thine !

The rapture, mighty, measureless,
 In each eternal thing ;
 The mingling with Almightiness,
 The dwelling by life's Spring !

Thus deeply live, thus greatly watch,
 Soul, be thus inly bright,
 All outer things must smile, must catch
 The strong transcendent light.

431.

UPWARD AND ONWARD.

8, 7, & 4s M.

WE the weak ones, we the sinners,
Would not in our poorness stay,
We the low ones would be winners
Of what holy height we may ;
Ever nearer
To Thy pure and perfect day.

Shall things withered, fashions olden,
Keep us from life's flowing spring ?
Waits for us the promise golden,
Waits each new diviner thing.
Onward, onward !
Why this faithless tarrying ?

By each saving word unspoken,
By Thy truth, as yet half won,
By each idol yet unbroken,
By Thy will, yet poorly done,
Hear us, hear us,
Thou Almighty, help us on !

Nearer to Thee would we venture,
Of Thy truth more largely take,
Upon life diviner enter,
Into day more glorious break.
To the ages,
Fair bequests and costly make.

INWARD COMMUNION.

432.

‘ COMMUNE WITH THINE OWN HEART.’

L. M.

O THOU great God ! whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with Thy presence fill the place.

Through all the mazes of my heart
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

Then with the visits of Thy love
Do Thou mine inmost spirit cheer,
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fixed His dwelling here.

433.

‘ AND BE STILL.’

C. M.

UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet :
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign’s feet.

The Almighty’s awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend ;
For lo ! the Everlasting God
Proclaims Himself my friend.

Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey ;
The tempest at His word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve His love no more ;
But, charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

434.

RETIREMENT.

C. M.

FAR from the world, O Lord ! I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy presence cheer the soul
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And — all harmonious names in one —
My Father ! Thou art mine !

435.

‘ AS THE RAIN.’

L. M.

As in soft silence vernal showers
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

That heavenly influence let me find,
In holy silence of the mind ;
While every grace revives its bloom,
Diffusing wide its sweet perfume.

436.

DEVOUT RETIREMENT AND MEDITATION.

L. M.

My God ! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee ;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?

Call me away from flesh and sense ;
One sovereign word can draw me thence ;
I would obey Thy voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth, with all her strife, withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone ;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

437.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

L. M.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Leave my religious hours alone !
From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with Thee.

My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire,
To find Thy peace, to taste Thy love,
And feel Thy presence from above.

When I can know that God is mine,
And feel my kindred so divine,
I tread the world beneath my feet
And all that men call rich and great.

438.

‘BE STILL, AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD.’

L. M.

HE who himself and God would know,
Into the silence let him go,
And, lifting off pall after pall,
Reach to the inmost depth of all.

Let him look forth into the night ;
What solemn depths, what silent might !
Those ancient stars, how calm they roll, —
He but an atom 'mid the whole !

And, as the evening wind sweeps by,
He needs must feel His God as nigh ;
Must needs that unseen Presence own,
Thus always near, too long unknown.

How small, in that uplifted hour,
Temptation's lure, and passion's power !
How weak the foe that made him fall,
How strong the soul to conquer all !

A mighty wind of nobler will
Sends through his soul its quickening thrill ;
No more a creature of the clod,
He knows himself a child of God.

439.

THE LIGHT FROM WITHIN.

C. M.

I saw on earth another light
Than that which lit my eye
Come forth, as from the soul within,
And from a higher sky.

Its beams still shone unclouded on,
When in the distant west
The sun I once had known had sunk
Forever to his rest.

And on I walked, though dark the night,
Nor rose his orb by day ;
As one to whom a surer guide
Was pointing out the way.

'T was brighter far than noonday's beam,
It shone from God within ;
And lit, as by a lamp from heaven,
The world's dark track of sin.

440.

ENTERING INTO QUIET.

7 & 6s M. p.

OPEN, Lord, mine inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
The comfort of Thy voice ;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of Thy grace.

From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw ;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe ;
Silent am I now and still,
Will not in Thy presence move ;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of Thy love !

441.

‘ HE SHALL TEACH YOU ALL THINGS.’

7 & 6s M. p.

SPIRIT, sent from God above,
To teach His perfect will,
Lo, I wait to learn Thy love,
I tremble and am still :
To Thy guidance I submit,
All my soul to Thee I bow,
See me sitting at Thy feet ; —
Speak, Lord, I hear Thee now.

I from outward things withdraw ;
 No help in them is found ;
At Thy feet I seek the law ;
 I listen for the sound
 Which shall all my grief control,
 Which shall all my longings fill,
 Calm the tempest of my soul,
 And bid the sea be still.

Mighty Thou in word and deed,
 Do Thou my Teacher be !
Thou, by Thine anointing, lead
 A soul that seeks, to Thee !
 Foolish am I yet, and blind,
 Till the Truth itself impart,
 Chase the darkness from my mind
 And shine within my heart.

442.

THE HEART'S PRAYER.

P. M.

As, down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
 Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
 So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion,
 Unheard by the world, rises, silent, to Thee,
 My God ! silent, to Thee,—
 Pure, warm, silent, to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
 The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
 So, dark when I roam, in this wintry world
 shrouded,
 The hope of my spirit turns, trembling, to Thee,
 My God ! trembling, to Thee,—
 True, sure, trembling, to Thee.

443.

SILENT PRAYER.

C. M.

SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows ;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

Faith grasps the blessing she desires,
Hope points the upward gaze ;
And love, untrembling love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

But no less sweet the still, small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God hath made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

Nor accents flow, nor words ascend ;
All utterance faileth there ;
But listening spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

444.

INWARD WORSHIP.

7s M.

WOULDST thou in thy lonely hour
Praises to the Eternal pour ?
I will teach thy soul to be
Temple, hymn, and harmony.

Sweeter songs than poets sing
Thou shalt for thine offering bring ;
Softly murmured hymns, that dwell
In devotion's deepest cell.

Know that music's holiest strain
Loves to linger, loves to reign,
In that calm of quiet thought
Which the passions trouble not.

Wouldst thou in thy lonely hour
Praises to the Eternal pour?
Thus thy soul may learn to be
Temple, hymn, and harmony.

445.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the spirit of our God
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

446.

THE STRENGTH OF THE ERRING.

L. M.

YES, prayer is strong, and God is good ;
Man is not made for endless ill ;
The offending soul, in darkest mood,
Hath yet a hope, a refuge still.

Thou, God, wilt hear ; these pangs are meant
To heal the spirit, not destroy ;
And even remorse, for chastening sent,
When Thou commandest, works for joy.

447.

PRAYER.

C. M.

OUR praise Thou need'st not ; but Thy love
Our Father and our Friend,
Would have our prayers thus soar above,
In blessings to descend.

Thy secret judgment's depths profound
Still sings the silent night ;
Thy day upon His golden round,
Thy goodness infinite.

To Thee each holier thought aspires ;
But ah ! the chain still clings :
O, quicken Thou my faint desires,
And give my spirit wings !

448.

HEAVEN NOT AFAR OFF.

10s M.

FATHER ! Thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed ;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to Thine own sons displayed.

In finding Thee are all things round us found ;
In losing Thee are all things lost beside ;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

Open our eyes that we that world may see !
Open our ears that we Thy voice may hear !
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel Thy presence with us always near.

449.

THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

C. M.

THERE is a world eye hath not seen,
That time can ne'er destroy,
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath heard its joy.

There is a world, — and O how blest !
Fairer than prophets told ;
And never did an angel guest
One half its peace unfold.

And this pure world is ever bright
With radiance all its own ;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from the throne.

Look not abroad with roving minds
To seek that fair abode ;
Within, within, the spirit finds
Its heaven and its God.

450.

SURSUM CORDA !

C. M.

O, EVER on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies ;
A light still breaks athwart the cloud
That hides heaven from our eyes !

Lift up the heart, lift up the mind !
Until the grace be given,
That, while we travail yet on earth,
Our hearts may be in heaven.

TRUST AND PEACE.

451.

HYMN OF TRUST.

L. M.

O Love Divine, that stoop'st to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear !
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

On Thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear !
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

452.

‘ BE ANXIOUS FOR NOTHING.’

L. M.

BE still, my heart ! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares ;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict His gracious word.

Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear ?
How canst thou want if He provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide ?

Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call ?
And has He not His promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last ?

He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through.
And give me daily cause to raise
New trophies to His endless praise.

453.

PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL.

L. M.

PEACE, troubled soul ! Thou need'st not fear,
Thy great Protector still is near ;
He who has fed, will feed thee still ;
Be calm and sink into His will ;
Who hears the ravens when they cry
Will all His children's needs supply.

Peace, doubting heart ! distrust not God ;
Though dark the valley, steep the way,
Still lean upon His staff and rod,
Still make His providence thy stay :
A sudden calm thy soul shall fill ; —
'T is God, who whispers, Peace, be still !

454.

SUBMISSION.

L. M.

WAIT, O my soul ! thy Maker's will ;
Tumultuous passions, all be still !
Nor let one murmuring thought arise ;
His ways are just, His counsels wise.

He in the thickest darkness dwells ;
In clouds his purposes conceals ;
But, though his pathways be unknown,
Justice and Love support His throne.

455.

RESIGNATION.

L. M.

O, LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait Thy wise and holy will,
Though wrapped in fears and mystery !
I cannot, Lord, Thy purpose see ;
Yet all is well since ruled by Thee.

When mounted on Thy clouded car,
Thou send'st Thy darker spirits down,
I can discern Thy light afar,
Thy light, sweet beaming through their frown ;
And, should I faint a moment, then
I think of Thee, and smile again.

So, trusting in Thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on ;
What though some cherished joys are fled ?
What though some flattering dreams are gone ?
Yet purer, nobler joys remain,
And peace is won through conquered pain.

456.

RELIANCE.

S. M.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs,
And ways into His hands,
To His sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands ;

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To Him commend thy cause,— His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Then on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

457.

‘ IN WHOSE HAND ARE ALL THY WAYS.’

L. M.

God of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head !

In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see :
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to Thee.

Whither, O, whither should I fly,
But to my loving Father’s breast ;
Secure within Thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest !

I have no skill the snare to shun,
But Thou, O God ! my wisdom art ;
I ever into ruin run :
But Thou art greater than my heart.

Foolish, and ignorant, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known ;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving Thee alone.

458.

‘ THY WILL BE DONE ! ’

L. M.

HE sendeth sun, He sendeth shower ;
Alike they 're needful for the flower ;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done !

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love ?
Creator ! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will not mine be done !

O, ne'er will I at life repine !
Enough that Thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing, with parting breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done !

459.

‘ THY WILL BE DONE ! ’

L. M. p.

THY will be done ! In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run ;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
Thy will be done !

Thy will be done ! If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer shall make it more divine,—
Thy will be done !

Thy will be done ! Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one,
Is ours,—to breathe, while we adore,
Thy will be done !

460.

A FATHER'S CARE.

L. M.

Is there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power ;
My Father ! let me turn to Thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.

Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief ;
My Father ! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ ;
My Father ! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest in Thee, their home.

The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of health, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

461.

EVERY GOOD GIFT FROM THE FATHER.

7s M.

FATHER ! Thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide ;
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has Thy hand of love supplied :
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by ;
Every hope Thine offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

Every sun of splendid ray ;
Every moon that shines serene ;
Every morn that welcomes day ;
Every evening's twilight scene ;
Every hour which wisdom brings ;
Every incense at Thy shrine ;
These, — and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest, — all are Thine.

And for all, my hymns shall rise
Daily to Thy gracious throne :
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied, righteous One !
Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care ;
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.

462.

AFTER A SEASON OF DARKNESS.

L. M.

WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Creator, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of Thee.

O, let me then at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn !

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
But, when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my God ! one look from Thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And Thy rebellious child is still.

463.

GOD TEMPERS THE WIND TO THE SHORN LAMB.

C. M.

GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own Thy power divine ;
We hear Thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are Thine.

Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work Thy sovereign will ;
And, awed by Thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

Thy mercy tempers every blast
To those who seek Thy face ;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of Thy grace.

Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease ;
And gales of Paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

464.

‘ HE KNOWETH WHAT YE HAVE NEED OF.’

C. M.

AUTHOR of good, we rest on Thee ;
Thine ever watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

In Thine all-gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide ;
O, let Thy power be our defence,
Thy love our footsteps guide !

And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill,—

Not what we wish, but what we want,
Thy mercy still supply !
The good unasked, O Father ! grant ;
The ill, though asked, deny.

465.

‘ MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.’

L. M.

My times are in Thy hand, and Thou
Wilt guide my footsteps at Thy will :
Lord ! to Thy purposes I bow ;
Do Thou Thy purposes fulfil.

Life’s mighty waters roll along ;
Thy spirit guides them as they roll ;
And waves on waves impetuous throng,
At Thy command, at Thy control.

O may Thy children look to Thee,
And with a consecrated will,
Find in Thine All-sufficiency
A claim to love and serve Thee still.

466.

‘ TRUST IN HIM AT ALL TIMES.’

C. M.

Go not far from me, O my God,
Whom all my times obey ;
Take from me anything Thou wilt
But go not Thou away, —
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress ;
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.
O, 't is a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness !

When I am feeble as a child,
 And flesh and heart give way,
 Then on Thine everlasting strength
 With passive trust I stay,
 And the rough wind becomes a song,
 The darkness shines like day.

Deep unto deep may call, but I
 With peaceful heart will say,
 Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
 No waves can wrest away :
 Then let the storm that speeds me home
 Deal with me as it may.

467.

GRATEFUL RELIANCE ON GOD.

L. M.

How rich the blessings, O my God !
 Which teach this grateful heart to glow ;
 How kindly poured, and free bestowed,
 The rivers of Thy mercy flow !

How calmly rolls the sea of life !
 Secure in Thine immortal trust,
 The soul has hushed her secret strife,
 Nor longer shudders at the dust.

Though sorrow's cloud awhile o'ercast
 The dawn of earthly hope and joy,
 She knows that it must soon be past,
 And will unveil eternity.

Then virtue's humble toil and prayer
 Shall stand acknowledged at Thy throne,
 Triumphant over earthly care ;
 And the blest record Thou wilt own.

468.

THE COMFORTER.

C. M.

SWEET is the solace of Thy love,
 My Heavenly Friend, to me,
 While through the hidden way of faith
 I journey home with Thee,
 Learning by quiet thankfulness
 As a dear child to be.

Though from the shadow of Thy peace
 My feet would often stray,
 Thy mercy follows all my steps,
 And will not turn away ;
 Yea, Thou wilt comfort me at last,
 As none beneath Thee may.

Oft, in a dark and lonely place,
 I hush my hastened breath,
 To hear the comfortable words
 Thy loving spirit saith ;
 And feel my safety, in Thy hand,
 From every kind of death.

O, there is nothing in the world
 To weigh against Thy will !
 Even the dark times I dread the most
 Thy covenant fulfil ;
 And when the pleasant morning dawns,
 I find Thee with me still.

Still in the solitary place
 I would awhile abide,
 Till with the solace of Thy love
 My heart be satisfied,
 And all my hopes of happiness
 Stay calmly at Thy side.

469.

‘ THOU ART MY GOD.’

10s M.

THOU art my God ; my soul desires no other ;
 For whom have I in heaven or earth but Thee ?
 Thou art my God, and every man a brother,
 Whom I must love, because Thou lovest me.

Thou art my God ; my path is smooth and even,
 If in Thy perfect love I hope and trust,
 Thou art my God ; and I may enter heaven
 On earth, by seeking to be true and just.

Thou art my God ; when storms above me gather,
 Thou art my shield, lest on my head they fall :
 Thou art our God ; the universal Father,
 Whom all must love because Thou lovest all.

Thou art our God ; Thy love must surely win us,
 From sin’s alluring and destructive ways :
 Thou art our God ; Thy kingdom is within us,
 Thine be the glory, endless love, and praise !

470.

‘ IN A DRY AND THIRSTY LAND.’

L. M.

O God ! Thou art my God alone,
 Early to Thee my soul shall cry,
 A pilgrim in a land unknown,
 A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
 I follow hard on Thee, my God ;
 Thy hand unseen upholds my ways,
 I lean upon Thy staff and rod.

Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared to Thee !

471.

‘ UNDER HIS WINGS SHALT THOU TRUST.’

L. M.

FATHER ! beneath Thy sheltering wing
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring ;
In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good, whose tidal flow
The motions of Thy will obeys ;
And death is good, that makes us know
The Life divine which all things sways.

And good it is to bear the cross,
And so Thy perfect peace to win ;
And naught is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

Redeemed from that, we ask no more,
But trust the Love that saves, to guide ;
The Grace that yields so rich a store
Will grant us all we need beside.

472.

THE CHILD OF GOD.

10s M.

FATHER ! there is no change to live with Thee,
 Save that in Thee I grow from day to day ;
 In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
 I but rejoicing hasten on my way.

The morning comes, with blushes overspread,
 And I, new-wakened, find a morn within ;
 And in its modest dawn around me shed,
 Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending
 hymn.

Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades de-
 scend ;
 Yet they could never reach as far as me,
 Did not Thy love its kind protection lend,
 That I, Thy child, might sleep in peace with
 Thee.

473.

‘ WHEN I AM WEAK, THEN AM I STRONG.’

S. M.

‘ WHEN I am weak, I’m strong,’
 The great apostle cried ;
 What did not to the earth belong
 The might of Heaven supplied.

‘ When I am weak, I’m strong,’
 Each Christian heart repeats,
 To tune its feeblest breath to song,
 And fire its languid beats.

O holy Strength, whose ground
Is in the heavenly land !
Supporting help alone is found
In God's immortal hand.

O Blessed, that appears
When fleshly aids are spent,
And girds the mind, when most it fears,
With trust and sweet content !

474.

‘ THOUGH FAINT YET PURSUING. ’

11s M.

THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way ;
The Lord is our Leader, His word is our stay ;
Though suff'ring and sorrow and trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear ?

He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint ;
The weak and opprest, — He will hear their
complaint ;

The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter ; our help is in God !

And to His green pastures our footsteps He
leads ;

His flock in the wilderness kindly He feeds ;
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears ;
And brings back the wanderers, safe from the
snares.

Though clouds may surround us, our God is our
light ;

Though storms rage around us, our God is our
might ;

So, faint yet pursuing, still onward we go,
The Lord is our Leader ; no fear can we know.

475.

‘THE SECRET PLACE OF THE MOST HIGH.’

L. M.

O, THIS is blessing, this is rest!
 Into Thine arms, O Lord ! I flee ;
 I hide me in Thy faithful breast,
 And pour out all my soul to Thee.
 Now, hushing every adverse sound,
 Songs of defence my soul surround,
 As if all saints encamped about
 One trusting heart, pursued by doubt.

And O, how solemn, yet how sweet,
 Their one assured, persuasive strain !
 ‘The Lord of hosts is thy retreat,
 Still in His hands thy times remain.’
 O tender word ! O truth divine !
 Lord, I am altogether Thine ;
 I have bowed down, I need not flee ;
 Peace, peace is found in trusting Thee.

And now I count supremely kind
 The rule that once I thought severe ;
 And precious, to my altered mind,
 At length Thy kind reproofs appear.
 I must be taught what I would know,
 I must be led where I should go ;
 And all the Rest ordained for me
 Is to be found in trusting Thee.

476.

‘I WAIT FOR THE LORD ; MY SOUL DOTH WAIT.’

10s M.

FATHER ! I wait Thy word. The sun doth stand
Beneath the mingling line of night and day,
A listening servant waiting Thy command,
To roll rejoicing on its silent way.

The tongue of time abides the appointed hour,
Till on our ear its solemn warnings fall ;
The heavy cloud withholds the pelting shower,
Then every drop speeds onward at Thy call.

The bird reposes on the yielding bough,
With breast unswollen by the tide of song ; —
So does my spirit wait Thy presence now,
To pour Thy praise in quickening life along.

477.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

C. M.

WE ask not, Father, the repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life’s woes
Thy peace within our breast ; —

That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee ; —

That peace which through the billows' moan
And angry tempests' roar
Sends forth its calm, unfaltering tone
Of joy forevermore ; —

That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep ;
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

478.

STAYED ON GOD.

8 & 7s M.

QUIET as a peaceful river,
Quiet as the wind-hushed seas,
In the Eternal trusting ever,
We are kept in perfect peace.

Deep beneath the warring ocean,
Deep beneath the howling flood,
All unmoved by its commotion,
Lie the promises of God.

We are anchored firmly to them ;
Though in tatters hang our shrouds,
Calmly we look up, and through them
View the thunder-riven clouds.

This our constant heart consoleth,
And we will not be afraid ; —
God, our heavenly Father, ruleth,
All our hope on Him is stayed.

479.

THE CALM OF THE SOUL.

11 & 10s M.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'T is said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it fliehth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the Babel of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness, at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully ;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it fliehth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord ! in Thee.

480.

'IF HE GIVETH QUIET, WHO CAN MAKE
TROUBLE ?'

10s M.

QUIET from God ! how beautiful to keep
This treasure, the All-merciful hath given ;
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
Its incense round us, like a breath from heaven !

To sojourn in the world, and yet apart ;
To dwell with God, and still with man to feel ;
To bear about forever in the heart
The gladness which His spirit doth reveal !

Who shall make trouble, then ? Not evil minds,
Which like a shadow o'er creation lower ;
The soul which peace hath thus attunéd finds
How strong within doth reign the Calmer's power.

What shall make trouble ? Not the holy thought
Of the departed ; that will be a part
Of those undying things His peace hath wrought
Into a world of beauty in the heart.

What shall make trouble ? Not slow-wasting pain,
Nor even the threatening, certain stroke of death ;
These do but wear away, then break, the chain
Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

481.

GOD ALL IN ALL.

L. M.

THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes !
Secure I am, if Thou art mine.
And lo ! from sin and grief and shame,
I hide me, Father, in Thy name.

O God ! my all in all Thou art ;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
The healing of my broken heart ;
In strife my peace ; in loss my gain ;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
In shame, my glory and my crown ; —

In want, my plentiful supply ;
In weakness, my almighty power ;
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
My light in sorrow's darkest hour ;
My swift redemption when I fall ;
My life in death ; my all in all !

482.

‘ HOW PRECIOUS ARE THY THOUGHTS UNTO ME.’

L. M.

How precious are Thy thoughts of peace,
O God ! to me ; how great the sum !
New every morn, they never cease :
They were, they are, and yet shall come,
In number, and in compass, more
Than ocean’s sand, than ocean’s shore.

How from Thy presence should I go,
Or whither from Thy spirit flee,
Since all above, around, below,
Exists in Thine immensity ?
I feel Thine all-controlling will,
And Thy right hand upholds me still.

Search me, O God ! and know my heart ;
Try me ; my secret soul survey ;
And warn Thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way :
So shall Thy truth my guidance be
To life and immortality.

483.

ENTIRE SUBMISSION.

C. M.

ONE prayer I have, — all prayers in one,
When I am wholly Thine ;
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In Thee I firmly trust ;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

May I remember that to Thee
Whate'er I have I owe ;
And back in gratitude from me
May all Thy bounties flow.

Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent ;
Those talents only well employed,
When in Thy service spent.

And though Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will ?
No ; I will bless Thy name, and say
The Lord is gracious still.

484.

A HYMN OF PERFECT TRUST.

C. M.

WHILE Thee I seek, Protecting Power !
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;
To Thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
That mercy I adore !

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart shall rest on Thee !

485.

LOOKING UNTO GOD.

C. H. M.

I look to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain ;
I feel Thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again :
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road ; —
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still ;
Around me flows Thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will ;
Thy presence fills my solitude ;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law, I stand ;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand ;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

486.

ALL AS GOD WILLS.

C. M.

ALL as God wills ! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track ;
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back ;

That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Bright with eternal good ;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

No longer forward or behind
I look, in hope or fear,
But grateful take the good I find,
God's blessing, now and here.

FAITH AND JOY.

487.

SEEING THE INVISIBLE.

L. M.

ETERNAL and immortal King !
Thy peerless splendors none can bear ;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all His glory's there.

Yet Faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see ;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fixed regard, great God ! to Thee.

Then every tempting form of sin,
Shamed in Thy presence, disappears ;
And all the glowing raptured soul
The likeness it contemplates wears.

O ever conscious to my heart !
Witness to its supreme desire :
Behold it presseth on to Thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

This one petition would it urge,
To bear Thee ever in its sight ;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight !

488.

SONG OF FAITH.

L. M.

SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and His saving names !
O, may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known !

Through every age, His gracious ear
Is open to His servants' prayer ;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That it hath sought its God in vain.

What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still He owns His ancient name,
The same His power, His love the same !

To Thee our souls in faith arise ;
To Thee we lift expectant eyes,
And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.

489.

GOD OUR SHEPHERD.

C. M.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;

I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest ;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when opprest.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,

Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay ;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;

With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head ;
O, what can I ask of Thy providence more !

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above ;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

490.

GOD OUR SHEPHERD.

C. M.

My Shepherd is the Living Lord,
I therefore nothing need ;

In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

FAITH AND JOY.

He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For His most holy name.

Yea, though I walk the darksome vale,
Yet will I fear no ill ;
Thy rod and staff they comfort me,
And Thou art with me still.

Even in the presence of my foes,
My table Thou shalt spread ;
Thou wilt fill full my cup, and Thou
Anointed hast my head.

Through all my life Thy favor is
So frankly shown to me,
That in Thy house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

491.

THE HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

7s M.

Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine !
Want shall never more be mine.
In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed His happy charge,
And my couch with tenderest care
'Midst the springing grass prepare.

When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadow flow :
When through devious paths I stray,
He shall teach the better way.

Though the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
I shall walk from terror free,
While each needed strength I see
By Thy rod and staff supplied ;
This my guard, and that my guide.

Thou my plenteous board hast spread ;
Thou with oil refreshed my head ;
Filled by Thee, my cup o'erflows ;
For Thy love no limit knows ;
And unto my latest end
Thou my footsteps shalt attend.

492.

JOY IN THE LORD.

S. M. p.

My Shepherd's mighty aid,
His dear redeeming love,
His all-protecting power displayed,
I joy to prove.
Led onward by my Guide,
I tread the beauteous scene,
Where tranquil waters gently glide
Through pastures green.

In error's maze my soul
Shall wander now no more ;
His spirit shall, with sweet control,
The lost restore ;
My willing steps He'll lead
In paths of righteousness ;
His power defend, His bounty feed,
His mercy bless.

FAITH AND JOY.

Affliction's deepest gloom
Shall but His love display ;
He will the vale of death illume
With living ray.

I lean upon His rod,
And thankfully adore ;
My heart shall vindicate my God
Forevermore.

His goodness ever nigh,
His mercy ever free,
Shall while I live, shall when I die,
Still follow me.
Forever shall my soul
His boundless blessings prove,
And, while eternal ages roll,
Adore and love.

493.

‘WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN, MY SOUL?’

S. M.

We pray for truth and peace ;
With weary hearts we ask
Some rest in which our souls may cease
From life’s perplexing task.
We weep — yet none is found ;
We weep — yet hope grows faint ;
And deeper in its mournful sound
Goes up our wild complaint.

Only to living faith
The promises are shown ;
And by the love that passes death
The rest is won alone.

Be ours the earnest heart,
Be ours the steady will,
To work in silent faith our part ;
For God is working still.

Then newer lights shall rise
Above these clouds of sin,
And heaven's unfolding mysteries
To glad our souls begin.
Our hearts from fear and wrong
Shall win their full release,
With God's own might forever strong,
And calm with God's own peace.

494.

THE MIGHT OF FAITH.

11 & 10s M.

WE will not weep ; for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight ;
We will not doubt ; — if darkness still doth try us,
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

We will not faint ; — if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can bear,
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,
We shall be braver for the past despair.

O, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending !
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last ;
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
Life shall be with us when the Death is past.

Help us, O Father ! — when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their
Friend ;

Help us, O Father ! let Thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness, till the joyful end.

495.

‘ HE SHALL GIVE HIS ANGELS CHARGE OVER THEE.’

7s M.

THEY, who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell, though danger’s nigh ;
Lo, His sheltering wings are spread
O’er each faithful servant’s head.

Vain temptation’s wily snare ;
They shall be the Father’s care ;
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.

When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep ;
Death and danger may be near,
Faith and love can never fear.

496.

THE REPOSE OF FAITH.

L. M.

O FATHER ! gladly we repose
Our souls on Thee, who dwell’st above,
And bless Thee for the peace which flows
From faith in Thine encircling love.

Though every earthly trust may break,
Infinite might belongs to Thee ;
Though every earthly friend forsake,
Unchangeable Thou still wilt be.

Though griefs may gather darkly round,
They cannot veil us from Thy sight ;
Though vain all human aid be found,
Thou every grief canst turn to light.

All things Thy wise designs fulfil,
In earth beneath, and heaven above,
And good breaks out from ever ill,
Through faith in Thine encircling love.

497.

ALL THINGS WORK FOR GOOD.

L. M.

WE all, O Father! all are Thine ;
All feel Thy providential care ;
And, through each varying scene of life,
Alike Thy constant love we share.

And whether grief oppress the heart ;
Or whether joy elate the breast ;
Or life still keep its little course ;
Or death invite the heart to rest ; —

All are Thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey ;
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to heaven, and nearer Thee.

498.

ALL IS OF GOD.

10s M.

ALL is of God ; if He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo, He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of life and death alike are His ;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er ;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door ?

499.

IN CALM AND STORM.

S. M.

IF, on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God! to Thee
We owe the favoring gale.

But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home!

Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

Teach us in every state
To make Thy will our own,
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

500.

IN GLORY AND IN GLOOM.

C. M.

At times on Tabor's height I stand;
God's form is clothed in light;
The cloud of glory circles me
And puts my fears to flight.

At times He cometh in the dark,
Upon the stormy wave;
Welcome the storm that brings my Lord!
He cometh but to save.

501.

A HEART STAYED UPON GOD.

L. M.

My God protects ; my fears begone !
What can the Rock of Ages move !
Safe in Thine arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

While Thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest ?
All powers of evil I defy ;
I lean upon my Father's breast.

I rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

502.

THE POWER OF THE CROSS.

C. M.

My God ! in life's most doubtful hour,
In sharpest pains of death,
Who waits on Thee hath peace and power ;
Thou present Help of faith !

Help me, O God ! to seek, — to win,
Through struggles and through prayer,
The faith which frees my soul from sin,
And brings Thy blessing there.

So shall my cross of conquered shame
My fainting brothers raise,
So Thy triumphant mercy flame
Around my path of praise.

And earth, with all its pain and toil,
By love's pure presence blest,
Shall wear the calm celestial smile
Of heaven's eternal rest.

503.

THE WILL OF GOD.

C. M.

HE always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost,
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill ;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His dear will.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

I have no cares, O blessed Will !
For all my cares are Thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord ! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

504.

STRENGTH FROM STRUGGLE.

7 & 6s M.

Grows dark thy path before thee ?
Press on ! still undismayed ;
Heaven shines resplendent o'er thee,
Though earth be wrapped in shade.

And God, thy trust, hath given,
With word from swerving free,
The angels of high heaven
A charge concerning thee.

Then, though thy feet may falter
Even at the early morn,
And from hope's burning altar
The light may be withdrawn,—

Yet from thy self-prostration
Thou shalt awake in power ;
From tears and lamentation,
To conquest every hour.

Strong in thy perfect weakness,
Thy strength shall never fail ;
Mighty in holy meekness,
Thine arm shall still prevail.

505.

‘ BE OF GOOD COURAGE.’

S. M.

GIVE to the winds thy fears !
Hope, and be undismayed !
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath rule,
And all things serve His might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path, unsullied light.

Thou comprehend'st Him not ;
 Yet earth and heaven tell,
 God sits as sovereign on the throne ;
 He ruleth all things well.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to Thee ;
 O, lift Thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee !

Let us, in life or death,
 Boldly Thy truth declare ;
 And publish, with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

506.

FAITH.

8 & 7s M.

CALL the Lord thy sure salvation,
 Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
 In His secret habitation
 Dwell, nor ever be dismayed !

There no tumult can alarm thee,
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare,
 Guile nor violence shall harm thee,
 In eternal safeguard there.

There, though winds and waves are swelling,
 God shall bear thee safe through all ;
 Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
 Thee no evil shall befall.

He shall charge His angel legions
 Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
 Though thou walk through hostile regions,
 Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He shall shield thee from above.

507.

‘I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES.’

L. M.

UP to those bright and gladsome hills
Whence flows my weal and mirth,
I look, and sigh for Him who fills,
Unseen, both heaven and earth.

He is alone my help and hope,
That I shall not be moved;
His watchful eye is ever ope,
And guardeth His beloved.

This glorious God is my soul’s stay,
He is my sun and shade;
The cold by night, the heat by day,
Neither shall me invade.

Whether abroad, amid the crowd,
Or else within my door,
He is my pillar and my cloud,
Now and forevermore.

508.

‘TO THE HILLS WHENCE COMETH MY HELP.’

7 & 6s M. p.

To the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence, in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels:

Will He not His help afford ?
Help, while yet I ask, is given ;
God comes down ; the mighty Lord,
Who made both earth and heaven.

Faithful soul, pray always ; pray,
And in thy God confide ;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer them to slide.

Lean upon Thy Father's breast,
He thy quiet spirit keeps ;
Rest in Him, securely rest ;
Thy watchman never sleeps.

509.

' GOD IS MY STRENGTH AND MY SALVATION.'

7 & 6s M.

GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear ?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand ;
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand ?

Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait ;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase,
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
The Lord will give thee peace.

510.

‘I WILL EXTOL THEE, O LORD !’

6 & 5s M.

YEA, I will extol Thee,
Lord of life and light!
For Thine arm upheld me,
Turned my foes to flight.

I implored Thy succor,
Thou wast swift to save,
To heal my wounded spirit,
And bring me from the grave.

Grief may, like the pilgrim,
Through the night sojourn,
Yet shall joy, to-morrow,
With the sun return.

Thou hast turned my mourning
Into minstrelsy ;
Girded me with gladness,
Set from thraldom free.

Thee my ransomed powers
Henceforth shall adore ;
Thee, my great Deliverer,
Bless forevermore.

511.

‘FATHER, GLORIFY THY NAME !’

7s M.

FATHER, glorify Thy name !
Whatsoe'er our portion be,
Wheresoever led by Thee,
If to glory,—if to shame,—
Father, glorify Thy name !

FAITH AND JOY.

Let Thy name be glorified !
If in doubt and darkness lost,
Hope deceived and purpose crost,
Naught amiss can e'er betide,—
Let Thy name be glorified !

Father, glorify Thy name !
Vain and blind our wishes are ;
This can be no idle prayer,
This can be no worthless claim,—
Father, glorify Thy name !

512.

FAITH.

8 & 7s M.

Know, my soul, thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care ;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do and bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
Think that Jesus died to win thee ;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure ;
Come, disaster, scorn and pain !
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor loss is gain.
I have learned to call Thee Father,
I have fixed my heart on thee ;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to Thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Thou canst give me sweetest rest.

O, 't is not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me ;
O, 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee !

513.

WALKING BY FAITH.

L. M.

O FRIEND of souls ! 't is well with me
Whene'er Thy love my spirit calms ;
From sorrow's dark I upward flee,
And hide me in Thy sheltering arms.

Through deserts of the cross Thou lead'st ;
I follow, holding by Thy hand ;
With bread of heaven Thy child Thou feed'st,
And giv'st him water from the sand.

O Friend of souls ! 't is well indeed
With me when on Thy love I lean ;
The world, nor pain, nor death I heed,
Since Thou, my God, in all art seen.

514.

‘ THOU KNOWEST ALL MY WAYS.’

C. M.

I TRAVEL all the irksome night,
By ways to me unknown ;
I travel like a bird in flight,
Onward,— but not alone.

In secret paths God leads me on,
To His divine abode,
And shows new miracles of love
Through all the heavenly road.

The ways most rugged and perplexed
 He renders smooth and straight ;
Through all the paths I'll sing His name,
 Even unto heaven's gate.

515.

‘ ALL MY SPRINGS ARE IN THEE.’

C. M.

My heart is resting, O my God !
 I will give thanks and sing ;
My heart is at the secret Source
 Of every precious thing.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
 And here all day they rise ;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
 And close at hand it lies.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
 For want and weakness known, —
The fear that sends me to Thy breast
 For what is most mine own.

Mine be the reverent listening love
 That waits all day on Thee ;
The service of a watchful heart
 Which no one else can see ;

The faith that, in a hidden way
 No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
 And loves to have it so.

My heart is resting, O my God !
 My heart is in Thy care ;
I hear the voice of joy and praise
 Resounding everywhere.

516.

‘ IN EVERY THING GIVING THANKS.’

8 & 4s M.

I THANK Thee, O my God ! who made
This earth so bright ;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light ;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right !

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound ;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round ;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee even that all our joy
Is touched with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain ;
So that earth’s bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings ;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store ;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more ;
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

517.

‘THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT IS JOY.’

7s M.

Lo, the Eternal is our Lord,
Ever loving, ever just !
We will lean upon His word,
In His faithfulness will trust.

Therefore do we draw with joy
Water from salvation’s well ;
Praise shall every heart employ,
While His gladdening life we feel.

O the grace unsearchable !
While eternal ages roll,
God delights in man to dwell ;
Soul of each believing soul !

518.

‘REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAY.’

S. M.

REJOICE in God alway ;
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day,
And peace shuts in the night.

Rejoice when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress ;
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.

Rejoice in hope and fear ;
Rejoice in life and death ;
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth.

When should they not rejoice,
Whom God His children calls ;
Who hear and know His gladdening voice,
When on their hearts it falls ?

So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lowers,
Shall God's own peace our spirits keep,
And His dear love be ours.

519.

JOY IN BELIEVING.

C. M.

REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own ;
The hope that's built upon His word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hidden deep in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die ;
For God, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence ;
Then what have you to fear ?

520.

THE HIDDEN LIFE OF FAITH.

C. M.

O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
 While men lie grovelling here !
 His hopes are fixed above the sky,
 And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings,
 While grace and joy combine
 To form a life, whose holy springs
 Are hidden and divine.

He waits in secret on his God ;
 His God in secret sees ;
 Let earth be all in arms abroad,
 He dwells in heavenly peace.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,
 Beyond this world and time ;
 Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
 Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

521.

THE CITY OF GOD.

C. M.

IN Thee my powers, my treasures, live,
 To Thee my life must tend ;
 Giving Thyselv, Thou all dost give,
 O soul-sufficing Friend !

And wherefore should I seek above,
 The City in the sky ?
 Since firm in faith, and deep in love,
 Its broad foundations lie ?

Since in a life of peace and prayer,
Nor known on earth nor praised,
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
Its holy towers are raised.

Where pain the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified,
There—only there—is heaven !

522.

‘ AS SEEING HIM WHO IS INVISIBLE.’

C. M.

O, BLEST is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible !

And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man’s blindfold eye !

O, learn to scorn the praise of men !
O, learn to lose with God !
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

God’s glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

And right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin !

523.

FAITH AND HOPE.

C. M.

THE world may change from old to new,
 From new to old again ;
 Yet hope and heaven, forever true,
 Within man's heart remain.
 The dreams that bless the weary soul,
 The struggles of the strong,
 Are steps toward some happy goal,
 The story of hope's song.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
 The man to sow the seed ;
 Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour, —
 But prompts again to deed.
 And ere upon the old man's dust
 The grass is seen to wave,
 We look through falling tears, to trust
 Hope's sunshine on the grave.

O, no ! it is no flattering lure,
 No fancy weak or fond,
 When hope would bid us rest secure
 In better life beyond.
 Nor love, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,
 Her promise may gainsay ;
 The voice divine hath spoke within,
 And God did ne'er betray.

524.

‘AT EVENING THERE SHALL BE LIGHT.’

C. M.

OUR pathway oft is wet with tears,
Our sky with clouds o’ercast,
And worldly cares and worldly fears
Go with us to the last ; —
Not to the last ! God’s word hath said,
Could we but read aright :
O pilgrim ! lift in hope thy head,
At eve it shall be light !

Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
Our toilsome path awhile,
God’s blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.
If we but trust in living faith,
His love and power divine,
Then, though our sun may set in death,
His light shall round us shine.

When tempest-clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines beauteous in the vaulted sky,
A pledge that storms shall cease.
Then keep we on, with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And we shall own His word fulfilled, —
At eve it shall be light.

LOVE.

525.

THE TWO COMMANDMENTS.

C. M.

THIS is the first and great command,—

To love thy God above ;

And this the second,—as thyself

Thy neighbor thou shalt love.

Who is thy neighbor? He who wants

The help which thou canst give ;

And both the law and prophets say,

This do, and thou shalt live.

526.

FAITH AND WORKS.

L. M.

ONE cup of healing oil and wine,

One offering laid on mercy's shrine,

Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to Thee,

Than lifted eye or bended knee.

In true and inward faith we trace

The source of every outward grace ;

Within the pious heart it plays,

A living fount of joy and praise.

Kind deeds of peace and love betray

Where'er the stream has found its way ;

But, where these spring not rich and fair,

The stream has never wandered there.

527.

LOVE, THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW.

L. M.

THE uplifted eye and bended knee
 Are but vain homage, Lord, to Thee ;
 In vain our lips Thy praise prolong,
 The heart a stranger to the song.

Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
 The breaches of Thy precepts heal ?
 Or fasts and penance reconcile
 Thy justice, and obtain Thy smile ?

The pure, the humble, loving mind,
 Sincere, and to Thy will resigned,
 To Thee a nobler offering yields
 Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.

Love God and man, — this great command
 Doth on eternal pillars stand ;
 This did Thine ancient prophets teach,
 And this Thy well-beloved preach.

528.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

C. M.

MAKE channels for the streams of love,
 Where they may broadly run ;
 And love has overflowing founts,
 To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
 Such channels to provide,
 The very founts of love for us
 Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
 That blessing from above ;
 Ceasing to give, we cease to have ;—
 Such is the law of love.

529.

LOVE ON !

10s M.

LOVE on ! love on ! but not the things that own
 The fleeting beauty of a summer day ;
 Truth, virtue, spring from God's eternal throne,
 Nor quit the spirit when it leaves the clay :
 Love them ! love them !

Love on ! love on ! though death and earthly
 change
 Bring mournful silence to a darkened home ;
 Still let the heart rest where no eye grows
 strange,
 Where never falls a shadow from the tomb :
 Love there ! love there !

Love on ! love on ! the voice of grief and wrong
 Comes from the palace and the poor man's cot ;
 Bid the proud bend, and bid the weak be strong,
 And life's tired pilgrim meekly bear his lot :
 Give strength ! give peace !

Love on ! love on ! and though the evening still
 Wear the stern clouds that veiled thy noonday
 sun,
 With changeless trust, with calm, unwavering
 will,
 Work ! bravely work ! till the last hour be done :
 Love God ! love Man !

530.

KINDLY JUDGMENT.

C. M.

THINK gently of the erring one ;
O, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet !
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the selfsame God,
He hath but fallen in the path
We have in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring ones !
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be ;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

531.

'NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEE.'

C. M.

O, if thy brow, serene and calm,
From earthly stain is free,
View not with scorn the erring one,
Who once was pure like thee !

O, if the smiles of love are thine,
Its joyous ecstasy,
Shun not the poor forsaken one,
Who once was loved like thee !

God knows the secret lure which led
 Those youthful steps astray ;
 He knows that they who holiest are
 Might fall from Him away.

Then, with the love of him who said,
 ‘ Go thou, and sin no more,’
 Save, save the sinner from despair,
 And peace and hope restore.

532.

‘ THOUGH I SPEAK WITH THE TONGUES OF MEN
 AND OF ANGELS.’

7s M.

THOUGH I speak with angel tongues
 Bravest words of strength and fire,
 They are but as idle songs,
 If no love my heart inspire ;
 All the eloquence shall pass
 As the noise of sounding brass.

Though I lavish all I have
 On the poor in charity,
 Though I shrink not from the grave,
 Or unmoved the stake can see, —
 Till by love the work be crowned,
 All shall profitless be found.

Come, Thou Spirit of pure Love,
 Who dost forth from God proceed,
 Never from my heart remove ;
 Let me all Thy impulse heed ;
 Let my heart henceforward be
 Moved, controlled, inspired by Thee.

533.

CHARITABLE JUDGMENT.

L. M.

ALL-SEEING God ! 't is Thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow, —
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

Who, among men, great Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call ?
Judge him, for modes of faith, Thy foe,
Or doom him to the realms of woe ?

Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed ?
Trusting Thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to Thy commands alone.

If wrong, correct : accept, if right ;
While, faithful, we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all Thy will.

534.

UNIVERSAL LOVE.

L. M.

O FATHER ! when the softened heart
Is lifted up in prayer to Thee,
When earthly thoughts awhile depart,
And leave the mounting spirit free ;

Then teach us that our love, like Thine,
O'er all the realms of earth should flow,
A shoreless stream, a flood divine,
No lines of race or hue should know ;

PERSONAL CHARACTER.

Not bound by party, caste or creed,
All narrow realms of self above ;
For whoso of our love hath need,
To him we owe the dues of love.

Into the circle lift us up
Of Thy divine beneficence ;
And, freely as Thou fill'st our cup,
Freely may we to all dispense.

535.

FORGIVING LOVE.

C. M.

FATHER, who bid'st Thy sun to shine
Upon the evil and the good,
O, may we share, as sons of Thine,
The kindly heart of brotherhood !

And as to Thee our prayer is given,
‘ Forgive our trespasses,’ — so thus
May we forgive, to seven times seven,
Our brother's trespass against us.

PERSONAL CHARACTER.

536.

PURITY.

S. M.

O, know ye not that ye
The temple are of God ?
Revere the earth-built shrine, where He
Should find a meet abode !

Immortal man, keep pure
The soul's mysterious shrine ;
No stain upon its robes endure,
That should be all divine.

Let saintly deeds record
The saintly thoughts within ;
Let not the temple of the Lord
Defiléd be by sin.

Let life, a holy stream,
Its fountain holy show ;
Reflecting, with a softened gleam,
Heaven's purity below.

537.

THE PURE IN HEART.

S. M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
Their soul is His abode.

Still to the lowly soul
God doth Himself impart,
And for His temple and His throne
Doth choose the pure in heart.

538.

HUMILITY.

7s M.

LORD, forever at Thy side
Let my place and portion be ;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility !

Meekly may my soul receive
 All Thy spirit shall reveal ;
 When Thou speakest, I believe,
 And the witness in me feel.

Humbly as a little child,
 Weaned from its mother's breast,
 By no subtleties beguiled,
 On Thy faithful word I rest.

539.

AGAINST A HAUGHTY SPIRIT.

C. M.

THOU great and sacred Lord of all ;
 Of life the only spring ;
 Of all on earth and all in heaven
 The wise and righteous King !

Drive from the confines of my heart
 All stubbornness and pride,
 Nor let me in my secret soul
 A haughty spirit hide.

Let not contempt nor fell revenge
 Be to my bosom known ;
 O, give me tears for others' woe,
 And patience for mine own !

540.

CONTENTMENT.

S. M.

My conscience be my crown,
 Contented thoughts my rest ;
 My heart be happy in itself,
 My bliss be in my breast.

Not caring much for gold,
Well-doing be my wealth ;
My mind to me an empire be,
And God afford me health !

541.

PATIENCE.

L. M. p.

SHALL we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time
And His appointed way ?

O, oft a deeper test of faith
Than prison-cell, or martyr's stake,
The self-renouncing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make !

We gird us bravely to rebuke
Our erring brother in the wrong;
And in the ear of pride and power
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword
Than watch one hour in humbling prayer ;
Life's great things, like the Syrian lord,
Our hearts can do and dare ;

But, O, we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save,
And murmur for Abana's banks
And Pharpar's brighter wave !

542.

THE PATIENT WAITING UPON GOD.

L. M.

WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,
And let His word support your souls ;
Well can He bear your courage up,
And all your foes and fears control.

He waits His own well-chosen hour
The intended mercy to display ;
And His paternal pities move,
While wisdom dictates the delay.

Blest are the humble souls that wait,
With sweet submission to His will ;
Harmonious all their passions move,
And in the midst of storms are still ; —

Still, till their Father's well-known voice
Wakens their silence into songs ;
Then earth grows vocal with His praise,
And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.

543.

WATCHFULNESS.

S. M.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in your office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame :
Gird up your loins, as in His sight ;
For holy is His name.

Watch ! 't is your Lord's command ;
And while we speak, He 's near ;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

544.

COURAGE AND PERSEVERANCE.

L. M.

AWAKE, our souls ! away, our fears !
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust in mortal strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to Thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

545.

INDEPENDENCE.

L. M.

How happy is he born or taught
Who serveth not another's will ;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill ;

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than goods to lend,
And walks with man from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend !

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

546.

‘A CONSCIENCE VOID OF OFFENCE.’

L. M.

WHAT needs a conscience, clear and bright
Within itself, an outward test ?
Who breaks his glass to take more light
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb :
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch
Until the white-winged reapers come.

547.

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

C. M.

Give forth thine earnest cry,
O Conscience, voice of God !
To young and old, to low and high,
Proclaim His will abroad.

Within the human breast
Thy strong monitions plead !
Still thunder thy divine protest
Against the unrighteous deed !

Show the true way of peace,
O thou our guiding light !
From bondage of the wrong release,
To service of the right !

548.

THE HONEST MAN.

C. M.

O, who before the righteous God
Shall uncondemned appear ?
The man whose soul abides with truth,
In deed and thought sincere.

The man whose heart from guile is pure,
Whose hands from bribes are free,
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury :

The man who to his plighted word
Has ever firmly stood ;
Who, though he promise to his hurt,
Still makes his promise good.

549.

PRUDENCE.

C. M.

FATHER of light ! conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road ;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide ;
And when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's paths
To wisdom's better way.

That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart ;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart ;

Till it shall lead me to Thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love !
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

550.

STEADFASTNESS.

7s M.

GOD of truth ! Thy sons should be
Firmly grounded upon Thee ;
Ever on the Rock abide,
High above the changing tide.

Theirs is the unwavering mind,
No more tossed with every wind ;
No more doth their 'stablished heart
From the Living God depart.

GOD IN THE HUMAN SOUL.

Father, strengthen Thou my will ;
With Thine own steadfastness fill ;
Rooted, grounded, may I be,
Fixed in Thy stability.

Henceforth may I nobly stand ;
Build no longer on the sand ;
But defy temptation's shock,
Firmly founded on the rock.

IV. GOD IN THE LIFE.

OPENING OF LIFE.

551.

THE HOLY CHILD.

C. M.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!

O Thou who giv'st us life and breath!
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

552.

‘REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.’

C. M.

YE joyous ones, upon whose brow
The light of youth is shed,
O'er whose glad path life's early flowers
In glowing beauty spread ;
Forget not Him whose love hath poured
Around that golden light,
And tinged those opening buds of hope
With hues so softly bright.

Thou tempted one, just entering
Upon enchanted ground,
Ten thousand snares are spread for thee,
Ten thousand foes surround :
A dark and a deceitful band,
Upon thy path they lower ;
Trust not thine own unaided strength
To save thee from their power.

Thou whose yet bright and joyous eye
May soon be dimmed with tears,
To whom the hours of bitterness
Must come in coming years ;
Teach early thy confiding eye
To pierce the cloudy screen,
To look above the storms of life,
Eternally serene.

553.

LIFE'S MISSION.

L. M.

Go forth to life, O child of earth !
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth ;
Thou art not here for ease, or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control ;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth ;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth !
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth !
For noble service thou art here ;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere !

554.

ENTERING LIFE.

C. M.

A WONDROUS star our pioneer,
We left the mystic land
Where heaven-nurtured childhood slept,
Where yet old visions stand.

The world throws wide its brazen gates ;
With Thee we enter in ;
O, grant us, in our humble sphere,
To free that world from sin !

The truest worship is a life ;
 All dreaming we resign ;
 We lay our offerings at Thy feet,—
 Our lives, O God ! are Thine.

555.

DEDICATION TO GOD.

8 & 7s M.

HOLY Father, Thou hast taught me
 I should live to Thee alone ;
 Year by year, Thy hand hath brought me
 On through dangers oft unknown.
 When I wandered Thou hast found me ;
 When I doubted, sent me light ;
 Still Thine arm has been around me,
 All my paths were in Thy sight.

In the world will foes assail me,
 Craftier, stronger far than I ;
 But Thine aid will never fail me,
 While on Thee I shall rely.
 Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
 Thou canst give the power I need ;
 Through the prayer of faith receiving
 Strength,—the Spirit's strength indeed.

I would trust in Thy protecting,
 Wholly rest upon Thine arm,
 Follow wholly Thy directing,
 Thou mine only guard from harm !
 Keep me from mine own undoing,
 Help me turn to Thee when tried ;
 Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
 Keep me ever at Thy side !

556.

‘GIVE ME THY HEART.’

8 & 7s M.

TAKE my heart, O Father! mould it
In obedience to Thy will;
And, as ripening years unfold it,
Keep it true and childlike still.

Father, keep it pure and lowly,
Strong and brave, yet free from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of a vain or sinful life.

Ever let Thy might surround it;
Strengthen it with power divine;
Till Thy cords of love have bound it,
Father, wholly unto Thine.

557.

CONSECRATION.

8 & 7s M.

SHALL this life of mine be wasted?
Shall this vineyard lie untilled?
Shall true joy pass by untasted,
And my soul remain unfilled?

Shall the God-given hours be scattered,
Like the leaves upon the plain?
Shall the blossoms lie unwatered
By the drops of heavenly rain?

Shall this heart spend all its treasures
On the things that fade and die?
Shall it love the hollow pleasures
Of bewildering vanity?

No ! I was not born to trifle
Life away in dreams or sin ;
No ! I must not, dare not, stifle
Longings such as these within.

558.

THE PRAYER OF LIFE.

8 & 7s M.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer !
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not forever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be ;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay ;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings, be our guide ;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side !

559.

THE PERILS OF LIFE.

L. M.

AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill and glories cheat ;

Shed down, O Lord ! a heavenly ray,
To guide me in the doubtful way ;
And o'er me hold Thy shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.

Teach me the flattering paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run,
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside ;
But, through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to Thy heavenly hill.

560.

CHOOSING THE BETTER PART.

L. M.

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand :
Father Divine ! diffuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
Wisely to choose the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

Then let the wildest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

If Thou, my Father, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

561.

WALKING WITH GOD.

L. M.

THROUGH all this life's eventful road,
Fain would I walk with Thee, my God,
And find Thy presence light around,
And every step on holy ground.

Each blessing would I trace to Thee,
In every grief, Thy mercy see ;
And through the paths of duty move,
Conscious of Thine encircling love.

And when the angel Death stands by,
Be this my strength, that Thou art nigh ;
And this my joy, that I shall be
With those who dwell in light with Thee.

PURPOSE OF LIFE.

562.

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE.

8 & 7s M. p.

HAST thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of Time,
And the low, mysterious voices
Of another clime ?

PURPOSE OF LIFE.

Early hath life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching,—
 What, and where, is Truth?

Not to ease and aimless quiet
 Doth the inward answer tend ;
But to works of love and duty,
 As our being's end.

Earnest toil and strong endeavor
 Of a spirit, which within
Wrestles with familiar evil
 And besetting sin ;

And without, with tireless vigor,
 Steady heart, and purpose strong,
In the power of Truth assaileth
 Every form of wrong.

563.

AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE REAP.

C. M.

THE bud will soon become a flower,
 The flower become a seed ;
Then seize, O youth ! the present hour,—
 Of that thou hast most need.

Do thy best always,—do it now ;
 For in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plough,
 Fall seeds of good or crime.

The sun and rain will ripen fast
 Each seed that thou hast sown ;
And every act and word at last
 By its own fruit be known.

GOD IN THE LIFE.

And soon the harvest of thy toil
Rejoicing thou shalt reap ;
Or o'er thy wild, neglected soil
Go forth in shame to weep.

564.

‘ WHILE IT IS CALLED TO-DAY.’

S. M.

To-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand ;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
O, make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day !

565.

THE TRUE USE OF TIME.

L. M.

LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass ;
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.

O Father ! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us Thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly ;

To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds :
And so shall death but lead us on
To nobler service that succeeds.

ACTION.

566.

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

L. M.

HE liveth long who liveth well ;
All else is life but flung away ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last,
Buy up the moments as they go ;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

ACTION.

567.

PSALM OF LIFE.

8 & 7s M.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream ;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal :
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant ;
Let the dead Past bury its dead ;
Act, act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead !

Lives of true men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints which perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

568.

‘REDEEMING THE TIME.’

8 & 4s M.

ARISE, my soul ! nor dream the hours
Of life away ;
Arise ! and do thy being's work,
While yet 't is day.

The doer, not the dreamer, breaks
The baleful spell
Which binds, with iron bands, the earth
On which we dwell.

ACTION.

Up, soul ! or War, with fiery feet
Will tread down men ;
Up ! or his bloody hands will reap
The earth again.

O dreamer, wake ! your brother-man
Is still a slave ;
And thousands go, heart-crushed, this morn
Unto the grave.

The brow of Wrong is laurel-crowned,
Not girt with shame :
And love, and truth, and right, as yet
Are but a name.

From out Time's urn your golden hours
Flow fast away ;—
Then, dreamer, up ! and do life's work
While yet 't is day.

569.

WORDS AND DEEDS.

C. M.

BENEATH the thick but struggling clouds,
We talk of Christian life ;
The words of Jesus on our lips,
Our hearts with man at strife.

Traditions, forms, and selfish aims
Have dimmed the inner light ;
Have closely veiled the spirit-world
And angels from our sight.

Strong souls and willing hands we need,
Our temple to repair ;
Remove the gathered dust of years,
And show the model fair.

GOD IN THE LIFE.

We slumber while the present calls,
But darkness grows with rest ;
Wouldst thou see truth ? To action wake,—
Do the divine behest.

570.

DOING ALL TO GOD.

S. M.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see ;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend ;
In all I do be Thou the way ;
In all be Thou the end.

All may of Thee partake ;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

If done beneath Thy laws,
Even servile labors shine ;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause ;
The humblest work divine.

571.

SEEING GOD IN ALL.

L. M.

IF on our daily course our mind
Be set, to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

ACTION.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

O could we learn that sacrifice,
What light would all around us rise !
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk !

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God

572.

INFLUENCE.

C. M.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power ;
There 's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life ;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless ; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

Work on, despair not ; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be ;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

573.

‘BLESSED ARE YE THAT SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS.’

C. H. M.

O, BE not faithless ! with the morn
Cast thou abroad thy grain !
At noontide faint not thou forlorn,
At evening sow again !
Blessed are they, whate'er betide,
Who thus all waters sow beside.

Thou knowest not which seed shall grow,
Or which may die, or live ;
In faith, and hope, and patience, sow !
The increase God shall give,
According to His gracious will,—
As best His purpose may fulfil.

O, could our inward eye but view,
Our hearts but feel aright,
What faith, and love, and hope can do,
By their celestial might,
We should not say, till these be dead,
The power that marvels wrought is fled.

574.

THE SOWER.

S. M.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land !

ACTION.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Drop it upon the rock !

The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale and plain 't is found :
Go forth, then, everywhere !

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

575.

‘BEHOLD, THE FIELDS ARE WHITE.’

C. M.

O STILL in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,—
‘More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord !’

We hear the call ; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father’s work,
Go forth beneath His sky.

Where prophets’ word, and martyrs’ blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred !
To do Thy will we come ;
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

576.

LIFE'S WORK.

8 & 7s M.

ALL around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie ;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given ;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of Heaven.

Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart ;
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow, —
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
We too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

577.

‘FORGETTING THE THINGS BEHIND.’

C. M.

AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

’T is God’s all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
’T is His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye;—

That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors’ wreaths and monarchs’ gems
Shall blend in common dust.

578.

‘CASTING ASIDE EVERY WEIGHT.’

L. M.

SILENT, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to truth, to God.

We fling aside the weight, the sin,
Resolved the victory to win;
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the grandeur of the prize.

No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
Our hands from earnest toil to keep,
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight ; —

No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man or self to please ;
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

CONFlict AND THE CROSS.

579.

THE SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

C. M.

MUST I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?

Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Shall sloth and faintness win Thy peace,
O Thou, the martyr's God ?

The fearless heart Thou wilt sustain ;
Increase my courage, Lord !
I 'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

The saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die ;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When Thy illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

580.

TEMPTATION.

L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, lift up thine eyes ;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host ;
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost !

See, here rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
There, pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;
Perils and snares beset thee round :
Beware of all ; guard every part ;
But most the traitor in thy heart.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Put on the armor from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
The powers of earth and powers of hell ;
The man of Calvary triumphed here ; —
Why should his faithful followers fear ?

581.

‘THE WHOLE ARMOR OF GOD.’

L. M.

THE Christian warrior, see him stand
In the whole armor of his God :
The spirit’s sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the Gospel shod.

In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation’s helmet on his head,
With righteousness a breastplate meet,
And faith’s broad shield before him spread.

With this omnipotence he moves,
From this the alien armies flee ;
Till more than conqueror he proves
Through Him who gives the victory.

582.

STRUGGLE.

7s M.

THERE’s a strife we all must wage,
From life’s entrance to its close ;
Blest the bold who dare engage !
Woe for him who seeks repose !

Honored they who firmly stand,
While the conflict presses round ;
God’s own banner in their hand,
In His service faithful found.

What our foes ? Each thought impure ;
Passions fierce, that tear the soul ;
Every ill that we can cure ;
Every crime we can control ; —

Every suffering which our hand
Can with soothing care assuage ;
Every evil of our land ;
Every error of our age.

On, then, to the glorious field !
He who dies his life shall save ;
God Himself shall be our shield,
He shall bless and crown the brave.

583.

PRESS ON !

L. M.

PRESS on, press on ! ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown.

Press on, press on ! through toil and woe,
With calm resolve, to triumph go,
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still.

Press on, press on ! still look in faith
To Him who conquereth sin and death ;
Then shall ye hear His word, 'Well done !'
True to the last, press on, press on !

584.

THE CONFLICT OF LIFE.

8 & 7s M.

ONWARD, onward, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone ;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee, — press thou on !

GOD IN THE LIFE.

Upward, upward ! Their Hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee, 'God is Love !'
All around thy red-cross banner
Streams the radiance from above.

By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won ;
Tread it without shrinking, brother !
Jesus trod it, — press thou on !

By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver ;
O, for their sake, press thou on !

Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace ;
While it needs thee, O, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release ;

Pray thou, undisheartened, rather,
That thou be a faithful son ;
By the prayer of Jesus, — 'Father,
Not my will, but Thine, be done !'

585.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

7s M.

EVERY bird that upward springs
Bears the Cross upon his wings ;
We without it cannot rise
Upward to our native skies.

Every ship that meets the waves
By the Cross their fury braves ;
We, on life's wide ocean tossed,
If we have it not are lost.

CONFLICT AND THE CROSS.

Hope it gives us when distrest,
When we faint it gives us rest ;
Satan's craft, and Satan's might,
By the Cross are put to flight.

That from sin earth might be free,
Jesus bore it ; so must we ;
Ne'er through faintness lay it down :
First the Cross, and then the crown !

586.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

11s M.

I THOUGHT that the course of the pilgrim to
Heaven
Was bright as the summer, and glad as the morn ;
Thou showed'st me the path ; 't was dark and
uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown ;
I grasped at the triumph that blesses the brave ;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the
crown ;
I asked,— and Thou showedst me a cross and
a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at last, to Thy will
My hopes and my wishes, my all, I resign ;
O give me a heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but Thine !

AFFLICITION.

587.

‘BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.’

C. M.

FROM lips divine, like healing balm
To hearts oppressed and torn,
The heavenly consolation fell,
‘Blessed are they that mourn.’

Unto the hopes by sorrow crushed
A nobler faith succeeds ;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.

How rich, how sweet, how full of strength
Our human spirits are,
Baptized into the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer !

Yes, heavenly wisdom, love divine,
Breathed through the lips which said,
‘O blessed are the hearts that mourn ;
They shall be comforted.’

588.

THE USE OF TEARS.

L. M.

How little of ourselves we know,
Before a grief the heart has felt !
The lessons that we learn of woe
Make strong the soul, as well as melt.

The energies too stern for mirth,
 The reach of thought, the strength of will,
 'Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,
 Though blight and blast their course fulfil.

And yet 't is when it mourns and fears,
 The laden spirit feels forgiven ;
 And through the mist of falling tears
 We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

589.

THE MEANING OF SORROW.

S. M.

We love this outward world,
 Its fair sky overhead,
 Its morning's soft, gray mist unfurled,
 Its sunsets rich and red.

But there 's a world within
 That higher glory hath ;
 A life the immortal soul must win, —
 The life of joy and faith.

For this the Father's love
 Doth shade the world of sense,
 The bounding play of health remove
 And dim the sparkling glance ;

That, though the earth grows dull
 And earthly pleasures few,
 The spirit gain its wisdom full
 To suffer and to do.

Holy its world within,
 Unknown to sound or sight, —
 The world of victory o'er sin,
 Of faith, and love, and light.

590.

‘ BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.’

L. M.

DEEM not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep ;
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that now o'erflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are earnests of serener years.

O, there are days of hope and rest
For every dark and troubled night !
And grief may bide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with morning light.

And ye, who o'er a friend's low bier
Now shed the bitter drops like rain,
Know that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to your arms again.

591.

MY GOD, I THANK THEE !

L. M.

MY God, I thank Thee ! may no thought
E'er deem Thy chastisements severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

AFFLICITION.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er His little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore Thy will.

592.

THE MINISTRY OF SORROW.

C. M.

Not that Thy boundless love, my God,
Sheds blessing on my way,
And gilds as with a heavenly beam
The darkness of earth's day, —
Not now for breath of summer flowers,
For smiles of sunny skies,
The still, small voice of gratitude
Shall to Thine ear arise.

I bless Thee for the ministry
Of sorrow's lonely hour,
When darkly o'er my stricken head
I see the storm-clouds lower ;
Thy love can still the billows' roar,
And whisper, 'Peace ; be still !'
While faith doth on Thy promise rest,
And bless the Father's will.

The shadow and the storm must come ;
O, grant that faith divine
Which triumphs o'er the might of grief,
And moulds man's will to Thine !
In hours of deepest gloom, mine eye
One blessed ray can see ;
A sunlit side that cloud must have
Which hides Thy face from me.

593.

MADE PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

L. M.

I BLESS Thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break my dream of human power ;
For now my shallow cistern 's spent,
I find Thy founts, and thirst no more.

I take Thy hand, and fears grow still ;
Behold Thy face, and doubts remove ;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect Truth, and boundless Love ?

That Love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of Thine eternal calm ;
And tune its sad and broken speech,
To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.

O be it patient in Thy hands,
And drawn, through each mysterious hour,
To service of Thy pure commands,
The narrow way to Love and Power !

594.

THE TRIAL OF FAITH WORKETH PATIENCE.

C. M.

HAPPY are they who learn in Thee,
Though patient suffering teach,
The secret of enduring strength,
And praise too deep for speech ;
Peace that no pressure from without,
Nor strife within, can reach.

Safe in Thy sanctifying grace
Almighty to restore,
Borne onward — sin and death behind
And love and life before —
O let my soul abound in hope,
And praise Thee evermore !

595.

WEEPING SEED-TIME ; JOYFUL HARVEST.

L. M.

THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers !
Troubled with storms, and black with showers,
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But nature pours forth all her tears.

Yet let the sons of God revive ;
He bids the soul that seeks Him live,
And from the gloomiest shade of night
Calls forth a morning of delight.

The seeds of ecstasy unknown
Are in these watered furrows sown ;
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes !

In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain ;
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And bind his sheaves, and bear them home ;
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

596.

IN AFFLICTION.

10s M.

THOU that art strong to comfort, look on me !
I sit in darkness and behold no light ;
Over my soul the waves of agony
Have gone, and left me in a rayless night.

A bruised and broken reed sustain, sustain !
Divinest Comforter, to Thee I fly,
To whom no soul hath ever fled in vain ;
Support me with Thy love, or else I die.

Father, whate'er I had, it all was Thine ;
A God of mercy Thou hast ever been ;
What I most loved, O, help me to resign,
And if I murmur, count it not for sin !

My soul is strengthened now, and it shall bear
All that remains, whatever it may be ;
And from the very depths of my despair
I will look up, O God ! and trust in Thee.

597.

IN AFFLICITION.

H. M.

THOU, infinite in love !
Guide this bewildered mind,
Which, like the trembling dove,
No resting-place can find ;
On the wild waters, God of light,
Through the thick darkness, lead me right !

Fain would earth's true and dear
Save me in this dark hour ;
And art not Thou more near ?
Art Thou not love and power ?
Vain is the help of man ; but Thou
Canst send deliverance even now.

Though through the future's shade
Pale phantoms I descry,
Let me not shrink dismayed,
But ever feel Thee nigh ;
There may be grief, and pain, and care ;
But, O my Father ! Thou art there.

598.

IN THE DAY OF DISTRESS.

C. M.

O God, that mad'st the earth and sky,
The darkness and the day !
O, listen to Thy children's cry,
And help us when we pray !

GOD IN THE LIFE.

For wide the waves of bitterness
 Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart,
 To view the rocky shore.

The cross that Jesus bore for man,
 Like him we fain would bear ;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
 And courage to despair.

Have mercy on our failings, Lord !
 Our sinking faith renew ;
And when his sorrows visit us,
 O send his patience too !

599.

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

S. M.

Out of the depths of woe,
 To Thee, O Lord ! I cry ;
Darkness surrounds Thee, but I know
 That Thou art ever nigh.

Like them I watch and pray,
 Who for the morning long ;
Catch the first gleam of welcome day,
 Then burst into a song.

Glory to God above !
The waters soon will cease ;
For lo, the swift returning dove
 Brings home the sign of peace !

Though storms Thy face obscure,
 And dangers threaten loud,
Thy holy covenant is sure ;
 Thy bow is in the cloud !

AFFLICTION.

600.

CONSOLATION.

C. M.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear !
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee !

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sunshine o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too ;

O, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above !

Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray ;
The darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

601.

GOD'S WAY IS ON THE DEEP.

C. M.

THY way is on the deep, O Lord !
E'en there we 'll go with Thee ;
We 'll meet the tempest at Thy word,
And walk upon the sea.

Poor tremblers at His rougher wind,
Why do we doubt Him so ?
Who gives the storms a path will find
The way our feet shall go.

A moment may His hand seem lost,
Drear moment of delay ;
We cry, 'Lord, help the tempest-tost !'
And safe we 're borne away.

O happy soul, of faith divine,
Thy victory how sure !
The love that kindles joy is thine,
The patience to endure.

602.

THROUGH CROSS TO LIGHT.

C. M.

BEAR on, my soul ! the bitter cross
Of every trial here
Shall lift thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

Bear on, my soul ! on God rely ;
Deliverance will come ;
A thousand ways the Father hath
To bring His children home.

And Thou, my heavenly Friend and Guide,
Hast kindly led me on ;
Taught me to rest my fainting head
Upon Thy heart alone.

So comforted and so sustained,
With dark events I strove,
And found, when rightly understood,
All, messengers of love.

AFFLICTION.

603.

THE BITTER CUP.

L. M.

THY will be done ! I will not fear
The fate provided by Thy love ;
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears ;
And though the hopes of earth be gone,
Yet are not ours the immortal years ?

Father ! forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling to the things of time ;
And bid the soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love ;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

That glorious life will well repay
This life of toil and care and woe ;
O Father ! joyful on my way,
To drink Thy bitter cup, I go.

604.

IN TIME OF TRIBULATION.

7 & 6s M.

IN time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord, our earnest cries ;
With humble supplication
To Thee the spirit flies.

Remembered songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deepest sadness,
And stir desponding thought.

Hath God His loving-kindness
Shut up in bitter wrath ?
No ! it is human blindness,
That cannot see His path.

We 'll call to recollection
The years of Thy right hand,
And, strong in Thy protection,
Again through Faith we stand.

Thy way is in great waters,
Thy footsteps are not known ;
But let earth's sons and daughters
Confide in Thee alone.

Through the wild sea Thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore ;
Still on the wave thou treadest,
And Thy redeemed pass o'er.

605.

DEWS AND TEARS.

7s M.

GENTLY fall the dews of eve,
Raising still the languid flowers ;
Sweetly flow the tears that grieve
O'er a mourner's stricken hours.

Blessed dews and tears, that yet
Lift us nearer unto heaven !
Let us still His praise repeat,
Who in mercy all hath given.

606.

THE STRENGTH OF THE LONELY.

10s M.

THOUGH lonely be thy path, fear not, for He
Who marks the sparrow fall is guarding thee ;
And not a star shines o'er thy head by night,
But He hath known that it will reach thy sight.

And not a grief can darken or surprise,
Swell in thy heart, or dim with tears thine eyes,
But it is sent in mercy and in love,
To bid thy helplessness seek strength above.

607.

‘ LIKE AS A FATHER PITIETH HIS CHILDREN.’

L. M.

WE have no tears Thou wilt not dry ;
We have no wounds Thou wilt not heal ;
No sorrows pierce our human hearts,
That Thou, dear Father, dost not feel.

Thy pity like the dew distils,
And Thy compassion, like the light,
Our every morning over-fills,
And crowns with stars our every night.

608.

THE MOURNER.

11 & 10s M.

WEEP thou, O mourner ! but in lamentation
Let thy Redeemer still remembered be ;
Strong is His arm, the God of thy salvation,
Strong is His love to cheer and comfort thee.

GOD IN THE LIFE.

Cold though the world be, in the way before thee,
Wail not in sadness o'er the darkling tomb ;
God in His love still watcheth kindly o'er thee,
Light shineth still above the clouds of gloom.

Dimmed though thine eyes be with the tears
of sorrow,

Night only known beneath the sky of time,
Faith can behold the dawning of a morrow
Glowing in smiles of life and joy sublime.

Change, then, O mourner, grief to exultation ;
Firm and confiding should thy spirit be ;
Strong is His arm, the God of thy salvation,
Strong is His love to cheer and comfort thee.

609.

THE ANGELS OF CONSOLATION.

11 & 4s M.

WITH silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come,
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction.
The soul sits dumb.

Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,—
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear ones whom He loveth,
Is mercy still.

Not upon us, or ours, the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought ;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel ;
The good die not !

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given ;
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
As in his heaven.

610.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

L. M.

My Father, when around me spread
I see the shadows of the tomb,
When life's bright visions droop and fade,
And darkness veils the days to come,—

O, in that anguished hour I turn
With a still trusting heart to Thee,
And holy thoughts arise and burn
Amid that cold sad destiny !

They fill my soul with heavenly light,
While all around is pain and woe ;
And strengthened by them, in Thy sight,
Father, to drink Thy cup I go.

CLOSE OF LIFE.

611.

‘ FROM MY YOUTH UP.’

C. M.

GOD of my life and all its powers,
The Everlasting Friend !
Shall life, so favored in its dawn,
Be fruitless in its end ?

To Thee, O Lord ! my tender years
A trembling duty paid,
With glimpses of the mighty God
Delighted and afraid.

From parent's eye, and paths of men,
Thy touch I ran to meet ;
It swelled the hymn and sealed the prayer ;
'T was calm, and strange, and sweet !

Oft when beneath the work of sin
Trembling and dark I stood,
And felt the edge of eager thought,
And felt the kindling blood ; —

Thy dew came down, — my heart was Thine,
It knew no doubt nor strife ;
Cool, now, and peaceful as the grave,
And strong to second life.

God of my life and all its powers
My Everlasting Friend,
Thou who hast blest my earlier years,
Be with me to the end !

612.

‘ THE NIGHT COMETH. ’

10s M.

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the even-tide,
The darkness deepens ; Lord with me abide !
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories fade away :
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
On to the close, O Lord ! abide with me !

613.

‘YET A LITTLE WHILE.’

11 & 10s M.

O for the Peace which floweth like a river,
Making life’s desert places bloom and smile !
O for the faith to grasp Heaven’s bright forever
Amid the shadows of this ‘little while.’

A little while for patient vigil keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong,
A little while, to sow the seed with weeping, —
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

A little while, midst shadow and illusion,
To strive by faith, love’s mysteries to spell, —
Then read each dark enigma’s bright solution,
And hail the assurance, ‘He doth all things well.’

A little while, the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, by far-off fountains fed, —
Then the cool lip its thirst forever slaking
Beside the fulness of the fountain-head.

Thus He who is Himself the gift and Giver,
The future glory, and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad forever
Can light the shadows of the little while.

614.

‘I WAIT TILL MY CHANGE COME.’

8 & 7s M.

ONLY waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day’s last beam is flown ;

Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day ;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting, till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home ;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers ! gather quickly
These last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then, from out the gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

615.

‘O GRAVE, WHERE IS THY VICTORY?’

7s M.

LORD, in Thee I place my trust ;
Thou art my defence and tower ;
Death Thou treadest in the dust,
O'er my soul it hath no power.
Thou wilt save and strengthen me,
Give me of Thy peace and might ;
Father, Thou art unto me
Resurrection, Life, and Light.

Life of life, within me dwell ;
For the peace Thy presence sheds
Gives a joy no tongue can tell,
Charms the pain from dying-beds.
I am safe within Thine arm ;
Thanks, O Father ! unto Thee,
Death can hurt not, nor alarm, —
Thou hast given the Victory !

616.

LIFE IN DEATH.

7s M.

BURST thy shackles ! drop thy clay !
Spirit, breathe thyself away !
Singing, to thy home remove,
Swift of wing and fired with love !

Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend ;
Spirits in glory perfect made
Wait thy passage through the shade.

Fear thou not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on Him, —
Him whose living love and power
Stills its tossing, calms its roar.

Safe and tranquil is the wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve ;
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view !
Love divine shall bear thee through ;
Trust thee to the heavenly gale,
Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail !

617.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

P. M.

WHEN for me the silent oar
Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange Forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known ?
Shall I vainly seek mine own ?

Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere
At life's inner portal ?—
What is holiest below
Must forever live and grow.

He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving, when the form departs,
Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp the unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again.

Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river ;
Death, thy hastening oar I know ;
Bear me, thou life-giver !
Through the waters to the shore,
Where mine own have gone before.

618.

‘ O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING ? ’

S. M.

WHERE is thy sting, O death ?
Grave ! where thy victory ?
The clod may sleep in dust beneath,
The spirit will be free !

Both man and time have power
O'er suffering, dying men ;
But death arrives, and in that hour
The soul is freed again.

Then, death, where is thy sting ?
And where thy victory, grave ?
O'er your dark bourn the soul will spring
To Him who loves to save.

619.

HIS END IS PEACE.

L. M.

How blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a trusting soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !

So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

GOD IN THE LIFE.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
How bright the unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While guardian angels gently say,
' How blest the righteous when he dies ! '

THE LIFE BEYOND.

620.

HE IS RISEN.

S. M.

O SPIRIT, freed from earth,
Rejoice, thy work is done !
The weary world 's beneath thy feet,
Thou brighter than the sun !

Arise, put on the robes
That the redeemed win ;
Now sorrow hath no part in thee,
Thou sanctified within !

Awake, and breathe the air
Of the celestial clime !
Awake to love which knows no change,
Thou who hast done with time !

Awake, lift up thine eyes !
See, all heaven's host appears !
And be thou glad exceedingly,—
Thou, who hast done with tears.

Ascend! thou art not now
With those of mortal birth ;
The living God hath touched thy lips,
Thou who hast done with earth !

621.

‘ WEEP NOT.’

C. M.

DEAR as thou wast, and justly dear,
We would not weep for thee ;
One thought shall check the starting tear,—
It is — that thou art free.

And thus shall faith’s consoling power
The tears of love restrain ;
O, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again !

Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine ;
O, may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine !

622.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

C. M.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given ;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.

O, half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here !

Unto our Father's will alone
One thought hath reconciled ;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, O Father ! in Thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

623.

‘WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD ?’

L. M.

AH ! why should bitter tears be shed
In sorrow o'er the mounded sod,
When verily there are no dead
Of all the children of our God ?

They who are lost to outward sense
Have but flung off their robes of clay,
And, clothed in heavenly radiance,
Attend us on our lowly way.

And oft their spirits breathe in ours
The hope and strength and love of theirs,
Which bloom as bloom the early flowers
In breath of summer's viewless airs.

And silent aspirations start,
In promptings of their purer thought,
Which gently lead the troubled heart
To joys not even Hope had wrought.

While sorrow's tears our eyes have wet,
Shed o'er the consecrated dust,
Too much our darkened souls forget
The lessons of enduring Trust.

Let living Faith serenely pour
Her sunlight on our pathway dim,
And Death can have no terrors more ;
But holy joy shall walk with him.

624.

ANGELS.

C. M.

O, not when the death-prayer is said,
The life of life departs !
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.

At holy midnight, voices sweet,
Like fragrance, fill the room ;
And happy spirits' noiseless feet
Come brightening through the gloom.

We know who sends the visions bright,
From whose dear side they came ;
We veil our eyes before Thy light,
We bless our Father's name !

This frame, O God ! this feeble breath,
Thy hand may soon destroy ;
We think of Thee, and feel in death
A deep and holy joy.

Dim is the light of vanished years
In glory yet to come ;
O idle grief, O foolish tears,
When God doth call us home !

625.

THE DEAD.

C. M.

THE dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.

By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.

For death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and bygone hours ;
And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours ; —

Ours, by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high ;
By trust, triumphant over death,
In immortality.

626.

THE DEPARTED, NEAR.

P. M.

THE spirits of the loved and the departed
Are with us, and they tell us of the sky,
A rest for the bereaved and broken-hearted,
A house not made with hands, a home on
high ;
Holy monitions, — a mysterious breath, —
A whisper from the marble halls of death.

They have gone from us, and the grave is
strong,

Yet in night's silent watches they are near ;
Their voices linger round us, as the song

Of the sweet bird that lingers on the ear,
When floating upward in the flush of even,
Its form is lost from earth and swallowed up in
heaven.

627.

‘ ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTERING SPIRITS ? ’

11s M.

How dear is the thought, that the angels of
God
May bow their bright wings to the world they
once trod ;
Will leave the sweet songs of the mansions
above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of
love !

They come, on the wings of the morning they
come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home ;
Some sinner to save from his darkened abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

They come when we wander, they come when
we pray,
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray ;
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given ;
Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

628.

THE UNSEEN WORLD.

C. M.

THERE is a state unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be ;
And but a step doth lie between
That world of souls and me.

I see no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread ;
Yet angels pitch their tents around,
And guard my quiet bed.

The things unseen, O God ! reveal ;
My spirit's vision clear,
Till I shall feel, and see, and know,
The heavenly world is near.

Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife ;
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives eternal life.

629.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

P. M.

BROTHER, the angels say,
Peace to thy heart !
We, too, O brother, have
Been as thou art, —
Hope-lifted, doubt-depressed,
Seeing in part,
Tried, troubled, tempted,
Sustained, as thou art.

Brother, they softly say,
Be our thoughts one ;
Bend thou with us and pray,
‘Thy will be done !’
Our God is thy God ;
He willeth the best ;
Trust Him as we trusted ;
Rest as we rest !

Ye, too, they gently say,
Shall angels be ;
Ye, too, O brothers !
From earth shall be free :
Yet in earth’s loved ones
Ye still shall have part,
Bearing God’s strength and love
To the torn heart.

Thus when the spirit, tried,
Tempted, and worn,
Finding no earthly aid,
Heavenward doth turn,
Come these sweet angel-tones,
Falling like balm,
And on the troubled heart
Steals a deep calm.

630.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

C. M.

THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make ;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of His grace partake.

One family, we dwell in Him ;
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

O God ! be Thou our constant guide ;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Thou death's flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

631.

FORETASTE OF HEAVEN.

C. M.

WHEN, on devotion's seraph wing,
The spirit soars above,
And feels Thy presence, Father, Friend,
God of eternal love !
The joys of earth, how swift they fade
Before that living ray,
Which gives to the rapt soul a glimpse
Of pure and perfect day !

A gleam of Heaven's own light, though now
Its brightness scarce appears
Through the pale shadows that are spread
Around our earthly years ;
But Thine unclouded smile, O God !
Fills that all-glorious place,
Where we shall know as we are known,
And see Thee, face to face.

632.

REUNION IN HEAVEN.

7 & 6s M.

No seas again shall sever,
No desert intervene,
No deep sad-flowing river
Shall roll its tide between.

Love and unsevered union
Of soul with those we love,
Nearness and glad communion,
Shall be our joy above.

No dread of wasting sickness,
No thought of ache or pain,
No fretting hours of weakness,
Shall mar our peace again.

No death our homes o'ershading,
Shall e'er our harps unstring;
For all is life unfading
In presence of our King.

V. GOD IN HUMANITY.

IN ALL AGES.

633.

INSPIRATION.

7s M.

LIFE of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty !

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined ;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind !

Secret of the morning stars,
Motion of the oldest hours,
Pledge through elemental wars
Of the coming spirit's powers !

Rolling planet, flaming sun,
Stand in nobler man complete ;
Prescient laws Thine errands run,
Frame the shrine for Godhead meet.

Homeward led, the wondering eye
Upward yearned in joy or awe,
Found the love that waited nigh,
Guidance of Thy guardian Law.

In the touch of earth it thrilled ;
Down from mystic skies it burned ;
Right obeyed and passion stilled
Its eternal gladness earned.

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good,

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back,—

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty !

634.

'IN ALL AGES ENTERING INTO HOLY SOULS.'

L. M.

O BEAUTY, old yet ever new,
Eternal Voice and Inward Word,
The Wisdom of the Greek and Jew,
Sphere-music which the Samian heard !

Truth which the sage and prophet saw,
Long sought without, but found within ;
The Law of Love, beyond all law,
The Life o'erflooding death and sin !

O Love Divine, whose constant beam
 Shines on the eyes that will not see,
 And waits to bless us, while we dream
 Thou leav'st us when we turn from Thee !

All souls that struggle and aspire,
 All hearts of prayer, by Thee are lit ;
 And, dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire
 On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed Thou know'st,
 Wide as our need Thy favors fall ;
 The white wings of the Holy Ghost
 Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all.

635.

‘THE WORD OF THE LORD ABIDETH FOREVER.’

7s M.

GOD of ages and of nations !
 Every race, and every time,
 Hath received Thine inspirations,
 Glimpses of Thy truth sublime.
 Ever spirits in rapt vision
 Passed the heavenly veil within,
 Ever hearts bowed in contrition
 Found salvation from their sin.

Reason's noble aspiration
 Truth in growing clearness saw ;
 Conscience spoke its condemnation,
 Or proclaimed the Eternal law.
 While Thine inward revelations
 Told Thy saints their prayers were heard,
 Prophets to the guilty nations
 Spoke Thine everlasting word.

Lord, that word abideth ever ;
Revelation is not sealed ;
Answering unto man's endeavor,
Truth and Right are still revealed.
That which came to ancient sages,
Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,
Written in the heart's deep pages,
Shines to-day, forever new !

636.

THE EVERLASTING WORD.

L. M.

OUT from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old ;
The litanies of nations came
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,
The canticles of love and woe.

The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken ;
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind ;
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world has never lost.

637.

THE CITY OF GOD.

C. M.

CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime !
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
 One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
 One King Omnipotent !

How purely hath thy speech come down
 From man's primeval youth !
How grandly hath thine empire grown
 Of Freedom, Love, and Truth !

How gleam thy watchfires through the night,
 With never fainting ray !
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
 To meet the dawning day !

In vain the surge's angry shock,
 In vain the drifting sands ;
Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,
 The Eternal City stands.

638.

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

C. M.

ONE holy Church of God appears
 Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
 Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
 Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
 With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church ! thine errand speed;
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time !

639.

THE CHURCH EVERLASTING.

C. M.

O WHERE are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But holy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.
Mark ye her holy battlements,
And her foundations strong;
And hear within her solemn voice,
And her unending song.

For not like kingdoms of the world
The holy Church of God !
Though earthquake shocks are rocking her,
And tempests are abroad;
Unshaken as eternal hills,
Unmovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A fane not built by hands.

THE HEBREW PROPHETS.

640.

‘HE SPAKE BY HIS HOLY PROPHETS.’

L. M.

O for that flame of living fire
Which shone so bright in saints of old ;
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold !

O for the spirit which of old
Proclaimed Thy love, and taught Thy ways ;
Forth in Isaiah’s thunder rolled,
And breathed in David’s tenderest lays !

O for that spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Jesus’ breast and sealed him Thine ;
Which made Paul’s heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine !

Is not Thy word as mighty now
As when those prophets felt its power ?
The ancient days remember Thou,
The ancient inspiration shower !

641.

JOHN AND JESUS.

S. M.

A voice by Jordan’s shore !
A summons stern and clear ; —
Reform ! be just ! and sin no more !
God’s judgment draweth near !

THE HEBREW PROPHETS.

A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear : —
Love God ! thy neighbor love ! for see,
God's mercy draweth near !

O voice of Duty ! still
Speak forth ; I hear with awe :
In Thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of Love,
Yet speak thy word in me ;
Through duty, let me upward move
To thy pure liberty !

CHRISTIANITY.

642.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

C. M.

THE loving Friend to all who bowed
Beneath life's weary load,
From lips baptized in humble prayer
His consolations flowed.

The faithful Witness to the Truth,
His just rebuke was hurled
Out from a heart that burned to break
The fetters of the world.

No hollow rite, no lifeless creed,
His piercing glance could bear ;
But longing hearts which sought him found
That God and heaven were there.

643.

‘COME UNTO ME.’

7s M.

COME, said Jesus’ sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim ! hither come.

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world’s scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim ! hither haste.

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, and seek in vain ;
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise ;

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care ;
Who the stings of sin can bear ?

Sufferers, come ; for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

644.

‘THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.’

10s M.

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive’s chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe !

CHRISTIANITY.

We look to thee ; thy truth is still the Light,
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes ! Thou art still the Life ; thou art the Way
The holiest know ; — Light, Life, and Way of
heaven !

And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast
given.

645.

GETHSEMANE AND CALVARY.

7s M.

WHEN my love to God grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane !

There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades,
See that suffering, friendless one
Weeping, praying there alone.

When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary ! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe ; —

There behold his agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree ;
See his anguish, see his faith ;
Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

646.

MADE PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

L. M.

O SUFFERING Friend of human kind !
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear !

Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,
As the dark vision o'er it came ;
And though in sinless strength arrayed,
Turn, shuddering, from the death of shame ?

Onward, like thee, through scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast the path of duty tread,
And rise, through death, to endless day.

647.

‘ A NEW COMMANDMENT.’

C. M.

BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of love.

O bond of union, strong and deep !
O bond of perfect peace !
Not even the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours !
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

648.

‘LET THIS CUP PASS FROM ME.’

L. M.

A voice upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron’s moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth in agony of prayer,
‘O Father, take this cup away !’

Ah, thou who sorrow’st unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray ;
And earth for all her children saith,
‘O God, take not this cup away !’

O Lord of sorrow ! nobly die ;
Thou ’lt heal or hallow all our woe ;
Thy peace shall still the mourner’s sigh ;
Thy strength shall raise the faint and low.

Great chief of faithful souls, arise ;
None else can lead the martyr band,
Who teach the soul how peril flies,
When faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

O king of earth ! the cross ascend ;
O’er climes and ages ’t is thy throne ;
Where’er thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms and is thine own.

649.

STRENGTH FROM THE CROSS.

P. M.

‘ IT is finished ! ’ Man of sorrows !
From thy cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.

While extended there we view thee,
Mighty sufferer ! draw us to thee ;
Sufferer victorious !

Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted !
May that sacred emblem be ;

Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to thee !

Still to thee ! whose love unbounded
Sorrow’s depths for us has sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.

Honored be thy cross forever ;
Star, that points our high endeavor
Whither thou hast gone before !

650.

BEARING THE CROSS.

L. M.

PLEDGE of our glorious home afar,
The holy cross with joy we take ;
Sign of a peace life could not mar,
And of a faith death could not shake.

It tells how Truth, once crucified,
Now throned in majesty doth reign ;
How Love is blest and glorified,
That once on earth was mocked and slain.

Up, brethren of the cross ! and haste
Onward where Jesus goes before ;
We praise him best when we too taste
The shame and cross that once he bore.

651.

‘PERSECUTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS’ SAKE.’

L. M.

SPORT of the changeful multitude,
Nor calmly heard, nor understood,
With bonds and scorn and evil will
The world requites its prophets still.

Men followed where the highest led,
For common gifts of daily bread,
And gross of ear, of vision dim,
Owned not the godlike power of him.

Vain as a dreamer’s word to them
His wail above Jerusalem ;
And meaningless the watch he kept,
Through which his weak disciples slept.

Yet shrink not thou, whoe’er thou art,
For God’s great purpose set apart,
Before whose far-discriminating eyes,
The Future as the Present lies !

Beyond a narrow-bounded age,
Stretches thy prophet heritage,
Thine audience, worlds, — all time to be
The witness of the Truth in thee.

652.

JESUS PRESENT IN THE SPIRIT.

11s M.

O, WHEREFORE the dream of the earthly abode
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of God ?
Were the spirit but turned from the outward
and dim,
It could gaze even now on the presence of him.

And what though our feet may not tread where
he stood,
Nor our ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor our eyes see the cross that he bowed him
to bear,
Nor our knees press Gethsemane's garden of
prayer !

Yet, Loved of the Father ! thy spirit is near
To the meek and the lowly and penitent here ;
And the voice of thy love is the same, even
now,
As at Bethany's home, or on Olivet's brow.

O, the Outward has gone ! but in glory and
power
The spirit surviveth the things of an hour ;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same.

653.

THE POWER OF JESUS.

10s M.

STRONG-SOULED Reformer, whose far-seeing faith
 Of lifted cry and tumult had no need,—
 Who stay'dst the lightnings of thy holy wrath
 With pitying love, to spare the bruiséd reed,—
 Thy will to save, thy strength to conquer, flowed
 From seas of tenderness and might in God.

Thy living word sprang from the heart of Man,
 Eternal word of love and liberty :
 Fearless thou gav'st it to the winds again ;
 'T was Manhood's native tongue, and could not die.
 To thy dear brotherhood life's pulses leap ;
 And wakening ages answer, deep to deep.

654.

CHRISTIANITY.

L. M.

O FAIREST-BORN of Love and Light,
 Yet bending brow and eye severe
 On all which pains the holy sight,
 Or wounds the pure and perfect ear !

The generous feeling, pure and warm,
 Which owns the rights of all divine,
 The pitying heart, the helping arm,
 The prompt self-sacrifice, are thine.

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
 How fade the lines of caste and birth !
 How equal in their sufferings lie
 The groaning multitudes of earth !

Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him ;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper of Gerizim.

Thou look'st on man, retaining yet,
Howe'er debased and soiled and dim,
The crown upon his forehead set,
The immortal gift of God to him.

655.

THE HERALDS OF THE CROSS.

C. M.

FORTH went the heralds of the cross,
No dangers made them pause ;
They counted all the world but loss,
For their great Master's cause.

Through looks of fire, and words of scorn,
Serene their path they trod ;
And, to the dreary dungeon borne,
Sang praises unto God.

Friends dropped the hand they clasped before,
Love changed to cruel hate,
And home to them was home no more ;
Yet mourned they not their fate.

In all his dark and dread array,
Death rose upon their sight ;
But calmly still they kept their way,
And shrank not from the fight.

They knew to whom their trust was given,
They could not doubt His word ;
Before them beamed the light of heaven,
The presence of their Lord.

656.

THE PREACHERS OF THE WORD.

7s M.

THANKS to God for those who came
In the Gospel's glorious name ;
Who upon the green earth trod
But to teach the truth of God :

For the great apostles, first,
Who from life's endearments burst,
Going from the Cross, and then
Leading to the Cross again :

For the next, who meekly poured
Willing blood to serve their Lord ;
Fearless bore the racks of pain,
Felon's death, or captive's chain ;

And for all, from shore to shore,
Who the blessed tidings bore ;
All who wrought for liberty
When 't was treason to be free.

Ye, who now, in better days,
Live to spread your Maker's praise,
Speed your embassy where'er
Life has grief, or death has fear !

657.

PAUL.

10s M.

THE Will Divine that woke a waiting time
With desert cry and Calvary's cross sublime,
Had equal need on thee its power to prove,
Thou soul of passionate zeal and tenderest love !

O slave devout of burdening Hebrew school,
Proud to fulfil each time-exalted rule,
How broke the illusion of thy swelling wrath
On that meek front of calm, enduring faith !

Then flashed it on thy spirit mightily
That thou hadst spurned a love that died for
thee ;
And all the pride went down in whelming flood
Of boundless shame and boundless gratitude.

What large atonement that great conscience pays !
For every wounding slight, a psalm of praise :
Unending worship shall the debt consume,
For hours of rage, a life of martyrdom.

Yet in such morning glow, such vital day,
What chilling sense of claim or debt can stay ?
O wondrous power of noble love, to free
From binding Law to glorious Liberty !

Dream not that one hath drained the exhaust-
less sea ;
Full pours the tide in widening stream for thee ;
Lift for new liberties that conquering sign ;
Shatter the severing walls with touch divine !

658.

THANKS FOR ALL SAINTS.

S. M.

For all Thy saints, O God !
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION.

For all Thy saints, O God !
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And yearned for Thee to die.

They all, in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from Thy holy spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.
For This Thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION.

659.

THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION.

L. M.

For all Thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord,
With lifted song and bended knee ;
But now our thanks are chiefly poured
For those who taught us to be free.

For when the soul lay bound below
A heavy yoke of forms and creeds,
And none Thy word of truth could know,
O'ergrown with tares and choked with weeds ;

The monarch's sword, the prelate's pride,
The church's curse, the empire's ban,
By one poor monk were all defied,
Who never feared the face of man.

Half-battles were the words he said,
Each born of prayer, baptized in tears ;
And routed by them, backward fled
The errors of a thousand years.

With lifted song and bended knee,
For all Thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord ;
But chief for those who made us free,
The champions of Thy holy word.

660.

LUTHER'S PSALM.

P. M.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing ;
Our Helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe ;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

God's word above all earthly powers —
No thanks to them — abideth ;
The spirit and the gifts are ours,
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also ;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

661.

THE REFORMERS.

C. M.

AN offering at the shrine of power
Our hands shall never bring ;
A garland on the car of pomp
Our hands shall never fling ;
Applauding in the conqueror's path
Our voices ne'er shall be ;
But we have hearts to honor those
Who bade the world go free !

Praise to the good, the pure, the great,
Who made us what we are, —
Who lit the flame which yet shall glow
With radiance brighter far !
Glory to them in coming time,
And through eternity,
Who burst the captive's galling chain,
And bade the world go free !

662.

THE MARTYRS' ASHES.

6s M.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched,
And gathered at the last ;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

The Father hath received
 Their latest living breath ;
 Yet vain is Satan's boast
 Of victory in their death ;
 Still, still, though dead, they speak,
 And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim
 To many a wakening land
 The one prevailing name.

663.

THE VICTORY OF FAITH.

C. M.

GLORY to God ! whose witness-train,
 Those heroes bold in faith,
 Could smile on poverty and pain,
 And triumph even in death.

O, may that faith our hearts sustain
 Wherein they fearless stood,
 When, in the power of cruel men,
 They poured their willing blood !

God, whom we serve, our God, can save ;
 Can damp the scorching flame,
 Can build an ark, or smooth the wave,
 For such as love His name.

Yea, should it even to man appear,
 At times, as though the Lord
 Forsook His chosen servants here,
 We yet will trust His word.

Lord ! if Thine arm support us still
 With its eternal strength,
 We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
 And conquerors prove, at length.

THE PILGRIMS.

664.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

P. M.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed ;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang ;
And the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared ;—
This was their welcome home !

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?
They sought a faith's pure shine !
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod !
They have left unstained what there they found :
Freedom to worship God.

665.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF DECEMBER.

L. M.

WILD was the day ; the wintry sea
Moaned sadly on New England's strand,
When first, the thoughtful and the free,
Our fathers trod the desert land.

They little thought how pure a light
With years should gather round that day ;
How love should keep their memories bright ;
How wide a realm their sons should sway.

Green are their bays ; but greener still
Shall round their spreading fame be wreathed ;
And regions now untrod shall thrill
With reverence when their names are breathed.

Till where the sun, with softer fires,
Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,
The children of the Pilgrim sires
This hallowed day like us shall keep.

666.

THE ALTAR AND THE SCHOOL.

L. M.

WHEN, driven by oppression's rod,
Our fathers fled beyond the sea,
Their care was first to honor God,
And next to leave their children free.

Above the forest's gloomy shade
The altar and the school appeared ;
On that the gifts of faith were laid,
In this their precious hopes were reared.

The altar and the school still stand,
The sacred pillars of our trust ;
And freedom's sons shall fill the land
When we are sleeping in the dust.

Before Thine altar, Lord, we bend,
With grateful song and fervent prayer,
For Thou who wast our fathers' friend
Wilt make our offspring still Thy care.

THE PRESENT AGE.

667.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

10s M.

THE Past yet lives in all its truth, O God !
Where Thy great spirit speaks for us to hear ;
Where holy souls their lofty witness bear,
And, by their glory, make our course more clear.

That such as these have trod the world's steep
path,
Wresting from sin its strength, from wrong its
throne,
In every age and clime the leaders true
By whom the way of life to man is shown,—

We, with our spirits waked to higher aims,
Would thank Thee, Holy Father of our souls,
Taking to heart the prophecy of might,
That from their burning deeds forever rolls.

We too, like them, O God! would work with
Thee,
And consecrate our lives to guard the right ;
For thus alone can we, Thy children, be
Worthy this priceless heritage of light.

O, lead us, Father ! break all bonds that keep
Our souls from heeding Thee, and only Thee ;
Teach us, that they who serve the living Truth
Hallow all time, and move eternity.

668.

‘TO-DAY, IF YE WILL HEAR HIS VOICE.’

C. M.

OUR God ! our God ! Thou shonest here ;
Thine own this latter day ;
To us Thy radiant steps appear ;
Here leads Thy glorious way !

We shine not only with the light
Thou didst shed down of yore ;
On us Thou streamest strong and bright ;
Thy comings are not o'er.

THE PRESENT AGE.

The fathers had not all of Thee ;
New births are in Thy grace ;
All open to our souls shall be
Thy glory's hiding-place.

We gaze on Thy outgoings bright,
Down cometh Thy full power ;
We, the glad bearers of Thy light ;
This, this Thy saving hour !

On us Thy spirit hast Thou poured ;
To us Thy word has come ;
We feel, we bless, Thy quickening, Lord !
Thou shalt not find us dumb.

Thou comest near ; Thou standest by ;
Our work begins to shine ;
Thou dwellest with us mightily, —
On come the years divine !

669.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

L. M.

FAITH of our fathers, living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword ;
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word !
Faith of our fathers, holy faith !
We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free ;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for Thee !
Faith of our fathers, holy faith !
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers ! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife ;
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith !
We will be true to thee till death.

670.

OLD AND NEW.

L. M.

O, SOMETIMES gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the Eternal Right !
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man ; —

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here,
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold ;
Slaves rise up men ; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore ;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

671.

‘THE TABERNACLE OF GOD IS WITH MEN.’

L. M.

Look up, O man ! behold the same
Celestial throngs of old who came,
For thee descends the spirit-host ;
Thine all the tongues of Pentecost.

This common earth, by mortals trod,
Is hallowed by the present God ;
And His great heaven is all unfurled
In light and beauty o'er the world.

While others see but chance and change,
Thy soul the heavenly spheres may range,
And there discern, with spirit-sense,
The heart of God's great Providence.

The lonely chamber of thy rest
Shall beam with many an angel guest,
And Nature lay her tribute sweet
Of health and beauty at thy feet.

No creed shall bind thy freeborn might,
No shadow veil the heavenly height,
But sorrow from thy soul shall cease
And God's own presence give thee peace.

672.

THE SOUL'S PROPHECY.

7s M.

ALL before us lies the way ;
Give the past unto the wind ;
All before us is the day,
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is less an ancient story told
Than a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The real Eden we shall find.

When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
Upsprings paradise around.

From this spirit land, afar
All disturbing force shall flee ;
Stir, nor toil, nor hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

673.

THE WORD.

C. M.

IN the beginning was the Word :
Athwart the chaos-night
It gleamed with quick creative power,
And there was life and light.

Thy Word, O God ! is living yet,
Amid earth's restless strife
New harmony creating still,
And ever higher life.

And, as that Word moves surely on,
The light, ray after ray,
Streams further out athwart the dark,
And night grows into day.

O Word that broke the stillness first,
Sound on ! and never cease,
Till all earth's darkness be made light,
And all her discord peace !

Till—wail of woe, and clank of chain,
• And bruit of battle stilled —
The world with Thy great music's pulse,
O Word of Love ! be thrilled.

Till selfish passion, strife, and wrong
Thy summons shall have heard,
And Thy creation be complete,
O Thou Eternal Word !

674.

BEHOLD, HE COMETH !

6s M.

HARK ! through the waking earth,
Hark ! through the echoing sky,
Herald of freedom's birth,
There comes a glorious cry.

The triple chains that bind
Fall from the weary limb,
And from the down-crushed mind,
As soundeth that high hymn.

Unto man's waiting heart
It saith, — ' Arise, be strong !
Bear thou an earnest part
Against all forms of wrong.

‘ Wouldst live in earth as lives
The glorious One above ?
He for thy model gives
Himself, and He is Love.

‘ Love in each brother man
The God who loveth him ;
Revere the stamp of Heaven,
However marred and dim.

‘ Bid fear give place to love ;
Bid doubt and passion cease ;
Be every word of hate
Forever hushed in peace.’

Sound, sound through all the earth !
Sound through the echoing sky !
Proclaim the world’s new birth ;
Proclaim the Lord is nigh !

675.

CALL OF THE AGE.

8 & 7s M.

WE are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time ;
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

Will ye play, then, will ye dally
With your music and your wine ?
Up ! it is the Almighty’s rally !
God’s own arm hath need of thine !

THE PRESENT AGE.

On ! let all the soul within you
For the Truth's sake go abroad !
Strike ! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God.

676.

ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

C. M.

God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world ;
Now, each man to his post !
The red-cross banner is unfurled ;—
Who joins the glorious host ?

He who, in fealty to the Truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth, —
He joins the noble host !

He who, no anger on his tongue,
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness against wrong, —
He joins the sacred host !

He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still, —
He joins the faithful host !

He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most,
And shuns not pain or shame or loss, —
He joins the martyr host !

677.

‘THE SACRAMENTAL HOST OF GOD’S ELECT.’

C. M.

LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass !
Ye bars of iron, yield !
And let the King of glory pass ;
The Cross is in the field.

A holy war his servants wage,
Mysteriously at strife ;
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.

Ye armies of the Living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod,
Take your appointed post.

Follow the Cross ; the ark of Peace,
Accompany your path ;
To souls imprisoned bring release
From bondage and from wrath.

Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield ;
Behold the King of glory pass !
The Cross has won the field.

678.

THE REFORMERS.

C. M.

O PURE Reformers ! not in vain
Your trust in human kind ;
The good which bloodshed could not gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

THE PRESENT AGE.

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and tide ;
The voice of nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which Heaven hath wrought,
Light, Truth, and Love ; — your battle-ground,
The free, broad field of Thought.

O, may no selfish purpose break
The beauty of your plan,
Nor lie from throne or altar shake
Your steady faith in man !

Press on ! and if we may not share
The glory of your fight,
We 'll ask at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the Right.

679.

THE MARTYR OF FREEDOM.

P. M.

THOU hast fallen in thine armor,
Thou martyr of the Lord,
With thy last breath crying, ' Onward ! '
And thy hand upon thy sword ;
The haughty heart derideth,
And the scornful lip reviles,
But the blessing of the perishing
Around thy memory smiles.

Though lying lips may torture
Thy mercy into crime,
Though the slanderer may flourish,
Like the bay-tree, for a time, —

Yet shall thy praise be spoken,
Redeemed from falsehood's ban,
When the fetters shall be broken,
And the slave shall be a man.

Glory to God forever !
Beyond the despot's will
The soul of freedom liveth,
Imperishable still.
What though red-handed violence
With secret fraud combine,
The wall of fire is round us,
Our present Help is thine.

In the evil days before us,
And the trials yet to come,
In the shadow of the prison,
And the cruel martyrdom,
We will think of thee, O brother !
And thy sainted name shall be
In the blessing of the captive,
And the anthem of the free.

680.

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

L. M.

THOU, long disowned, reviled, opprest,
Strange friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our hearts to find ; —

How late thy bright and awful brow
Breaks through these clouds of sin !
Hail, Truth Divine ! we know thee now,
Angel of God, come in !

Come, though with purifying fire
And desolating sword,
Thou of all nations the desire !
Earth waits thy cleansing word.

Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
Let old oppressions die ;
Before thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.

Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as ne'er before,
Our Father in our brother's face,
Our Maker in His poor.

Flood our dark life with golden day ;
Convince, subdue, enthrall ;
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
And Love be all in all.

681.

‘ SO SHALL MY WORD BE.’

C. M.

THY Word, O Lord ! like gentle dews,
Falls soft on hearts that pine ;
Unto Thy garden ne'er refuse
This heavenly rain of Thine.

Thy Word is like a flaming sword,
A wedge that cleaveth stone ;
Keen as a fire, so burns Thy Word,
Let its full work be done !

Thy Word, a wondrous guiding star,
On pilgrim hearts doth rise ;
O, guide the souls who wander far,
And make the simple wise !

682.

‘THE FIELDS ARE WHITE.’

7s M.

WORD of Life, most pure, most strong !
Lo ! for Thee the nations long :
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

Lo ! the ripening fields we see ;
Mighty shall the harvest be :
But the reapers still are few ;
Great the work they have to do.

Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee,
Till the nations far and near
See Thy Light, Thy Law revere.

683.

THE SEED.

L. M.

Now is the seed-time ; God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown ;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest time is hid with Him.

Yet unforgotten where it lies,
The seed of generous sacrifice,
Though seeming on the desert cast,
Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.

684.

THE HOPE OF MAN.

L. M.

THE Past is dark with sin and shame,
The Future dim with doubt and fear ;
But, Father, yet we praise Thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.

For man has striven, ages long,
With faltering steps to come to Thee,
And in each purpose high and strong
The influence of Thy grace could see.

He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
But Thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still Thy kingdom seemed.

But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now ;
Shall not the weary find a rest ?
Father, Preserver, answer Thou !

'T is dark around, 't is dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun ;
We cannot doubt Thy certain love ;
And Man's true aim shall yet be won !

THE COMING AGE.

685.

‘PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE LORD !’

11s M.

A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill ;
The Lord is advancing ; prepare ye the way !
The word of His promise He comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.

Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,

And be the low valley exalted on high ;
The rough path and crooked be made smooth
and even,

He cometh ! our King, our Redeemer, is nigh.

The beams of salvation His progress illume,
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her God ;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches
abroad.

686.

THY KINGDOM COME.

L. M.

THY kingdom come ! The heathen lands,
In error sunk, Thy presence crave ;
And victims bound by tyrant hands
Implore Thee, Father, come and save !

Thy kingdom come ! Each troubled mind
 In doubt and darkness calls for Thee ;
 For Thou hast eyes to give the blind,
 And strength to set the captive free.

O, never in that righteous cause
 Our hearts be slow, our voices dumb !
 Upon the glorious theme we pause,
 And fervent pray, ' Thy kingdom come ! '

687.

THY KINGDOM COME.

S. M.

THY kingdom come ! for here
 Our path through wilds is laid ;
 We watch, as for the dayspring near,
 Amid the breaking shade.

Thy kingdom come ! for hosts
 Meet on the battle-plain ;
 Our holiest hopes seem vainest boasts,
 And tears are shed like rain.

Thy kingdom come ! the slave
 Still bears his heavy chains ;
 Their daily bread the hungry crave,
 While teem the fruitful plains.

Hark ! herald voices near
 Lead on Thy happier day ;
 Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear !
 We wait to strew Thy way.

Come, as in days of old,
 O God of grace and power !
 Gather us all within Thy fold,
 And let us stray no more !

688.

THE KINGDOM OF LOVE.

S. M.

COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love !
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign ;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God !
And make the broad earth thine ;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree ;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

689.

GOD COMING IN JUDGMENT.

L. M.

O THAT Thou wouldest the heavens rend !
O that Thou wouldest in might come down !
In judgment, O our God ! descend,
And strongly vindicate Thine own.

O let the nations fear Thy name !
O let the world Thy presence know !
Kindle that purifying flame
Which makes the very mountains flow.

O, come, the nations' long Desire !
Thy justice let the nations prove ;
Confess Thee a consuming Fire,
And tremble, till they own Thy love.

The oppressed redeem, the fallen raise ;
The thrones of tyranny o'erturn ;
Till all the earth shall sing Thy praise,
Till all the world Thy law shall learn.

690.

‘THE LORD JUDGETH AMONG THE MIGHTY.’

C. M.

GOD in the great assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states ;
Among the rulers of the lands
He judges and debates ; —

‘How long will ye pervert the right
With judgment false and wrong,
Favoring the wicked by your might,
Who thence grow bold and strong ?

‘Regard the weak and fatherless ;
Despatch the poor man’s cause ;
And raise the man in deep distress
By just and equal laws.

‘Defend the poor and desolate ;
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him that help demands.’

Rise, God ! judge Thou the earth in might ;
The oppressed land redress ;
For Thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.

691.

GOD SAVE THE POOR !

6 & 4s M.

LORD, from Thy blessed throne,
Sorrow look down upon !

God save the Poor !
Teach them true liberty,
Make them from tyrants free,
Let their homes happy be !

God save the Poor !

The arms of wicked men
Do Thou with might restrain !

God save the Poor !
Raise Thou their lowliness,
Succor Thou their distress,
Thou whom the meanest bless !

God save the Poor !

Give them stanch honesty,
Let their pride manly be !

God save the Poor !
Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light !

God save the Poor !

692.

‘ JUDGMENT MUST BEGIN AT THE HOUSE OF GOD.

S. M.

O THOU swift Witness, come !
The oppressor's hand is strong ;
The priest is false, the prophet dumb ;—
How long, O Lord ! how long ?

They sell their sacred crowns,
Strike hands with craft and crime,
Before the unrighteous judge bow down,
And serve the evil time.

Rebuke this faithless fear,
This dalliance with sin ;
In Thine apostate church appear,
Thy judgment straight begin.

Come, scourging Blast ! lay bare
The refuges of lies ;
In deepening curse, in awful prayer,
The blood of Abel cries.

Come, purging Fire ! consume
The roots of ancient wrong ;
Bid justice from the ashes bloom : —
How long, O Lord ! how long ?

693.

‘OUR GOD SHALL COME.’

C. M.

CAUSE us to see Thy goodness, Lord !
To us Thy mercy show ;
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.

Surely, to such as Him revere,
Salvation is at hand ;
And glory shall ere long appear
To dwell within our land.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

Before Him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger ;
Then will He come, and not be slow ;
His footsteps cannot err.

Mercy and Truth, that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met ;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.

694.

THE PROPHET'S VISION.

7s M.

FAINT the earth, and parched with drought ;
Make the waters, Lord, gush out ;
Streams of love, our thirst to bless,
Starting in the wilderness.

Long we wait Thy peace to know ;
Father, bid the waters flow,
Make the thirsty land a pool,
Make man's suffering spirit whole.

Hark ! the wastes have found a voice ;
Loneliest deserts now rejoice,
When the Lord His presence shows,
Lo, they blossom like the rose ;

See ! this barren earth of ours
Buds and puts forth fruits and flowers,
Flowers of Eden, fruits of peace,
Love and Joy and Righteousness !

695.

‘LET THERE BE LIGHT.’

6 & 4s M.

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight !
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Truth’s pure day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
 Let there be light !

Thou, who dost come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and sight !
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
 Let there be light !

Descend Thou from above,
Spirit of truth and love,
 Speed on Thy flight !
Move o’er the waters’ face,
Spirit of hope and grace,
And in earth’s darkest place
 Let there be light !

Blessed and glorious three,
Thrice holy trinity,
 Wisdom, love, might !
Boundless as ocean’s tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
 Let there be light !

696.

TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

10s M.

O BLESSED gospel, glorious news for man !
Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll ;
Thy bond of peace the mighty earth shall span,
And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.

On, piercing gospel, on ! of every heart,
In every latitude, thou own'st the key :
From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,
With all their treasures first unlocked by
thee !

Tread, kingly gospel, through the nations tread !
With all the noblest virtues in thy train :
Be all to thy blest freedom captive led ;
And Truth, the great emancipator, reign !

Spread, mighty gospel, spread thy growing
wings !
Gather thy scattered ones from every land :
Call home the wanderers to the King of kings ;
Proclaim them all thine own ;— 'tis His
command !

697.

THE STAR OF TRUTH.

7s M.

SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star !
Star of Truth, that, 'mid the night,
Guides bewildered man aright.

Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear ;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there !

There behold the dayspring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes ;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

698.

THE SPREAD OF TRUTH.

L. M.

ON mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year doth Knowledge soar ;
And as it soars, Religion's light
Doth onward grow, from more to more.

More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world ; —

Flow to restore, but not destroy ;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

699.

LIGHT FOR ALL.

7 & 6s M.

THE light pours down from heaven,
And enters where it may ;
The eyes of all earth's children
Are cheered with one bright day.

So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill men's waiting spirits,
As the waters fill the sea.

The soul can shed a glory
On every work well done ;
As even things most lowly
Are radiant in the sun.

Then let each human spirit
Enjoy the vision bright ;
The Truth which comes from heaven
Shall spread like heaven's own light ;

Till earth becomes God's temple ;
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

700.

THE ANGEL OF THE LORD.

7 & 5s M.

ONWARD speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward fly !
Long has been the reign of night,
Bring the morning nigh.

Unto thee earth's sufferers lift
Their imploring wail ;
Bear them heaven's holy gift
Ere their courage fail.

Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward speed !
Morning bursts upon our sight,
Lo, the time decreed !
Now the Lord His kingdom takes,
Thrones and empires fall,
And the joyous song awakes,
God is all in all.

701.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

L. M.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our benighted race !

Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order, in Thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

O spirit of the Lord ! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet ;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

Baptize the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
Thy name, O Father ! glorify,
Till every people call Thee Lord.

702.

‘BE STRONG, FEAR NOT.’

L. M.

PRISONERS of hope ! be strong, be bold ;
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear !
The day which prophets have foretold,
And saints have longed for, draweth near :
Our God shall in His kingdom come ;
Prepare your hearts to make Him room !

O ye of fearful hearts, be strong !
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up,
Doubt not, nor cry, ‘O God, how long ?’
Hope to the end, in patience hope !
O never from your faith remove ;
Ye cannot fail, for God is love !

Lord, we have faith ; we wait the hour
Which to the earth Thy kingdom brings ;
When Thou, in love, and joy, and power,
Shalt come and make us priests and kings ;
When man shall be indeed Thy son,
And Thy pure will on earth be done.

703.

LO ! HE COMETH.

7 & 6s M.

GOD comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
He comes to break oppression,
And set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down, as showers
Upon the thirsty earth ;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him on the mountains
Shall Peace, the herald, go,
And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand forever ;
His great, best name of Love.

704.

THE LIBERTY OF THE SONS OF GOD.

7s M.

God made all his creatures free ;
Life itself is liberty ;
God ordained no other bands
Than united hearts and hands.

Sin the primal charter broke, —
Sin, itself earth's heaviest yoke ;
Tyranny with sin began,
Man o'er brute, and man o'er man.

But a better day shall be,
Life again be liberty,
And the wide world's only bands
Love-knit hearts and love-linked hands.

So shall every slavery cease,
All God's children dwell in peace,
And the new-born earth record
Love, and Love alone, is Lord.

705.

FREEDOM.

12s M.

MAY freedom speed onward, wherever the blood
Of the wronged and the guiltless is crying to
God ;
Wherever, from kindred torn rudely apart,
Comes the sorrowful wail of the broken of heart.

Wherever the shackles of tyranny bind
In silence and darkness the God-given mind,
There, Lord, speed it onward ! the truth shall
be felt,
The bonds shall be loosened, the iron will melt.

Help us turn from the cavil of creeds, to unite
Once again for the poor, in defence of the Right,
Unmoved by the danger, the shame, or the pain,
And counting each trial for Truth as our gain.

706.

THE REIGN OF LOVE.

C. M.

SUPREME Disposer of the heart !
Thou since the world was made
Hast the blest fruits of holiness
To holy hearts displayed.

Here, hope and faith their links unite
With love in one sweet chain ;
But when all fleeting things are past,
Love shall alone remain.

O love ! O true and fadeless light !
And shall it ever be,
That after all our toils and tears
Thy sabbath we shall see ?

'Mid thousand fears and dangers now
We sow our seed, with prayer ;
But know that joyful hands shall reap
The shining harvests there.

O God of justice, God of power !
Our faith and hope increase,
And crown them, in the future years,
With endless love and peace.

707.

PEACE ON EARTH.

L. M. p.

O FOR the coming of the end,
The last long sabbath-day of time,
When peace from heaven shall descend,
Like light, on every clime.

For men in ships far off at sea
Shall hear the happy nations raise
The song of peace and liberty,
And overflowing praise.

Mankind shall be one brotherhood ;
One human soul shall fill the earth,
And God shall say, ' The world is good
As when I gave it birth. '

708.

PEACE ON EARTH.

11 & 10s M.

PEACE, peace on earth ! the heart of man for-
ever

Through all these weary strifes foretells the
day ;

Blessed be God, the hope forsakes him never,
That war shall end, and swords be sheathed
for aye.

Peace, peace on earth ! For men shall love
each other ;

Hosts shall go forth to bless, and not destroy ;
For man shall see in every man a brother,
And peace on earth fulfil the angels' joy.

709.

'COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE, MY PEOPLE.'

8 & 7s M.

HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken :

O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,

Fair abodes I build for you !

Scenes of heartfelt tribulation

Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls salvation,

And your gates shall all be praise.

There, in undisturbed possession,

Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,

Never hear of war again ;

God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to-day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God, your everlasting light.

710.

‘THE CITY OF THE LORD.’

8 & 7s M.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
O thou city of our God !
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation’s walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal Love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage ?
Love, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear !
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near :
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

711.

‘SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG.’

L. M.

SING to the Lord a new, glad song !
He comes, to overthrow all wrong ;
Ye weary, lift your heads, and sing !
Justice on earth He comes to bring.

Deep are His counsels and unknown,
But Love and Truth support His throne ;
Though darkest clouds His ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

In awful beauty He appears ;
The evil-doer shrinks and fears ;
The righteous lifts his joyful song, —
‘He comes, He comes, to right all wrong.’

712.

THE HOLY WAY.

C. M.

SING, ye redeeméd of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing ;
Pilgrims, for Zion’s city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

See the fair way His hand hath raised,
How holy and how plain !
Nor shall the simplest travellers err,
Nor ask the trace in vain.

No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound ;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head ;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress
Like shadows all are fled.

713.

THE PILGRIM'S HYMN.

S. M.

Now let our voices join,
To form one pleasant song :
Ye pilgrims in God's holy way,
With music pass along !

How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair !
No lurking snares to entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there !

But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring ;
The sun of hope shines on our path,
And dear companions sing.

All glory to His name,
Who drew the shining trace ;
To Him who leads the wanderers on,
And cheers them with His grace.

Subdue the nations, Lord !
Teach all their kings Thy ways ;
That earth's full choir the notes may swell,
And heaven resound the praise.

714.

THE DAY-SPRING FROM ON HIGH.

C. M.

THY servants in the temple watched
The dawning of the day,
Impatient with its earliest beams
Their holy vows to pay ;
And chosen saints far off beheld
That great and glorious morn,
When the glad dayspring from on high
Auspiciously should dawn.

On us the Sun of Righteousness
Its brighter beams hath poured ;
With grateful hearts and holy zeal,
Lord, be Thy love adored ;
And let us look with joyful hope
To that more glorious day,
Before whose brightness sin and wrong
And grief shall flee away.

715.

‘O LORD, HOW LONG?’

11s M.

ONE saint to another I heard say, ‘ How long ? ’
I listened, but naught more I heard of the song ;
The shadows are gliding through city and plain ;
How long shall the night with its shadows re-
main ?

How long ere shall shine, in this glimmer of
things,
The light of which prophet in prophecy sings ;
And the gates of that city be open, whose sun
No more to the west in its circuit shall run ?

716.

‘THE MORNING COMETH.’

C. M.

We wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour
When God shall ope the morning gate,
By His almighty power.

We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs ;
Till He shall come earth’s gloom to chase,
With healing on His wings.

And even now, amid the gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to that perfect day
Which never shall be past.

We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blest day shall shine,
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
And all, O God ! be Thine.

O, guide us till our night is done !
Until, from shore to shore,
Thou, Lord, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore !

717.

‘ BRIGHTENING UNTO THE PERFECT DAY.’

C. M.

GONE is the hollow, murky night,
With all its shadows dun ;
O, shine upon us, heavenly Light,
As on the earth the sun !

Pour on our hearts Thy heavenly beam,
In radiance sublime ;
Retire before that ray supreme,
Ye sins of elder time !

Lo, on the morn that now is here
No night shall ever fall ;
But faith shall burn, undimmed and clear,
Till God be all in all.

This is the dawn of infant faith ;
The day will follow soon,
When hope shall breathe with freer breath,
And morn be lost in noon.

For to the seed that’s sown to-day
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Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	<i>Anon.</i>	411
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See the Lord, thy Helper stand	<i>Wesley.</i>	312
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Shall we grow weary in our watch	<i>J. G. Whittier.</i>	541
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Silent like men in solemn haste	<i>H. Bonar.</i>	578
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Thou art; O God, the life and light	<i>T. Moore.</i> 318
Thou biddest, Lord, thy sons be bold	<i>T. H. Gill.</i> 428
Thou from whom all blessings flow	<i>Wesley.</i> 334
Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way	<i>Beddome.</i> 474
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Though lonely be thy path, fear not	<i>Anon.</i> 606
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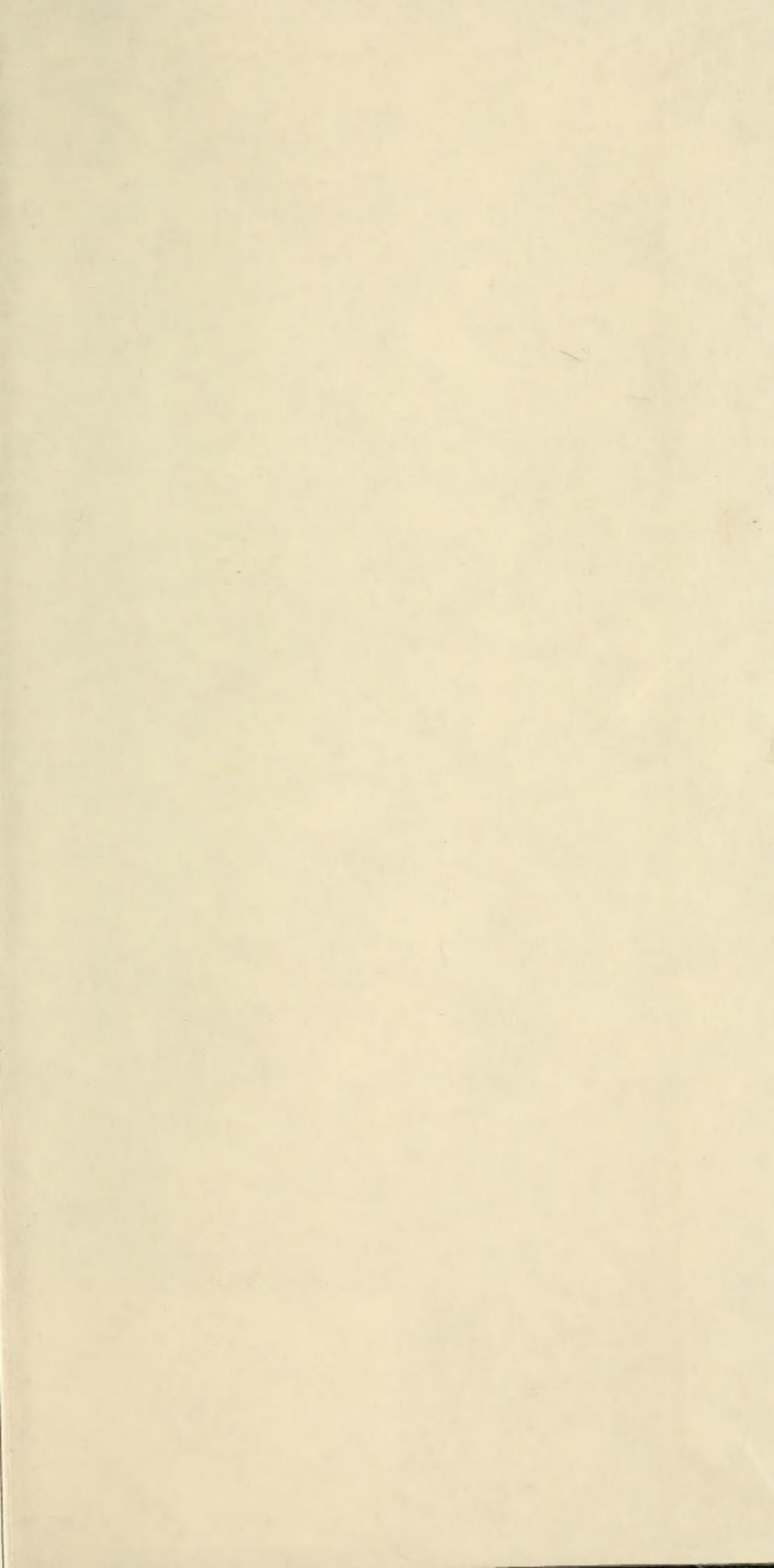
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We ask not, Father, the repose	Anon.	477
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We follow, Lord, where Thou dost lead	Anon.	429
We have no tears Thou wilt not dry	Kimball.	607
We love the venerable house	R. W. Emerson.	224
We love this outward world	Anon.	589
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We will not weep, for God is standing by us	<i>W. H. Hurlbut.</i>	494
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When for me the silent oar	<i>Anon.</i>	617
When I am weak, I 'm strong	<i>N. L. Frothingham.</i>	473
When my love to man grows weak	<i>Anon.</i>	645
When on devotion's seraph wing	<i>Mrs. Miles.</i>	631
When thirst for power or for gold	<i>Anon.</i>	97
When up to mighty skies we gaze	<i>Sterling.</i>	329
When warmer suns and bluer skies	<i>Anon.</i>	188
When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean	<i>H. B. Stowe.</i>	479
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While Thee I seek, Protecting Power .	<i>Helen M. Williams.</i>	484
While the stars unnumbered roll	<i>Doddridge.</i>	184
While yet the youthful spirit bears	<i>L. E. Landon.</i>	234
Why, thou never-setting Light	<i>Russian.</i>	357
Wild was the day, the wintry sea	<i>W. C. Bryant.</i>	665
Wilt Thou not visit me	<i>Jones Very.</i>	410
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Within Thy circling arms we lie	<i>Anon.</i>	288
With one consent let all the earth	<i>Tate and Brady.</i>	100
With silence only for their benediction . . .	<i>J. G. Whittier.</i>	609
Word of Life, most pure, most strong	<i>German.</i>	682
Wouldst thou in thy lonely hour	<i>Anon.</i>	444
Yea, I will extol Thee (Ps. 30.)	<i>Montgomery.</i>	510
Ye joyous ones, upon whose brow	<i>R. H. Waterston.</i>	552
Ye servants of the Lord	<i>Doddridge.</i>	543
Yes, for me, for me He careth	<i>H. Bonar.</i>	309
Yes, prayer is strong, and God is good . . .	<i>Flint's Coll.</i>	440

RD-17





Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: August 2005

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A circular stamp with the words "FLORIDA DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION" around the top and "EDUCATION" at the bottom. In the center is a square with a smaller square inside it. Below the stamp is the number "32084".

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



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